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Collier's

A NEW WAR STORY
By James Jones, Author of
From Here to Eternity

June 30, 1951 • *Fifteen Cents*

SCHNOZZOLA!

Begin Jimmy Durante's Rollicki
Life Story I

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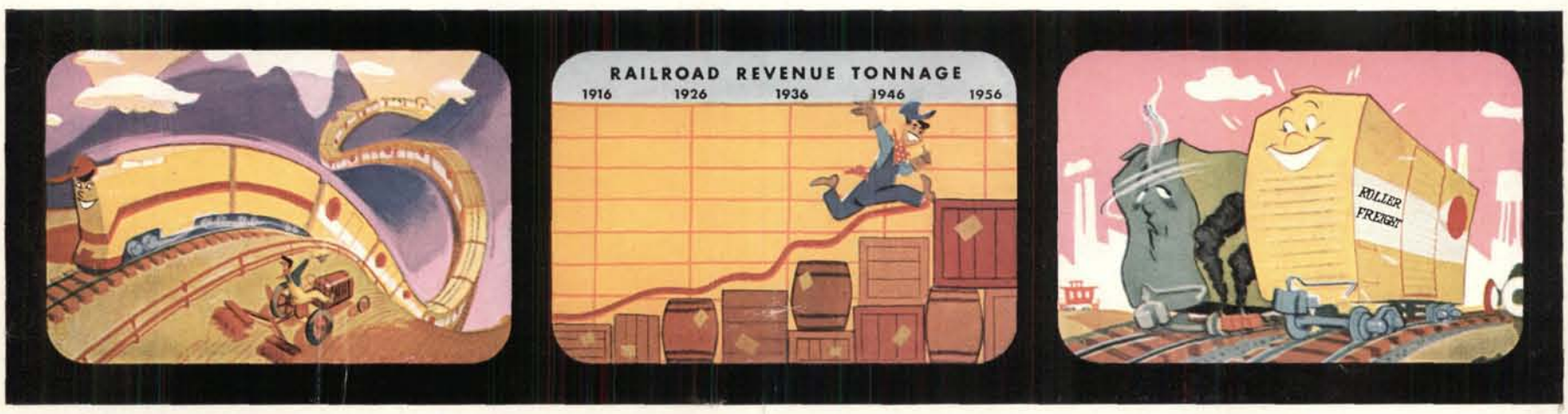

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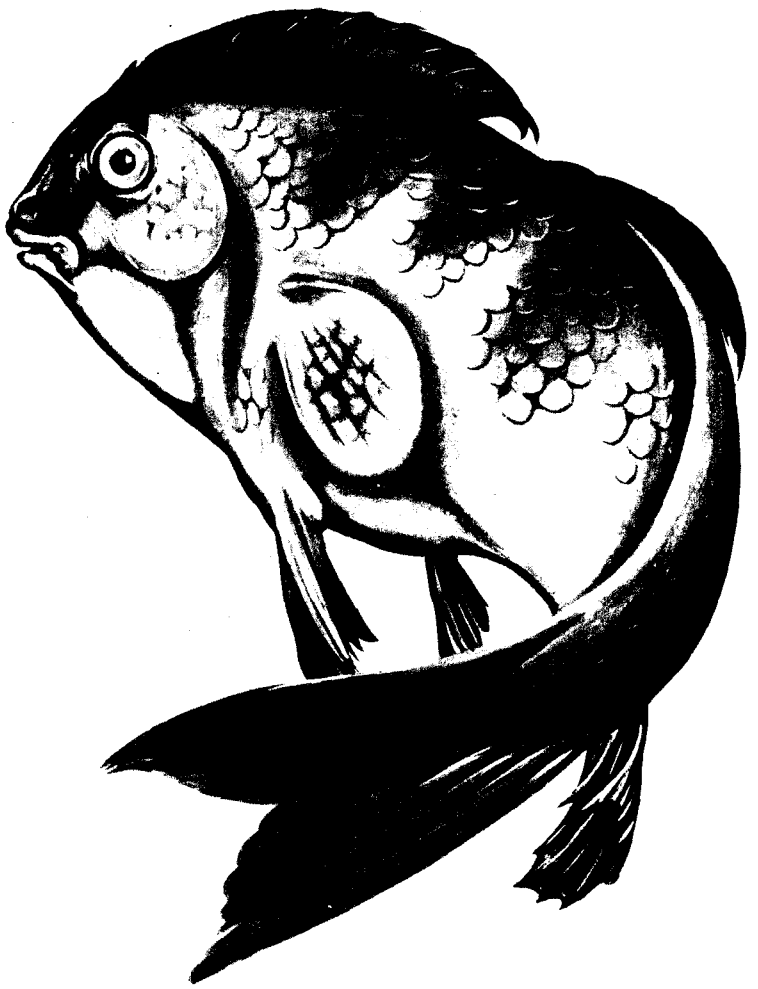

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Picture OF THE MONTH

M-G-M presents

"SHOW BOAT"

starring **KATHRYN GRAYSON**
AVA GARDNER • HOWARD KEEL
with **JOE E. BROWN**
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION
ROBERT STERLING • AGNES MOOREHEAD
WILLIAM WARFIELD
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Based on EDNA FERBER'S *Novel*
Screen Play by JOHN LEE MAHIN
Directed by.....GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.....ARTHUR FREED

Here comes the "Show Boat"! The deep-throated whistle of the graceful show palace quickens the pulse. Banjos are playing, Technicolor banners are flying and the voices of the theatrical troupe are lifted in song. This eagerly awaited entertainment will enthrall all America.

Never have its songs, by magic melody weaver Jerome Kern and equally famed lyricist Oscar Hammerstein, II, been sung so stirringly as in this new M-G-M presentation which has been filmed with magic beauty in color by Technicolor.

"Show Boat's" theme of life along the mighty Mississippi reminds us, more hauntingly even than "Gone With The Wind", of the sunny surfaces and troubled depths of southern life, reflected in the drama of its gallant troupers.

In playing Magnolia, the flower of the southland, Kathryn Grayson fullfills a lifetime ambition. Magnolia grows, in her loving performance, from innocence to maturity, from frailty to courage.

As the wayward Gaylord Ravenal, Howard Keel is perfect in the role of river gambler. He makes "Gay" intensely sympathetic, as he pursues the will o' the wisp, Lady Luck, only to return at last to Magnolia's arms. Both the handsome Keel and Miss Grayson are at their best in singing the beautifully tender songs of their romance.

Ava Gardner is Julie, the hauntingly lovely singer, so beautiful, so thrilling, so appealing in the delivery of her songs that her Julie becomes a truly memorable performance.

Joe E. Brown plays Captain Andy Hawks with a heart as big as his spiel is splendiferous. He is the showman of all time, whose creed is, "Give joy, and it will be returned to you a thousandfold".

—Or several millionfold, in the case of this perfect production of "Show Boat", which also contains fine performances by Agnes Moorehead as Parthy; Marge and Gower Champion, the new and justly touted young dance team; and a magnificent new bass, William Warfield.

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June 30, 1951

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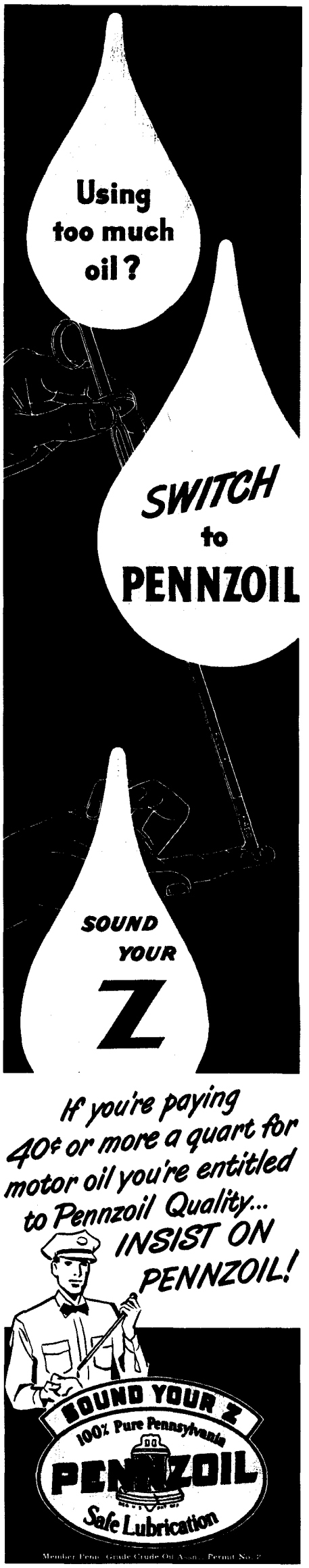
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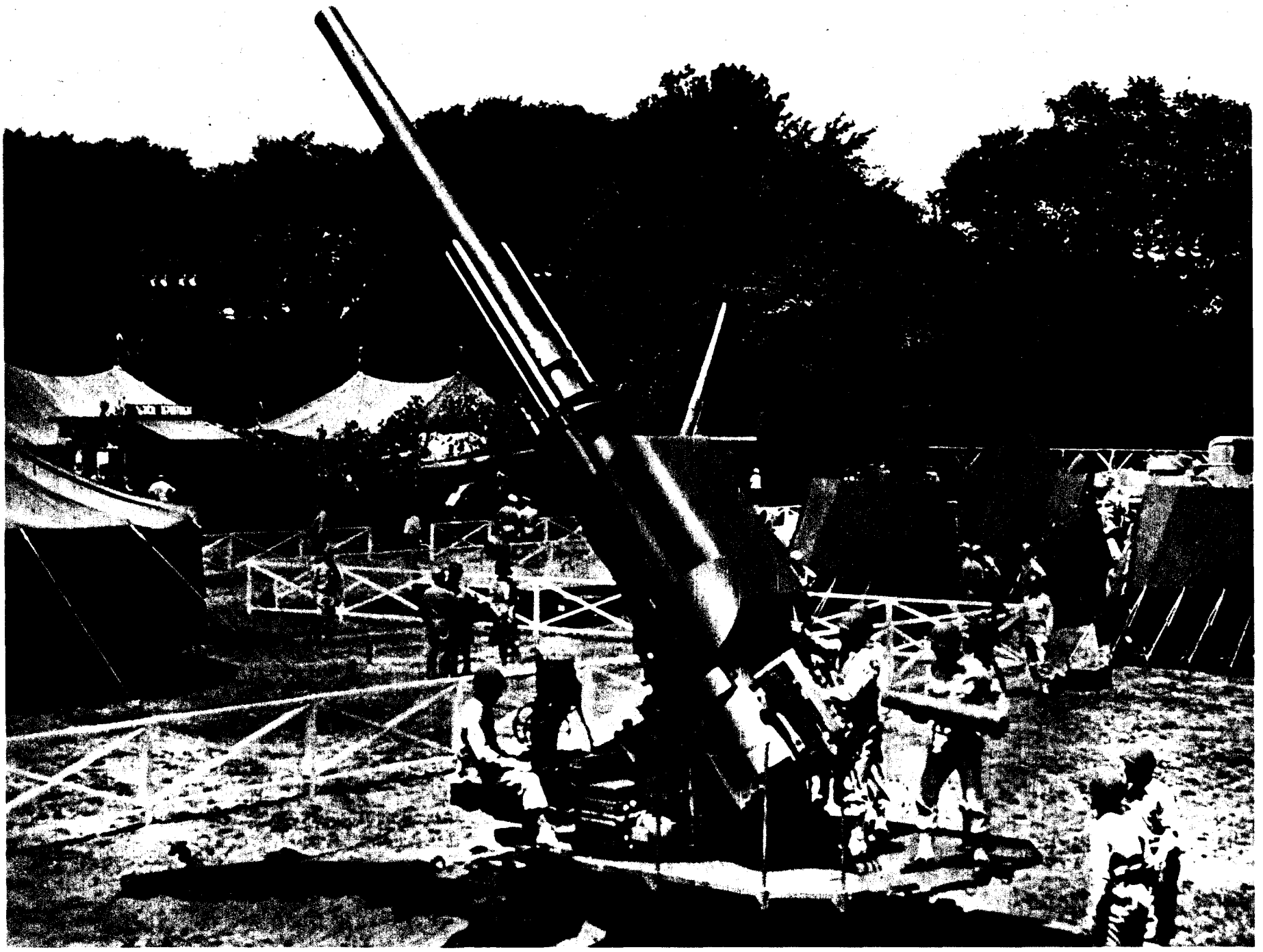

New Gun Director Is Good News for the Country

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES' NEW "ELECTRICAL THINKING MACHINE" AIMS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS LIKE THIS ONE. *It's even more effective than the Bell Laboratories' famous Electrical Gun Director that proved such a factor in the last war. . . . The radar equipment locates hostile planes, day or night, and feeds continuous information concerning their location into a computer or "electrical thinking machine." . . . At the same time, data relating to wind velocity, velocity of the shells, temperatures, etc., are given to the computer. The machine then calculates where a shell should explode and aims the guns, continuously and automatically, to bring the planes down.*

Call to Arms. Once again the research and manufacturing of the Bell System are mighty weapons in the defense of the country.

More than twelve hundred projects for the armed forces were completed in the last war. Many new assignments are now being rushed to completion. This new Fire Control System is already in production.

Skilled Teams at Work. The Bell System's ability to serve the armed forces comes not only from its unique qualifications in the field of electronics, but from the way it is set up and equipped to do the job.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The Cover

If you haven't already recognized it, the nose under the straw hat belongs to Jimmy Durante, who was slaying the customers at New York's Copacabana when photographer Jerry Cooke posed the picture. Reading left to right, the four little noses belong to Patti Hardy (Brooklyn), Carole McCrory (Huntsville, Texas), Janet Wallace (New York City) and Donna Lee Hickey (Forest Hills, Long Island). For copious details about the inimitable Schnozz recorded by his close friend, Gene Fowler, see page 13.

Week's Mail

Clarifying Foreign Relations

EDITOR: As a general thing I am left cold by the "big-name" articles in your magazine—or any other. I may add, further, that I am no admirer of Thomas E. Dewey politically. But if he wrote that article in Collier's of May 12th (Beware of Stalin's Smile)—and somehow I believe he did—he wins my personal award of merit for the clearest, cleanest, and most worth-reading article that has been published in many a moon on the general subject of our foreign relations.

ALLEN GILDERSLEEVE,
Corpus Christi, Texas

Governor Dewey qualifies for the Gildersleeve award of merit: he wrote the article himself.

. . . While I have not agreed with Mr. Dewey about a lot of other things, I consider this one of the most valuable articles you have ever published.

OWEN E. ROOT, Parker, Kans.

Fighting Jurist

EDITOR: Your issue of May 12th went over the top with me. I liked particularly Duncan Aikman's appraisal of Chicago's hard-hitting but kindly U.S. District Court Judge John Peter Barnes, whose name in Chicago is synonymous with untrammeled, undiluted justice. The people love a fighter, and when, as in Judge Barnes's case, he is a fighter for the rights of the common man or a defender for prisoners' rights, they respect and admire him.

MARY J. O'CALLAGHAN, Chicago, Ill.

Progress & Promise

EDITOR: Your article When Would *You* Consult a Psychiatrist? (May 12th) does a much-needed job, and does it well. It brings into focus two facts. First, modern psychiatry is gaining favor. Second, we have a devil of a long way to go.

Often we encounter a reaction like this: "Psychiatry? Yes. I guess it is all right. For me? My family? Ye gods! I hope not." Yet most of us know that cancer, diagnosed and treated early, usually ends in cure. When will a similar attitude develop toward mental and nervous disease? For, like cancer, mental and nervous disease rarely clear up when treated late.

Most of us at various times in life need some of the help modern psychiatry can give. By the most conservative estimates we find that over half of the symptoms shown by "normal" patients are emotional in origin. When that day comes that over half of our doctors practice a good type of modern psychiatry you will know we have made progress.

LLOYD F. SMITH, M.D., Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . Your article by Albert Q. Maisel on psychiatry is very revealing and important, and the results of your survey indicate the need for a series on mental behavior.

The public's general acceptance of the value of psychiatric treatment is useless if they are not aware of the occasions which require it. GERTRUDE H. BENSON, R.N., Elmira, N. Y.

. . . I liked your approach to a very real need in When Would *You* Consult a Psychiatrist? But the poll had one glaring weakness.

Every question seems to have been phrased to indicate that the responses were showing "when would you consult a psychiatrist about someone other than yourself?" I'm afraid the psychiatrists themselves would be more close to the truth in expecting no more than a fifty-fifty break, if that, had the questions really been based on when people would turn to psychiatry for advice about themselves.

MARIANNA MERSHON, Verona, N. J.

Peronismo

EDITOR: Many loud hurrahs for your splendid editorial, Throw Perón Out (May 12th). Without a doubt Fascism, as well as Communism, has got to be watched and stepped on before it runs too rampant in the Americas, and the rest of the world.

ELIZABETH D. CARLSON, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I have read many of your editorials with which I could not agree (I don't always agree with my wife, either) but when you state "we are going to say . . . what must be in the minds of many Argentineans: It is time that Argentina got rid of Perón," surely you could not merit disagreement on the part of any serious-minded person anywhere.

WADE C. WORRELL, Chicago, Ill.

. . . When will the American press learn that you can't *tell* people of other nations what they should do? That, in the *telling,* you instantly create a conscious and unconscious antagonism in the very people you are trying to reach?

How do you suppose I feel when some English periodical advises the American people to throw Truman out, or to throw MacArthur out? Or to throw anybody out? What makes you think the people of Argentina are any different from ourselves?

ROBERT HIGGINS, Southampton, N. Y.

. . . Your editorial of May 12th is to the point, and unlike most editorials it shows

(Continued on page 70)

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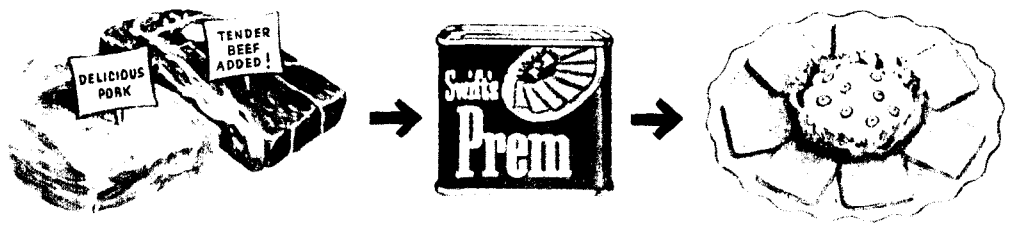

Eat cool! Try Swift's double-flavor Prem for "cold plates" and quick-cookin' main dishes. Have fun with Aunt Fanny, Wednesdays, on the Breakfast Club, A.B.C. And get free copy of Aunt Fanny's FOLKSY FIXIN'S from your grocer or write: Aunt Fanny, Box CM4, Chicago 77, Ill.

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Which is really Jeanne Crain?

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(See answer below)

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If you know movie stars, you'll know the girl on the left is glamorous Jeanne Crain, star of the 20th Century-Fox production, "Take Care Of My Little Girl." At right is lovely Yvonne Barron of New York. And if you know spark plugs, you'll see your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs because—"YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

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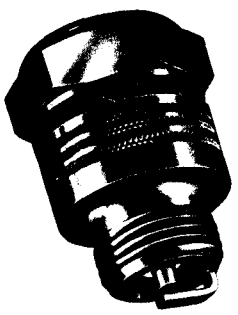

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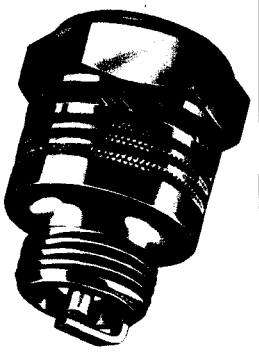

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Floody Whitecomb notifies us from Third Lake, New Hampshire, that in spite of what's happening on this unguided missile we call the earth, he's not discouraged. "I will admit, however," says Mr. Whitecomb, "that I'm a mite surprised every morning to look out the window and find that the dog-gone thing's still here."

★ ★ ★

From the mouth of his cave in the Wenatchee Mountains, Mr. Ole (Jing) Mallielieu watches the planes loaf across the skies, occasionally thumbing his nose. Says he's not the only one,

JACK BETTS

either. A bachelor, with what he describes as "no known dependents," Mr. Mallielieu "took to the hills" when the state of Washington decided to use airplanes to spot tax dodgers. "It's a matter of principle with me," says Mr. Mallielieu, "because I have nothing to tax." He assures us he's not the only resident of the state who fled into the wilds after reading the latest tax schedules. Anyway, planes carrying tax assessors with binoculars are flitting back and forth through the mountains and far-up valleys of Washington's remote northwest counties, hopeful of flushing out a few rich evaders. They're talking of dropping parachuting collectors, too. Mr. Mallielieu isn't worrying.

★ ★ ★

Cheer up. There's a company in Chicago that will decorate your house with a TV aerial even if you haven't a set. The idea, of course, is to give you social standing in the community. Man writes he bought one, but took it down after six weeks. "Got tired telling people who dropped in that the set was back in the shop for an overhaul."

★ ★ ★

It is a real pleasure to report that Pancho, the singing burro of Tombstone, Arizona, is recovering from a

nasty case of lockjaw. Pancho is the property of the Reverend George H. Prendergast of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Tombstone and is celebrated for his donkey serenades during evening vesper hours. While a soloist of fine repute, he enjoyed duets with anyone feeling like joining him. It was while trying to outsing a passing locomotive that Pancho's jaws became locked. We thought you'd like to know.

★ ★ ★

Mr. E. W. Nash who lives in Croton, New York, is not selling out, but he would like to get rid of his dog. With this in mind, he advertised as follows: "Dog (or something) for sale: Absolutely monstrous bloodhound. Requires at least four acres of nosing ground. I bought this animal two years ago with high hopes but only three acres. He has grown up to be as beautiful as a bloodhound can ever get, while I have just grown old. Anyone who really wants to can acquire this long, strong behemoth for the price I paid a very famous kennel when he was a puppy, if he ever was."

★ ★ ★

While we're on the subject, you may as well know that some time ago the city council of Long Beach, California, passed a law making it illegal for a dog to have puppies in that town. Any owner of any dog who produced young would be subject to a fine of $500 or six months in jail, or both. The council forgot, however, to set up canine birth control clinics and, we're told by a Long Beach lady, puppies of all sizes, colors, shapes, breeds and crossbreeds began appearing in record-breaking numbers—as dog defiance, of course. Fact is, the law applies to all pets, including goldfish.

★ ★ ★

How to Remain a Spinster in Ten Easy Lessons is the latest contribution by Miss Cynthia Lowry, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to the happiness of American womanhood. Alas, we cannot set down all 10 rules here, but are glad to give you a few sure-fire samples:

"Talk about yourself a lot and let all men you meet know how bright you are. Yawn when he starts talking about baseball, boxing or love and launch into a discussion of the international situation. Tell him of your ill health and *your passionate devotion to canaries.* Develop a high nasal voice which can be heard long distances and make a practice of hailing waiters with it." But maybe these few samples right here will serve the purpose.

★ ★ ★

Just between us, if a judge sentenced us to prison for from 145 to 170 years, we'd stop trying to fool people. That

(Continued on page 73)

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Now, more than ever, the tires you buy must give the absolute maximum in mileage, safety and all-round performance. That's why rugged Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are the best buy you can make for the long road ahead. Quality-built and expertly engineered, they bring you exclusive vacuum cup tread design for faster, safer stops in any weather.

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Here's the brisk, breezy flavor that really ups a fellow's enjoyment of food —from steak to just plain hash!

There's no mistaking it's DEL MONTE Catsup—made with wonderful *Pineapple Vinegar* to pay you special dividends in tomato flavor.

Treat your man to DEL MONTE Brand Catsup. It's a treat for your pocketbook, too.

It's the only catsup made with

Pineapple Vinegar

—the sparkling vinegar that brings out extra goodness in catsup flavor!

Get to know the whole family of DEL MONTE Tomato Products.

Del Monte CATSUP

—the brand that puts flavor first

You, Too, Can Be One of the Boys

By E. C. K. READ

Here is hope for every man

IF JUNIOR lams off to school in the fall with his heart set on pledging Psi Epsom Psi only to be blackballed by the entire fraternity system, his self-confidence will undoubtedly come home hanging in shreds.

But it won't have to hang there long. The postgraduate scene is troubled indeed but, as the U.S. Statistical Bureau is my witness, that is not for lack of enough clubs, societies, groups and institutions to suit every lonely heart.

There is no need to walk alone in later years, not even if you get a joint brush-off by the Lions, the Elks, the Moose, the Eagles, the Owls and the Odd Fellows. A whole world of congenial alternatives lies open to us all, handily catalogued in the Bureau's official roster of trade organizations. The range runs from the Association of Manufacturers of Chilled Car Wheels to the American

There are gay associations with varieties of interests

Goat Society, and a wealth of good fellowship lies between.

One despondent friend of mine, a maker of tubular split and outside pronged rivets, found happiness with the Institute of Tubular Split and the Outside Pronged Rivet Manufacturers. (The name has since been changed, but the old camaraderie lives on.) You, on the other hand, may be a devotee of the five-cent cigar, in which case the Twisted Jute Packing and Oakum Institute sounds like your baby.

America, having put the brotherhood of man on a paying basis, now offers gay lodges of every description. Some are a little exclusive, but quite understandably so. A ripe-olive man, for example, could hardly expect to don the pin of the Association of American Importers of Green Olives. And you are not apt to make much of a hit with the Association of American Producers of Domestic Inedible Fats (now, dully, the National Renderers Association) if it is known that you dabble privately in Egyptian lard.

Your average league, however, is broader in concept. Take the American Walnut Manufacturers' Association. The first adjective indicates that they place no rigid sectional emphasis on your address. As long as you can manufacture a walnut (funny how many people think those things grow on trees) you're in. That goes for the National Leather and Shoe Finders Association, too. Nothing fancy—just a bunch of good fellows who like to share the experience of crawling under the bed every morning in search of the other slipper.

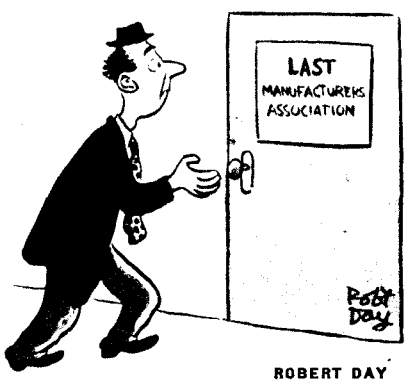
There is even hope for those of you with highly specialized interests. Take my wife's cousin. Some years ago, he became intolerably morose because his only passion was sanitary milk-bottle closures. He felt that it made him a poor mixer. Then a well-wisher tipped him off about the National Association of Sanitary Milk Bottle Closure Manufacturers. In this companionable milieu, he became a changed man and may well have helped design the milk-bottle caps with the tabs that tear off so you have to get them out with a fork—the cap ultimately winding up inside the bottle.

Anyway, I understand he soon had the National Association of Milk Bottle Exchanges trying to pledge him, and was last seen going whole hog in the beverage field with a daring bid to the admissions committee of the League of Distilled Spirits Rectifiers.

But you are saying to yourself that you know nothing of these things. You wouldn't even go for the National Horse Carriers Association—probably not up to it physically—or the Split Pea Association. Since you haven't even introduced any cavies to each other for years, probably the American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders Association wouldn't go for you. The United Pants and Novelties Contractors Association strikes you as rather overly festive, while the National Knitted Outerwear Association may be presumed to be a front organization for some sort of lingerie cartel.

Well, don't feel that the die is cast (cf. American Die Casting Institute). We still have the Hot Dip Galvanizers Association and the Cultivated Mushroom Institute. We still have the Corset and Brassière Association and what is very likely its parent organization, the American Society of Body Engineers.

If *none* of these fraternities will have you, I don't know that anything can be done—although you might try the Last Manufacturers Association. THE END



ROBERT DAY

If you give up in despair there is one final resort

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OULTON, MAINE. Supervising construction of his 61st serv- station with his son, Otis, Arthur O. Putnam is an outstanding oil marketer and one of his community's leading citizens. Serving the people of Northern Maine for 39 years he now has 16 bulk plants spotted throughout his territory to give better service in even the most isolated village.

ENDALE, ARIZONA. State gislator and former Mayor, W. Barkley is typical of the many il oil jobbers who play a vital : in their own communities.

15,000 SMALL OIL COMPANIES
Doing BIG Job in Supplying U. S. Oil Needs

The story behind the tremendous growth of local oil jobbers and distributors in the U. S. is the story of America's competitive system at work. Dollar volume by these local concerns has actually *tripled* since 1940 alone.

As the use of petroleum products has increased, the number of local businessmen who sell and distribute these products in wholesale quantities has grown from less than 100 in 1909 to over 15,000.*

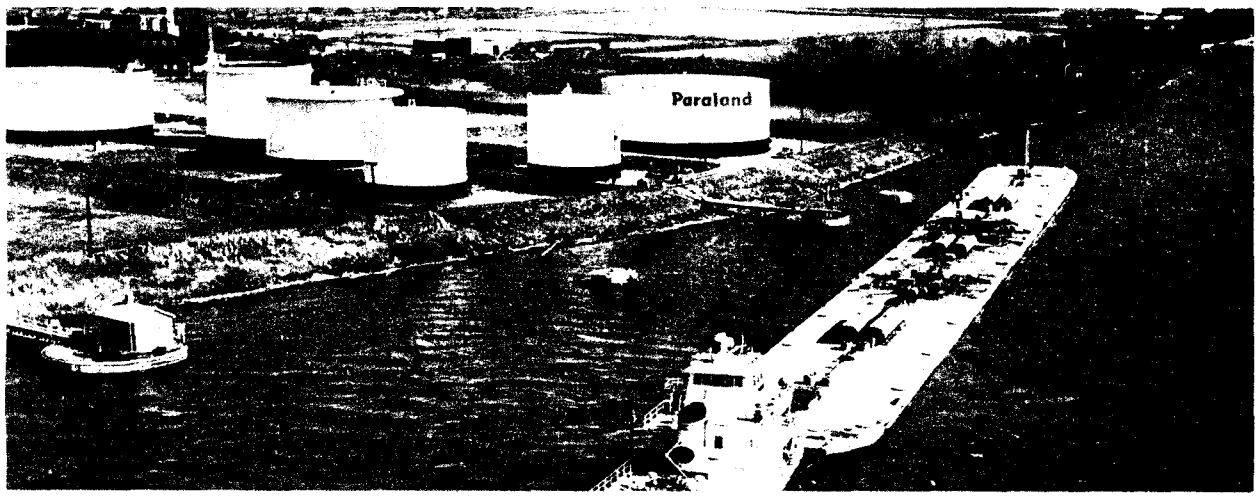
Doing business in big cities and remote villages, local oil jobbers and distributors set high standards of service in their communities. Competing successfully against both large and small firms, they perform a vital job distributing today's record oil supplies.

In peace or war, America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies provide the public with the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. For instance, gasoline is priced about the same as 25 years ago—only taxes are higher. Yet quality is 50 per cent better.

This is one more example of how the benefits of oil company competition pay off for you and the nation.

National Petroleum News

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



BETTENDORF, IOWA. Storage place for energy is this Paraland Oil Company bulk plant. It is owned and operated by an independent marketer who buys oil products in volume from the refineries, breaks up these volume shipments into the smaller quantities needed by his customers. Some jobbers sell to farmers; others work with service stations or deal in fuel oil for home heating. Local jobbers and distributors own a large share of the nation's bulk storage plants.

WAYZATA, MINNESOTA. W. L. Dickey (left), pioneer oil jobber, sold 5 thousand gallons of gasoline in 1910 when he started business. Today his son, Don (right), now company president, sells 5 *million* gallons a year.

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Will you be in 9?

IF that's your dog in 2, your boy in 4 or your tree in 6—you're pretty sure to end up in 9, with a law suit on your hands.

There are hundreds of other ways, too, for folks to come to grief and leave you on the receiving end of damage claims in the four and five figure brackets.

You can't blame an injured person for suing. But you *can* blame yourself—if you're not financially protected against Bodily Injury or Property Damage Claims. Especially when it costs so little to own Travelers Comprehensive Personal Liability insurance. For only $25 you can get $10,000 worth of protection for three years. Why not see your Travelers agent or broker today, before trouble arrives at your door!

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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SCHNOZZOLA!

JIMMY DURANTE'S LIFE STORY • By GENE FOWLER

The colorful saga of the warmhearted little clown who parlayed a voice like sandpaper, an outsize nose and the straddling stride of a penguin into one of the most fabulous careers in the history of show business. A famous chronicler of the American scene presents The Schnozz—*in* per*son!*

Start Story on Next Page

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"...When I sing a song, I ruin it for anyone else. It's like

I

IN THE days of the Great Sleigh Ride, which is to say the hurly-burly 1920s, a little man with a big nose became the clown laureate of Broadway. His name was Jimmy Durante. Half hooligan and half saint, his knockabout ways and razmataz songs exactly suited the age that gave him his early fame. There was a peculiar shine to this man, a grotesque tenderness that reached into the hearts of everyone, and the love of him has lasted through the years.

The world of the theater is a fickle one; our stage favorites fall almost as regularly as do the premiers of France. Comedians, however, fare somewhat better than others. When a clown excels in his profession, and his private life stays beyond blame, he enjoys public affection as well as applause.

Such a man is Jimmy Durante, the Schnozzola, son of Bartolomeo Durante, onetime barber of Salerno, Italy. Few entertainers of our time have matched Jimmy's record in as many branches of showmanship. During the past 38 years, he has been successively a public favorite as a night-club entertainer, a vaudeville headliner, a musical stage principal, a motion picture actor and a radio comedian. Today, at fifty-eight, he has fastened upon his most promising role, that of a television star.

The tools with which Durante has carved his niche in the history of show business are few, but superbly modeled. The first is his nose, perhaps the most monstrous an American entertainer has ever displayed: it is Jimmy's distinguishing feature in more ways than one, his trade-mark, the thing for which he will be remembered forever, as the European clown Grimaldi is remembered for his cavernous mouth.

To go with his great proboscis, Durante has a voice with the rasp of a wire brush, an inimitable strut, a truly wonderful talent for mispronouncing words—and, above all, an essential goodness and humility that are as plain as the nose on his face.

It is these last two qualities that underlie both the weakness and the strength of his character. In his years in show business, Durante has jitterbugged with Fame without seeming to know or understand her. "Sometimes," says this happy word-mangler, "I rake my brains to find out why people pay me all that money."

When victimized by plain-as-day parasites of Broadway and Hollywood—and this happens with amazing frequency—Jimmy not only refuses to confess his errors of judgment, but becomes angry if someone puts in a word against the offenders.

"I know there are more good people than bad ones in the world," the Schnozzola says. "I don't mind if a gentleman scratches a match on the furniture, so long as he is careful to go with the grain."

Nevertheless, Jimmy rarely carries much money; if he did, it would go within the hour. For when he takes a walk, the Schnozz never attempts to avoid a panhandler. Often he is the first to speak, cordially always, and sometimes he borrows from companions to meet the "bite."

As a result of his generosity and huge income tax, Durante, who made almost half a million dollars last year, had not a nickel of it left for his savings account. He deducts 15 per cent of his earnings for organized charities, but actually gives away more than 40 per cent.

"I only wish," he says, "that I was Rockinfellow."

If his own goodness blinds him to the faults of others, that same virtue has protected him against the taint of his early environment and the temptations of latter-day prosperity. At seventeen he played the piano at places frequented by gangsters, thieves, prostitutes and murderers. Little of their wickedness rubbed off on the strangely insulated man, although the lingo of the underworld became part of his way of speech. In fact, it is probably accurate to say that Durante's only enemy is the king's English. "If I learned to pronounce the big words," he says, "sixty of my pals would be out of work the next day, including myself."

It is his doughty refusal to learn to pronounce the big words that has become one of the mainstays of Jimmy's comedy—the ludicrous mispronunciations in which there is always some daffy logic that enables his listeners to guess what the right word should be. One of his writers, Jackie Barnett, insists that Jimmy doesn't try to mispronounce—he does it naturally. And if a malapropism is written into the script, Durante perversely substitutes the correct word, sometimes ruining the gag.

"I had the word 'nostalgic' in a script," Barnett said recently. "I knew it was a big word for Jimmy, and I saw a chance to get a laugh, so I wrote it 'neuralgic.' But when he came to it, he pronounced it 'nostalgic.' Jimmy says that if he purposely mangles the word, it looks as though he were *trying* to be funny. He wants the real words written out, because he knows he can manhandle them on sight."

Another friend of Jimmy's, Garry Moore, a fellow comedian who teamed with him on a radio program some years ago, has his own analysis of the method in Durante's madness. According to Moore, the Schnozz knows at all times what he is talking about. "It would be very easy," says Moore, "for him to learn that 'catastrophe' is not 'catastastroke,' but it first came to his eye that way; and he doesn't bother to change it, because everyone knows what he is talking about. So why change it and spoil a laugh? He takes the easy way out, and lets bad enough alone."

In ordinary, nonprofessional conversation, Durante's technique, conscious or otherwise, is much the same. "I feel perfectly abdominal today," he is likely to say. Sometimes, however, he astonishes everyone by using a long word in the right place and enunciates it with professorial authority.

Whatever slapdash approach to his work he may have used in bygone years—when he clowned with spur-of-the-moment gags, often worked out right before the audience—Durante is unquestionably serious about his showmanship now. His producer for radio and TV, a young advertising executive named Phil Cohan, says Jimmy's method of preparation for a program is to go into a room and study the script for hours. Then, before program time, he will sit with his writing and acting staff until the last minute, revising jokes and business.

He makes a point of having every actor who has a part in his program, however small, in attendance at his story conferences. He believes that a performer has a right to know the whole scheme of a script, even if the man has only one word to say in it. Unlike some stars, Jimmy never treats a bit player as a lesser animal.

"I don't like the cask system," he will say. "Maybe we ain't all born equal, but it's a cinch we all die equal."

This protectiveness toward fellow performers carries over into social life. One of the reasons why Jimmy does not go to Hollywood parties is that when hosts invite him, they do not always ask his aides to come. "My pals are good people or they wouldn't be with my combination," he says. "They are not college swells, I know, but they ain't loud drunks either, and they don't try to get rheumatic

Jimmy's band **at Alamo Club, New York, in 1915. Durante, unsure of the personnel, reached back 36 years and suggested Johnny Stein, drums; Frank Christian, trumpet; Archie Baquet, clarinet, "and on the trombone, I'm not sure, but I think it was Frank Christian's brother"**

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he kiss of debt . . ."

with the hostess, or swear out loud, or tell dirty jokes. So I only go to buffets where my people are welcome."

Jimmy's standards of etiquette are high, but he is capable of occasional raffish lapses. The screen actress Greer Garson was once scheduled to appear as a guest star on a Durante radio program. When the Schnozzola and his troupe arrived at Miss Garson's house for a conference, Jimmy warned them: "Fellows, let's all be polite, because Miss Garson is a very high-class lady star."

Miss Garson came downstairs to find Jimmy sitting absent-mindedly with his hat on. As she read the script, she came upon one part that bothered her and she asked, "Jimmy, what happens if these jokes die?"

He rose up from his chair to slap his thighs boisterously. "Well, Miss Garson, if these jokes die, we'll all go down the terlet."

Then he glared at his sniggering companions, and said, "Oh, pardon me, Miss Garson!"

Once, on the radio quiz program, Information Please, moderator Clifton Fadiman put the question: "Can you touch your scapula with your patella?" Durante, who was on the panel of experts, remarked with typical misplaced emphasis: "I *hope* the program ain't getting off *color*."

Singing a Distinctive Feature

Another distinctive feature of Durante's comedy is his singing; his admirers say it is so irresistibly funny because he gives to musical notes the same rough treatment he gives to words. The Schnozzola himself confesses that he doesn't know quite how to analyze the appeal of his songs.

"I think it's the drive that puts them over," he says, "and the no-rhyme, like sometimes when you're talking. It's like, what do you call it? Narrationing little stories. I try to get a little story in each song.

"Some of the songs I sing are very pretty, and would be a big hit if anybody else sang 'em. But nobody else seems to sing them after I get through. Take Umbriago. Irving Caesar wrote it for me. Now, Umbriago is a fine fellow. I love the character. I thought it would be a popular song, and I said to Irving, 'Don't make this song for Durante. Because I love the melody.' Well, I did the number, and tried to popularize it and make a big hit, and the only one to do it on the outside was somebody on Amos and Andy's program. And nobody else would do it, because everybody said they was imitating Durante.

"Now I think when I sing a song I ruin it for anybody else. It's like the kiss of debt. It's a funny thing, because I got an awful lot of songs and some of them are good. Like when you come to the middle part of Inka Dinka Doo, it's a beautiful melody. I try to sing it right, but I do something to it you just can't phantom. And I got a song, Isn't It a Shame that Christmas Comes But Once a Year. Now, anyone can do that, I bet you a dollar. But when I do it, it's lucky if they even celebrate Christmas."

According to Jimmy, composers like to have him sing their songs. "But," he says, "I feel sorry when a guy brings me a fine song, that would maybe score a hit, and sometimes I try to argue with them and say, 'Listen, you only get a little bit outa me for this. Why don't you be smart and give it to somebody else and make yourself a pot of money?' "

Yet music is so much a part of Jimmy's life that it must be hard for him to be entirely convincing at such times. The one-time café pianist loves a good melody; he says he starts out each day with a song.

Actually, his first act on arising is to pray, for he is a devout man. Then, lying on his bed, he goes through certain exercises designed to keep himself in trim. He thrusts, flexes, stretches and twists his sturdy legs, threshing the air for five minutes. Legs are an important part of a comedian's equipment—especially a rough-and-tumble comic like Durante. His walk is vital to *(Continued on page 51)*

CULVER

[illegible] the Schnozzola was just learning technique of mugging for the camera

NBC PHOTO

[illegible] was Durante's buddy when both were young hopefuls. Picture is recent

Jimmy's father, **Bartolomeo (left), had own barbershop in lower Manhattan near the Durante home. As kid, Jim helped lather customers; Bartolomeo hoped to make him apprentice**

Two East Siders **who made the big time: New York's Governor Alfred E. Smith and Comedian James Francis Durante. Smith used to get his hair cut at Bartolomeo's barbershop**

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Music in the Magnus

If your eardrums are assaulted this summer by children playing toy bagpipes, blame it on

Finn Haakon Magnus, Norwegian immigrant who won Horatio Alger Award for his rags-to-riches career, has a go at the new bagpipe

Collier's for June 30, 1951

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Manner

By JOHN O'REILLY

enial inventor who has made millions on plastic musical instruments

AS THIS summer wears on, an already jittery public is being exposed to a relentless wave of miniature plastic bagpipes. They are infiltrating into American homes which heretofore knew only the comparative quiet of radio, television, toy drums, horns and other noisemakers dear to the hearts of the very young. By mid-July these skirling devices will have been put on sale in stores throughout the nation. By the end of the year at least half a million will have been distributed. There will be no quiet in the land.

The grinning perpetrator of this forthcoming assault on the eardrums is Finn Haakon Magnus, a handsome, six-foot, forty-three-year-old Norwegian with the blue eyes and blond hair of his Viking forebears. As the mass-production machines of the Magnus Harmonica Corporation in Newark, New Jersey, turn out more and more thousands of these wee pipes, the Magnus grin becomes wider and wider, for he knows that somewhere deep inside grownups as well as their offspring is an irresistible desire to play this uncanny instrument.

"With this small, simplified version of the ancient instrument," says Magnus, "anybody can be skirling away on Bluebells of Scotland in less than 15 minutes."

The thing that Magnus has come up with is unmistakably a bagpipe, but the bag is only 20 inches long. The sound made by the mingling of the melody from the chanter, or flute, and the bass accompaniment from the drones (large pipes) sounds like a Scotch parade. Also it is nearly as loud. The Magnus pipes are washable. They are light and they are tough.

"How can a parent resist buying his child a musical instrument that is simple, clean and loud," Magnus said, grinning again.

This all-plastic bagpipe with its bright, plaid bag represents the latest blessed event in a line of 33 Magnus brain children, all stemming from that time, only five years ago, when Magnus gave up making buttons and announced that he was ready to provide a plastic harmonica to a harmonica-hungry nation.

His bagpipe results from an evolution of a principle of making music with plastics which he first incorporated in the harmonica.

In those five years Magnus has become a multimillionaire and his corporation does an annual multimillion-dollar business. He says he has manufactured "in excess of 25,000,000" harmonicas, plus "Keymonicas," flutes, concertinas, accordions and toy electric organs. These instruments all have one thing in common. Their musical tones come from plastic reeds which are attached to plastic reed plates. Both reeds and plates are cast in one operation and when they pop out of the mold they are always in tune.

The plastic reeds, the dies for casting them and the machines for assembling them into musical instruments were all invented and patented by Magnus, a Norwegian immigrant who became fascinated by American mass-production methods.

He has changed the harmonica industry in America from an import business to an export business. In 1939, the United States imported over 7,000,000 harmonicas from Germany, Japan and Switzerland, the bulk of them from Germany. Last year we imported 4,000,000. Where do the rest of them come from now? You guessed it. Magnus makes a lot of 'em. He has two machines that turn out 6,000 harmonicas an hour.

The chain of events that led to the current bagpipe wave began when Magnus wondered one day whether he could still play the harmonica as well as he did as a boy. It is a curious quirk in grown men that they always think that they used to be wizards on the harmonica.

Magnus already was successful. Starting as a machine operator, he had risen to be manager of the Button Corporation of America. When he started with the button factory, it had 37 employees. When he left it had 3,700. He had redesigned button machines so the corporation was turning out 24,000 gross daily instead of 9,000 gross. He had money in the bank and he was feeling good.

While walking along a street in Montclair, New Jersey, that cosmic urge to play the harmonica came over him. He went into a music store to buy one, but the clerk said, "Sorry, no harmonicas and we won't have any until after the war."

"Why don't we make them in this country?" Magnus asked.

"Takes too many hand operations," said the clerk. "We can't compete."

That bothered Magnus. He had come to the belief that anything could be done in America. Making harmonicas ought to be a cinch. He couldn't get the thought out of his mind and finally he decided to set up a small laboratory in the basement of his home and do a little harmonica experimentation.

"Then I was hooked," Magnus said. "I expected to spend a few hours and a few dollars but I spent many hundreds of hours and many thousands of dollars. In fact, I wiped out my life savings."

Magnus wrestled with the harmonica problem until late every night. He devoted all his week ends to it. He haunted libraries, but found little helpful data. He had been making buttons out of plastics and he decided to try to make plastic harmonicas.

"Plastic engineers and musical professors laughed at me," Magnus said. "They told me it was impossible to get the necessary close tolerances with plastics."

Long Hours of Hard Work

In answer, Magnus started hunting for a plastic that would ping. He had to have something that would ping to make a musical sound. At length he hit on a pinging polystyrene. Working even longer hours at night, he made the plate and the reeds by hand. Sometimes it would take three or four months to get just one of the 20 reeds in tune. The next step was to conceive a mold that would cast both plate and reeds in one piece and have them come out in tune. Working from the dimensions on his hand model, he started constructing the mold. It took nine months but at last the big day came, and he set up a mold in the button factory's plastic injection machine.

Four sets of reeds had been turned out when there was a crunching sound and his mold cracked. Nine months' work was shot in two minutes.

Luckily Magnus had the four castings from the old mold and he found that of the 20 reeds, seven were in perfect tune. They gave him vital information but it took him another eight months to make the new mold.

Between his job at the button factory and the nightwork on his harmonica, Magnus' health became impaired. So did his finances. He kept running to banks for more money. He worked during his vacation to get more money to put into the project. One night he fell into bed and slept 18 hours. His friends kept telling him his idea was a Frankenstein's monster, that it was ruining his health and bank roll and would never succeed. He kept on working.

At last he got his second mold finished. Then he altered the injection machine to meet the closer tolerances he had found he needed. This time it worked. The molds for making the plastic covers and the comb section of the harmonica were comparatively simple. Word went out that he had devised a way of making a plastic harmonica. Offers of money flowed in from investment bankers and others, but for putting up the money they wanted control of the company. Magnus, though heavily in debt, turned them all down. *(Continued on page 62)*

Mass-production methods in Newark factory of the Magnus company make it possible to make harmonicas which cost less than foreign ones

Magnus brass hold a plastics meeting. They are (l. to r.): Emil Ens, Charles Obst, the boss man, Karl Hugg, Plant Chief Jack Walsh

Magnus with pupils of Central Avenue School, Newark, to whom he gave harmonicas after he found some kids were stealing from factory

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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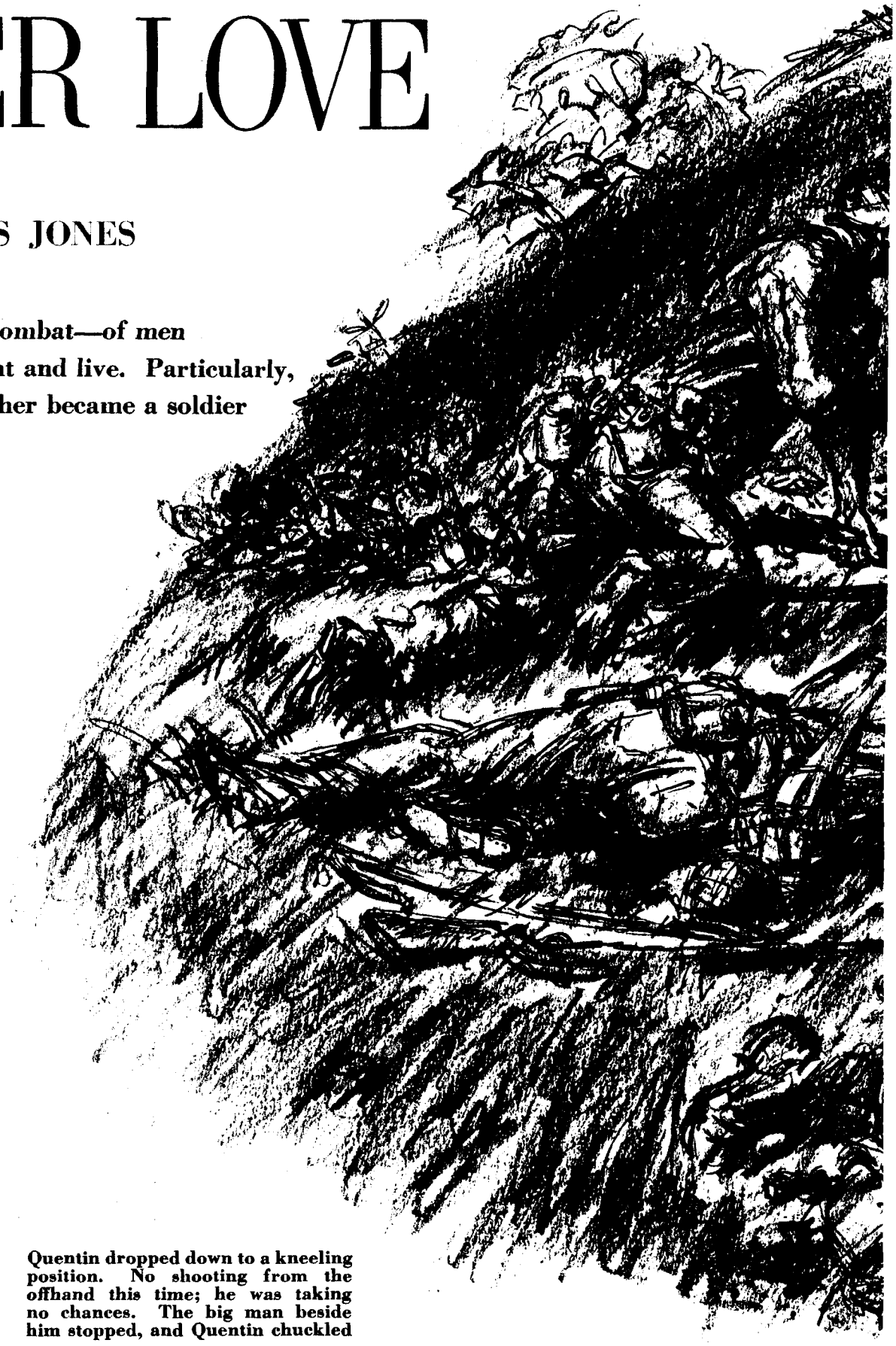
GREATER LOVE

By JAMES JONES

A story of infantrymen in their first combat—of men who had to learn how to fight and live. Particularly, it is the story of how Quentin Thatcher became a soldier



Quentin dropped down to a kneeling position. No shooting from the offhand this time; he was taking no chances. The big man beside him stopped, and Quentin chuckled

"HERE'S that detail roster," Corporal Quentin Thatcher said.

"Thanks," the first sergeant said. He did not look up, or stop working.

"Would you do me a favor?"

"Probably not," the First said. He went on working.

"I wish you wouldn't send Shelb down to the beach on this unloading detail. They've been bombing the Slot three or four times every day since the new convoy got in."

"Pfc Shelby Thatcher," the First said distinctly, without stopping working, "just because he's the kid brother of the compny clerk, does not rate no special privileges in my outfit. The 2nd Platoon is due for detail by the roster; you typed it out. Pfc Shelby Thatcher is in the 2nd Platoon."

"So is Houghlan in the 2nd Platoon. But I notice he never pulls any these details."

"Houghlan is the Compny Commander's dog robber."

"I know it."

"See the chaplain, kid," the First said, looking up for the first time. His wild eyes burned the skin of Quentin Thatcher's face. "That ain't my department."

"I thought maybe you would do it as a favor."

"What are you going to do when we really get into *com*bat, kid? up there on the *line?*"

"I'm going to be in the 2nd Platoon," Quentin said. "Where I can look out for my brother Shelb."

"Not unless I say so, you ain't." The First grinned at him evilly. "And I ain't saying so." He stared at Quentin a moment with those wild old soldier's eyes. Then he jerked his head toward the typing table across the mud floor of the tent. "Now get the hell back to work and don't bother me. I'm busy."

"Damn you," Quentin said deliberately. "Damn you to hell. You don't even know what it is, to love somebody."

"For two cents I'd send you back to straight duty today," the First said calmly, "and see how you like it. Ony I'm afraid it would kill you."

"That suits me fine," Quentin said. He reached in his pocket and tossed two pennies onto the field desk. "I quit."

"You can't quit," the First grinned malevolently. "I won't let you. You're an ass, Thatcher, but you can type and I need a clerk."

"Find another one."

"After I spent all this time training you? Anyway, there ain't a platoon sergeant in the compny would have you. And I still got hopes maybe someday you'll make a soldier. Though I wouldn't know the hell why. Now get the hell out of here and take them papers over to the supply room like I told you, before I throw you over there with them bodily."

"I'm going. But you don't scare me a bit. And the last thing on this earth I'd ever want to be is a soldier."

The First laughed. Quentin took his own sweet time collecting the papers. The two pennies, lying on the field desk, he ignored.

The pennies were still there the next morning when Quentin came out of the orderly tent for a break. He watched the First legging it off down the road toward Regiment, then he walked across to where the four men were sitting on water cans in the tracky mud in front of the supply tent like four sad crows on a fence. They had only got back from the detail an hour before.

"Any news yet?" his brother Shelb asked him.

"Not a bit," Quentin said. "Nothing."

The waiting was beginning to get into all of them. The division had been here a month now, and both the 35th and 161st had gone up to relieve Marine outfits on the hills two weeks ago.

"Where was the first sergeant going, Quentin?" Al Zwermann asked hopefully. "He looked like he was in a hurry." Al Zwermann's brother Vic was in C Company of the 35th.

"Just to Regiment," Quentin said. "See about some kind of a detail."

"Not another detail!" Gorman growled.

"Sure. Ain't you heard?" Joe Martuscelli said sourly. "They done transferred the whole Regiment into the Quartermaster."

"You don't think it might be the order to move, then?" Zwermann asked.

"Not from what I heard over the phone. From what he said over the phone it was just another detail of some kind."

"A fine clerk," Gorman growled. "Why the hell dint you ask him what kind of a detail, you jerk?"

"Go to hell," Quentin said. "Why the hell didn't you ask him? You don't ask that man things."

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"How'd the unloading go?"

"The unloading went fine," Shelb grinned. "They only bombed twice, and I stole a full fifth of bourbon off an officer's orderly on one of the transports."

"Yeah," Martuscelli said sourly. "A full fifth. And he has to save it all for his precious big brother."

"You think you'll have time to help drink it, Quent?" Shelb said, getting up, "before the First gets back?"

"Sometimes I don't think we'll any of us ever get to see any action," Gorman growled.

"To hell with the First," Quentin said.

"I'll go get it then," Shelb grinned.

"A hell of a fine way to treat your own squad," Martuscelli said sourly, watching him leave.

"I took a bust from corpul to transfer into this outfit," Gorman growled. "Because it was shipping out. They put me in Cannon Compny and I took another bust from pfc to get in a rifle compny. All because I wanted to see action."

"We all enlisted," Martuscelli said sourly.

"All I ask is they give me a rifle," Gorman growled. "None of your 155s for this soldier. Just a rifle, a bayonet and a knife. That's all. Gimme that and I'm ready." He thought a second, then added inconclusively, "Maybe couple grenades."

"You talk like my brother Vic," Zwermann said.

Somebody grunted. On the road that had not been a road a month ago a couple of jeeps hammered by, fighting the mud that came clear up to their belly plates. From where the men sat, the rows of coconut trees wheeled away in every direction like spokes from a hub. The sun was bright and clear in the sea air under the tall trees of the grove. It was a fine summery morning. Whenever the wind veered you could hear the sound of the firing from back in the hills.

"Vic's up there now," Zwermann said wonderingly.

"Well, when do we go up," Quentin said suddenly, committing himself, "I'm putting in for straight duty. With the 2nd Platoon. Soon's we get our orders to move."

"What the hell for?" Gorman asked, startled.

"Because I want to," Quentin said.

"If you do, you're nuts," Martuscelli said sourly.

"Ha," Gorman growled. "He won't. You know where he'll be when we go in, don't you? He'll be sitting under a hill on the first sarnt's lap punching his typewriter. That's where."

"You think so?" Quentin said.

"I know so. You don't *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD BRODIE

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Why Stalin Must Be Tried

In a ruthless move to Sovietize Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, he has had 1,142,000 people slain or deported—and the terror has only begun. Here are reports from witnesses ready to testify against him when the UN sets up a court to punish genocide convention violators

THE afternoon of December 9, 1948, was one of those rare occasions when the promise of the United Nations seemed to be justified. Meeting in Paris in an atmosphere of righteous unanimity, the General Assembly agreed, 55 to 0, that genocide—the systematic extermination of social, racial or national groups—was an international crime, and morally bound its members to behave accordingly.

Among the delegates who joined in the vote and the subsequent self-congratulation were the representatives of the Soviet Union, headed by the then affable Andrei Y. Vishinsky; their action was hailed by people the world over as proof that Soviet and Western leaders *could* get together—if only in their common repugnance to a barbaric crime mainly associated with the lunatic nightmare of Nazism.

On that same day, a few hours before the Soviet delegate raised his hand in solemn harmony with the civilized world, something was happening 1,100 miles away that made a hideous mockery of the Russian vote. At three thirty that morning in Riga, capital of the once free and independent Republic of Latvia, Soviet soldiers were wielding rifle butts to herd 320 people into the cattle cars of train number 333684 bound for Siberia.

There was nothing special about these passengers, except for the timing of their deportation. They were just a few hundred people out of more than a million who have been deported, jailed or massacred in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania for no reason except that they belonged to social, racial or national groups that were marked for annihilation by the Kremlin. Independent Allied intelligence estimates support these figures, which were compiled by Baltic refugee committees.

These acts of pure genocide have been going on ever since the Russians first grabbed these three small Baltic nations in 1940 while the world's attention was focused on the fall of France; they are going on today just two hours' flying time from the bright lights of comfortable, placid Stockholm; they will continue to go on until these Baltic peoples are almost exterminated or until the growing might of the civilized world can force the Soviet Union to abide by the genocide convention which Mr. Vishinsky so cynically endorsed more than two years ago.

The bland falsehoods of Hitler at Munich pale before the brutal hypocrisy of the Soviet chief delegate to the General Assembly. For it was Vishinsky himself who was in charge of applying the so-called "Serov plan" for a graduated series of genocidal operations in Latvia on June 17, 1940—while the late Cominform boss Andrei Zhdanov took over Estonia and V. G. Dekanozov, then deputy commissar for foreign affairs, busied himself with Lithuania. And it was Vishinsky who said that day in Riga that "whoever talks about the annexation of Latvia by the Soviet Union will be regarded as a *provocateur*."

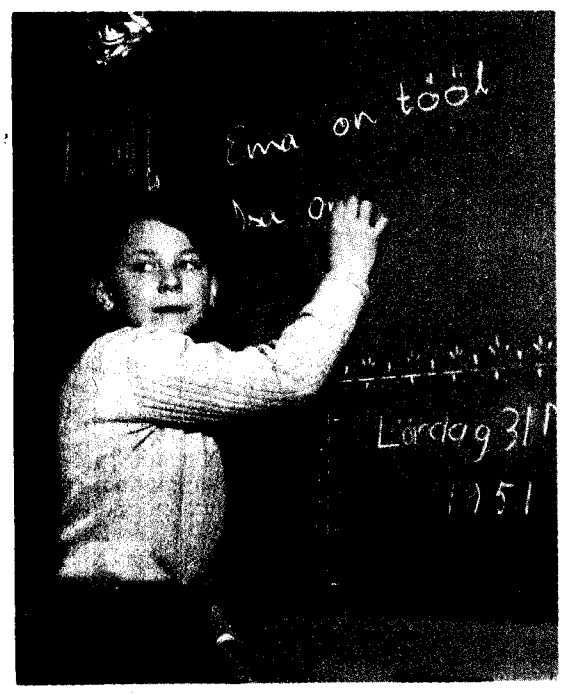
Annexation of the Baltic States took place just six weeks later. Since then, the *minimum* estimate of forced deportations from the three countries totals 692,000. To this figure should be added at least 200,000 "unreliables" executed by the Russians when they returned in 1944. Another 250,000 Balts managed to flee to the West ahead of the advancing Soviet armies.

These totals—which are conservative estimates—add up to 1,142,000, or 20 per cent of the combined population of the three nations in 1940. And this is only a beginning. Genocidal "operations" have been speeded up. In Lithuania, for example, the Dekanozov plan originally called for the liquidation of 25 per cent of the native population; this figure was raised to 50 per cent in 1945, to 70 per cent in 1947 and finally to 85 per cent, in view of the hostility of the Lithuanian people. The liquidation goals for Latvia and Estonia also were originally set at 25 per cent, but are estimated to have been hiked to 50 per cent.

The ruthless executioner behind these crimes, Dekanozov, is a shadowy figure in the Kremlin hierarchy. Before the Baltic States were taken, he was a member of the Comintern and was regarded by many as more important than Zhdanov or Vishinksy. In 1940, once the Lithuanian purge was well under way, he became ambassador to Germany and the following year deputy vice-commissar of foreign affairs. Soviet sources say he is now "studying diplomatic history," but he is known to be working with the secret police. Now between forty-five and fifty, he is one of the hard, orthodox Communists believed being held in reserve for possible purges elsewhere of the kind carried out in the Baltic States.

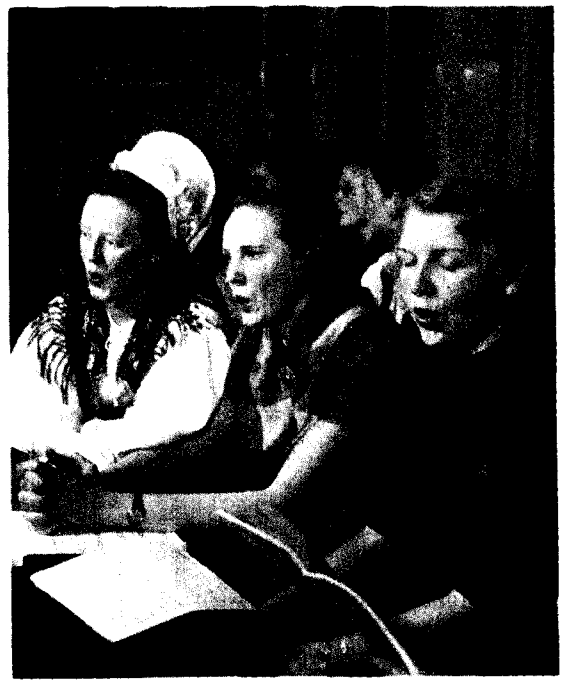
The purpose behind these crimes is clear. It is to eliminate Western-minded peoples from Russia's strategic northern flank and replace them with "dependable" Asiatics imported from the vast inner reaches of the Soviet empire.

No wonder the Baltic nations—once as much a part of the Western World as the New England states—are today among the earth's most "forbidden" areas. This region, smaller than Missouri, has become a prison within the greater prison of Soviet Russia. Only selected Russians cross its borders—except for the grim trainloads of human freight that roll eastward almost every week. And yet, miraculously, people have managed to escape during these dark years—and other brave men occasionally slip in to maintain contact with the remnants of the once militant underground movements.



This Estonian boy who fled with his parents to Sweden practices writing in own language

Gunno Heino, Estonian seaman, hid in forest for two years, fled to Sweden in a rowboat



Estonians in Stockholm formed a choir under Olav Roots, former music leader in Estonia

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARL W. GULLERS

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for MURDER

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD
and SEYMOUR FREIDIN
Collier's European Team

Anti-Red political prisoners slaughtered by Russians at Pravieniskiai, Lithuania. This photo was given the writers by an underground leader

Take Enno Kustin, a handsome, twenty-three-year-old sailor from Tallinn, capital of Estonia. When his father was seized by MVD agents during the mass deportation of March, 1949, Enno was impressed into service aboard the Russian freighter Tosno. A year later, his ship put into the Swedish port of Vasteras.

"I was leaning over the rail," he recalls, "when suddenly I heard some stevedores on the dock singing Estonian songs. I called to them and they motioned me to come ashore quickly. No one was watching, so I grabbed a hawser and swung down to the pier hand over hand."

From the bridge, a Russian officer spotted him and gave the alarm, but even as Soviet sailors swarmed down the gangplank, Enno slipped away with the help of his Estonian friends. For the next two days, the Tosno stayed in port while Russian agents combed the city in a furious man hunt. But Enno was safely hidden away.

Today, he's a sailor on a Swedish coastal steamer, and the only thing that sets him apart from his shipmates is the look that comes into his eyes when he talks to you about what has happened to his home, his family and the friends he left behind.

It is from such people as Enno Kustin—and from official underground accounts—that we gathered the information for this report. In Sweden, Denmark and Norway, we spoke with 64 recent refugees from the three Baltic States. We talked with exile *(Continued on page 66)*

August Rei (r.), former president of Estonia, and an assistant study list of 60,000 fellow countrymen deported by Reds. The roster was found after Nazis drove Russians from country

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YEAR OF

THE UNDECLARED WAR in Korea, a war the like of which the world has never seen, is now a year old. It began with a courageous and unprecedented action in defense of a noble ideal. For the first time in history, soldiers of fifteen nations fought beneath a common flag as representatives of an international organization whose purpose is the preservation of peace. At the end of the year the ideal is still noble. The flag is still there. So are the soldiers. They have fought with an unsurpassed bravery to the point where, at this writing, there are indications that at least an informal cessation of hostilities is possible.

We should like to hope that by the time you read this, the United Nations' original goal of an independent, united, democratic Korea might be in sight. But the prospects at the moment are bleak. For, in its first year, the Korean conflict has developed certain aspects which, while also unprecedented, are considerably less noble and more confusing than the ideal itself. This situation applies particularly to the United States, which has assumed the United Nations command and provided the great majority of non-Korean troops, and which is the center of the turmoil over strategy and leadership. So let us look back at some of these unprecedented developments from an American point of view.

The Korean war is a war in which our civilian and military leaders can give a clear picture of what defeat would be like, but cannot describe the pattern of victory.

It is a war fought under a new set of rules. It has become a fight in which the UN is restricted to counterpunching. It is not the UN's purpose to pursue the enemy and destroy him.

It is a war in which no sizable reinforcements of the UN forces are apparently contemplated, whatever the fortunes of battle.

It is a war from which the United States has excluded the trained and accessible soldiers of a potential ally (Nationalist China), even though the potential ally is willing to participate and is a member of the world organization under whose banner the other allies are fighting.

It is a war in which some of those other allies have fought the enemy and at the same time traded with him, providing him with the materials which eventually aid him in killing their own soldiers. And the war was almost a year old before the combined goadings of Winston Churchill and the United States Congress prompted those allies to take steps toward ending this practice.

It is a war in which, as the result of a general's dismissal, the country's war councils have become an open forum, with many details of military planning and many bitter differences aired for all the world to hear.

It is a war in which the basic American, and hence United Nations, strategy is built on the shifting foundations of fear and uncertainty, and in which there is no attempt on the part of our leaders to conceal or minimize those emotions. The result of that strategy has led to an ironical situation in which the UN is afraid to win the war for fear of making its actual and potential enemies angry.

These unique military aspects have been set down here, of course, without regard for diplomatic and political considerations. Those considerations are highly important. Their ultimate purpose, the prevention of a general war involving Russia, is well known. And it may be that they have inevitably dictated some of the unorthodox strategy in Washington.

But there is one paramount aspect of this unorthodox strategy which is of deep concern to many Americans, including the editors of this magazine. That is the seemingly endless continuation of the slaughter-and-be-slaughtered policy which Mr. Truman and his advisers have decided is the only possible policy in Korea if the third world war is to be avoided. It has already cost some 70,000 American casualties. It has caused suffering, destitution and a staggering loss of life among Korean civilians. All this, of course, is the inevitable toll of war. But

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NO DECISION

in this case the UN forces, unless they are driven into the sea, seem committed to fight indefinitely up and down the Korean peninsula (within certain limits) in a minor-league war—for the enemy's lack of air and fire power makes it just that—and try to bleed that numerically superior enemy until he is so weak that he surrenders.

This policy is also of deep concern to General MacArthur, and that concern seems to be one of the things that cost him his command. We have considerable to say about the general on our weekly editorial page in this issue. But it might be pointed out here that one factor in his disagreement with the administration was his desire to fight the war along sound, proven military lines, and fight it to win with the least cost of lives. This concern for the cost of lives brought General MacArthur a rebuke from Secretary of Defense Marshall.

In his testimony before the Senate foreign policy inquiry, Secretary Marshall said, "I am disturbed and I should think you would be disturbed at the effect that will sweep through that force (in Korea) of a situation in which their commander has stated his views which accentuate the casualties that they are suffering and in effect that it is without justified purpose."

It is quite possible that the soldiers in Korea do not need to have their former commander "accentuate" the casualties they are suffering or point out to them the inhibited and frustrating aspects of the campaign in which they are engaged. It is also possible that they might be disturbed by some other testimony by Secretary Marshall, as well as by General Bradley, before the same Senate committees. For, though they disagreed with General MacArthur on many things, the Defense Secretary and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff did confirm his opinion that the slaughter-and-be-slaughtered policy carries no guarantee of victory.

General MacArthur told Congress that "the position of the command from the military standpoint forbade victory." Secretary Marshall said to the senators, "I should say that if the Chinese Communists continue in force in North Korea with the potential of additional reinforcements that might be made available, and with our situation where we visualize no considerable reinforcement of the United Nations Army, that they could not be driven out of North Korea." And when a senator asked General Bradley if the present program in Korea would bring decisive results, he replied, "I am not too sure we will get them under our present methods . . . I don't believe anyone is going to promise you or the country that we are going to get decisive results under what we are doing."

In spite of this, the President and his advisers see no alternative policy that would not in their opinion bring on general war. Their adherents seem satisfied with that policy and only slightly dismayed by the casualties incurred in the indecisive conflict. One of these adherents, Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Harvard historian and a sort of unofficial spokesman for the administration, had this to say: "MacArthur says . . . the American people simply cannot take any longer our 'staggering' and 'progressively mounting' losses." Mr. Schlesinger asked, "What have these losses been?" Then he answered himself thus: "MacArthur himself said that 13,000 Americans had been killed in Korea since last June. This is a terrible and tragic thing. But it seems hardly an intolerable loss for a nation which killed 31,500 people in 1949 by automobile accidents."

The families of those 13,000 dead, among others, will not share Professor Schlesinger's callous view. They will take his snide quotation marks away from the general's description of the casualties and agree that in a war of vacillating policy, a war whose most hopeful outcome now is the *status quo ante bellum,* the continuing losses are indeed staggering.

Some of the occurrences that followed General MacArthur's dismissal give reason why the government's present policy may aptly be called vacillating. (They are discussed more fully on this issue's regular editorial page.) The general proposed certain actions which were stated as contributing causes to his being fired. Now the administration has either adopted them or is contemplating their adoption.

No one outside the Iron Curtain can accurately say whether General MacArthur's adopted or discarded policies would provoke Russia to open attack. But it is our opinion that some of the people who have disagreed with him most bitterly have made more provocative statements than the former UN commander ever did.

President Truman, Secretary Marshall, General Bradley and others high in government have told Russia and the world that the United States is not ready for a war with the Soviets. Mobilization Director Wilson was even more specific. He said the country wouldn't be ready for two years. Now, isn't that provoking Russia—or rather, isn't it enticing Russia into war and inviting attack? If Russia is ready for war, would the Kremlin need any more provocation than this open admission of weakness, plus a hot war already going in Korea? Would bombs in Manchuria or a naval blockade of the China coast give the final tip to scales which already are so heavily weighted to our disadvantage?

No one, we repeat, can be sure of the answers to those questions. But it does seem that if the men in the Kremlin want war and are prepared for it now, they have ample excuse to get into it. And it also seems that the best guess is still the familiar speculation that Russia has its own timetable, and that if there is to be a general war it will begin when Russia is ready and not before.

So all the arguments and disagreements over Korean policy and strategy boil down to this: the only over-all American policy is the passive policy of waiting to see what Russia is going to do next. Generals may be fired and replaced, but Stalin still calls the turn.

—THE EDITORS

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A Fruitful YOUTH

By JOHN STEUART WILSON

Mary Lou said to let the children improvise their lines. Why didn't she just tell me to hand them each a stick of dynamite?

I AM the Spirit of Grapefruit," I said. "I am large and round and yellow and full of vitamin C."

My six feet two inches were hunched down in a squat which brought my nose on a level with the freckled, moist nub that Douglas Mitchell used primarily for sniffling. I held him firmly by a handful of sweater and shirt in the approved fashion for dealing with recalcitrant gangsters.

"Now, Douglas," I commanded, "say it!"

"I don't wanna," he whined. "I don't wanna say it, Mr. Cooper. I don't wanna be a grapefruit."

"Douglas," I said, shaking him like a dusty mop, "I don't care what you don't wanna. You're going to be a grapefruit. Now say your line."

Douglas went into his last line of defense. He yowled. I let go of him, stood up and pulled on the knot in my tie in the vague hope that I could strangle myself. This had been going on for half an hour. The other actors in the annual third-grade pageant had accepted their assignments with amiable irresponsibility. While I was working over the reluctant Douglas, the Spirit of Leafy Vegetables was chasing the Spirit of Winter Sunshine up and down the aisles of the assembly hall; the Spirit of Carbohydrates was defending a chair fortress

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Mary Lou had rushed in from the auditorium and was peering over my shoulder. Douglas' sobbing slowed. "You're not mad?" he stammered

against the onslaughts of the Spirits of Sanitary Plumbing, Whole Grained Wheat and Prompt Attendance, while the Spirit of Amiable Disposition was making ineffectual efforts to tie the pigtails of the Spirit of Milk to a doorknob.

I glared at the blubbering Douglas and cursed the germ which had laid low Miss Finnerty, the regular third-grade teacher. Various members of the faculty had been thrown into the breach during her illness, and simply because I supervised a yearly public desecration of Shakespeare by one of my English classes, I had been sentenced to fill in as producer of Miss Finnerty's pageant.

I let Douglas work himself down to a whimper. Then I tried a new tack.

"Why don't you want to be a grapefruit, Douglas?" I asked in the friendliest voice I could muster under the circumstances. "Everybody else in the class has taken whatever role was given to him. What have you got against grapefruit?"

Douglas started to work up a new head of steam but I stemmed it by yelling ferociously, "Douglas!"

This startled him into silence. He gulped a couple of times and said, "I don't wanna be a grapefruit because my mother don't want me to be a grapefruit."

"Oh-ho!" I exclaimed. "So that's it! Your mother doesn't want you to be a grapefruit. Well, we'll see about that!"

I dismissed the class, rescued a fire extinguisher from the experimenting hands of a carrot-thatched scientist and dragged Douglas' hat and coat out from under a radiator where he had carefully stashed them. Grabbing his grubby hand, I started out for his home. He dangled reluctantly at the end of my arm and kept getting his toes caught in cracks in the sidewalk, but eventually I hauled him up on his front porch and punched the bell.

The door was opened by a copper-haired vision who was so startlingly beautiful that I froze in momentary awe. Douglas made a dive for her skirt. She glanced worriedly from Douglas to me a couple of times and asked, "What's wrong?" before I could loosen up enough to inquire, "Mrs. Mitchell?"

She admitted it in a voice that went in my ears like soothing sirup.

"Your son tells me that you don't want him to be a grapefruit," I said.

From her puzzled expression, I realized I had left something out. So I explained that I was Brad Cooper and I was doing the third-grade pageant while Miss Finnerty was sick. She asked me to come in and sent Douglas upstairs to see if soap would have any effect on the smog on his face.

"Now what's this about Douglas being a grapefruit?" she asked as we settled down in the living room. I told her about Douglas' rejection of his role in the pageant.

"Well, I don't think I ever told Douglas that I didn't want him to be a grapefruit," she said with a slow smile. "But after he played a peach in the first-grade pageant and a lemon last year, I *did* say that he seemed to be a victim of type casting. Personally, I don't understand what there is about Douglas that makes you teachers think of him in terms of fruit. Why did you pick him to play a grapefruit?"

Even though the answer was perfectly simple and logical, I hesitated to come right out with it. But I decided to be honest at all costs.

"Douglas," I said bluntly, "struck me as being a non-co-operative type. I don't want any more headaches than are absolutely necessary while I'm doing this pageant, so I gave him the smallest role in the show—just one line—and that happened to be a grapefruit."

All that soft beauty which had been operating like a spring thaw on my nervous system suddenly chilled.

"How can you tell he's *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

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FRIENDLY VOICE in the

Ringed by mountains, Salida, Colorado, never had decent radio reception till its own KVRH began operating. Now folks count on the station for neighborly assists—like rousing firemen and finding lost kids and pets

By PAUL MARCUS

WHEN fire broke out in the two-story Shavano Hotel it was a hot Sunday afternoon and most of the 4,600 townspeople in Salida, Colorado, were out watering their lawns. The volunteer fire department arrived, connected up their hoses, earnestly pointed the nozzles at the second-floor blaze and turned on the hydrants. A trickle came out of one nozzle, nothing from the second.

"Call the radio station!" someone yelled.

The fire chief ran to a telephone, called Vir James, owner-manager of KVRH, and said, "Tell everyone in town to turn off their faucets!"

Vir at once put an announcement on the air. Response was immediate. In fact, it was so immediate that an off-guard fire department, surprised by the sudden restoration of pressure which made the hose swing wildly, knocked the windows out of the Shavano's second floor.

The operation of KVRH is like that—effective, community-minded and startling.

Salida, Chaffee county seat, 150 miles south of Denver, is situated in a valley whose altitude is 7,050 feet. It is a clean, attractive town, where a newcomer's lips are chapped by the dry air, and where in the hunting season businessmen close their shops and hang up a sign reading: "Back when I get my deer." There were 243 clear days in Salida in 1948, which is the last time the chamber of commerce counted them. This salubrious climate is due to towering mountains which completely surround Salida and protect it from most storms and severe weather. They also protect Salida from satisfactorily receiving outside radio broadcasts, pretty much leaving the area audience of 15,000 to KVRH.

Salida gets some outside reception by means of "sky-wave transmission." The signal of a Texas station, say, goes up into the sky at an angle, hits a reflecting layer of ionized particles, bounces down into Salida. But this layer constantly shifts, making such reception unreliable, exceptionally poor during the daytime.

Since KVRH opened, less than two and a half years ago, the number of sets in Salida has increased about two and a half times. A Broadcast Measurement Bureau survey recently showed that 95 per cent of Salida families own radios; and daytime, 72.5 per cent of these are tuned to KVRH six or seven days a week.

Radio station KVRH, set off at the edge of town, is made of lodgepole pine taken from the mountains near the timber line. Of log-cabin design, it is over all about the size of the average office used by a top executive for a major network. Somewhat more than half the building is given over to the studios; there is a small room containing the transmitting equipment; one studio room; a narrow office; and a tiny president's office, which contains a desk and a double bed for overnight guests.

In the rest of the building the Jameses make their home—Vir, small, gentle, soft-spoken and stubborn; his pretty, vivacious, brunette wife, Clo; and their daughters, Ria, seventeen, and Virn, fourteen. Outside the station is a small corral, where Virn's black colt Pinocchio, a nosy animal indeed, nuzzles against the studio window when lonely and nickers, sending his call out over the air waves.

The station is operated by Vir and Clo, with two full-time, two part-time employees. Jack Diehl, working full time, does announcing, engineering, copywriting and sportscasting. "Everyone here has to be able to do everyone else's job," Jack likes to say. Leola Farlow, as general secretary, can fill in wherever she's needed. Mavis Clark is a part-time office worker, comes from Milwaukee, is known as "an Easterner." Larry Finch, a senior in high school who wants to be a radio engineer, also works part time.

Vir James conducts a sidewalk interview, using one of the three mobile units maintained by his little KVRH

When an announcer catches cold, he is deluged by phone calls and letters urging, "Take care of yourself." Usually, a home remedy is suggested. A KVRH announcer once read all these suggestions over the air, and said, "Thanks, folks, but you can see that if I took everyone's advice, I'd be dead by now."

Recently, a high-school girl interrupted her birthday party to dash to the station with a piece of cake, a dish of ice cream and a glass of punch for Vir.

Quite commonly, listeners bring or mail money to KVRH. "We enjoy your station so much," reads a typical letter; "enclosed find five dollars. Please use it to put on something good for the town." And another listener-contributor wrote, "I want to do something for the station, it's helped us so much."

KVRH enjoys this affection because it plays an intimate role in community life.

A four-year-old girl visiting her aunt went to the grocery store for her, didn't return; the aunt called KVRH, Vir requested information over the air, and the little girl was promptly found wandering around the streets by a listener. Finding three lost children in one day is KVRH's high-water mark.

A mother called the station to say that her six-year-old daughter, ill, had lost her black cocker, was upset and worried. An announcement was put on the air. Several reports came in which traced the dog's wandering; finally, he was found and returned to his anxious young mistress.

Finding lost animals is an important activity at KVRH. They have found a certain horse three times for its owner. The third time he called to thank them and explain: "My other horses don't like that one. They keep driving him out of the corral." Then he added admiringly, "Before you folks opened up the radio station it took me several days to find that darned horse, now I get him back in twenty minutes."

The dark period when it took a Salidian several days to find a lost horse was before December 10, 1948, the day 250-watt KVRH began operations.

Vir James, a native of Canada, was educated at the University of Minnesota, and married his Texas-reared wife, Clo, in 1932. He served in the Merchant Marine, taught radio engineering at Southern Methodist University, was a Maritime Service lieutenant, jg, chief radio officer in the Pacific during World War II, then went to CBS in New York, first as a radio engineer, later working as a color-TV development engineer. During all these years Vir and Clo evolved their ideals for radio broadcasting. It should, they felt, put public service first, and integrate itself into the life of the community. In 1947, Vir and Clo decided to make a break, establish their own radio station, and personally put their ideals into practice.

"We chose Salida," Vir says, "because the scenery was magnificent, the climate splendid, the schools good and the radio reception abominable."

Vir applied for a license to operate a station in Salida in October, 1947. The Jameses began their venture with a little personal capital, a commercial loan, and unlimited energy and willingness to work. Vir designed the building, found a good contractor willing to do the job inexpensively, and then they put on dungarees and went to work.

Being an engineer, Vir was able to install most of the equipment himself. Clo helped him in the installation, also helped him do the wiring. She painted the interior of the studio herself. They had to pump out a mudhole to install their 180-foot tower; once it was up, Clo climbed all over it, scraped and painted it.

As the station developed, so did village interest. In late December of 1948 the Jameses began running night test broadcasts from 1:00 A.M. to 6:00 A.M., and despite the hours, crowds came to the studio every night. On December 10th they officially began broadcasting.

Hours on the air were from 6:00 A.M. to midnight. Since KVRH had no network affiliations, and the Jameses were working their heads off to get things going, much of their time at first was filled by recorded request programs, a device which gave the listeners a sense of participation in the new project. Most of the community took the station to its heart at once.

"The worst thing that happened," one Salidian recalls of those early days, "was that none of us would get to bed. We couldn't bring ourselves to shut our radios off." Soon objecting letters and phone calls began. "We can't stay up until midnight," an irate listener complained; "why do you?" And another pleaded: "We aren't getting enough sleep; please sign off earlier." So broadcasting hours were changed from *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HAROLD RHODENBAUGH

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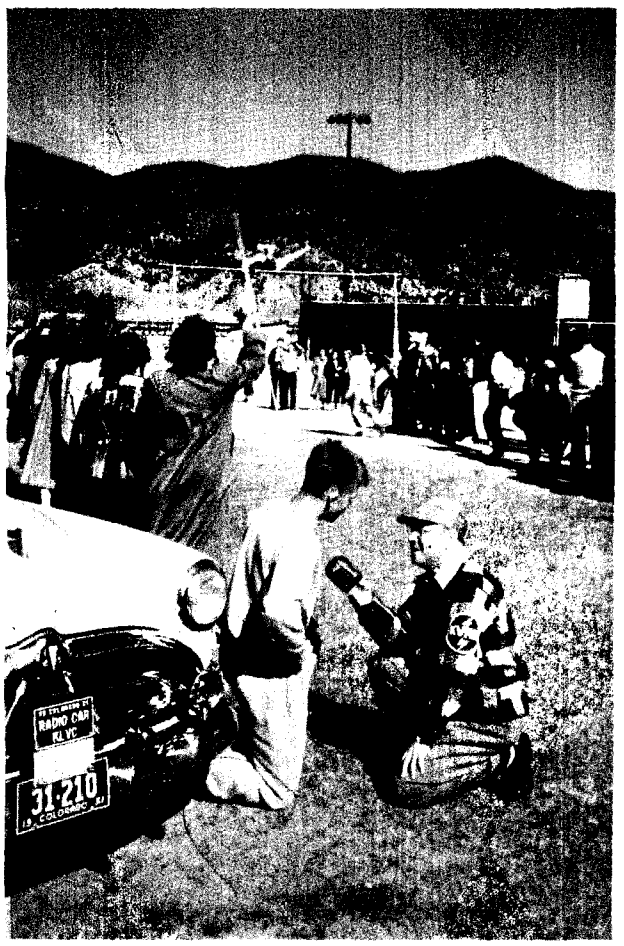
Outside the station, Vir unfastens the reins of Pinocchio, pony owned by daughter Virn, 14, while his eldest, Ria, 17, looks on in background

Interview of student at track meet typifies station's emphasis on high-school activities



In control room student engineer Larry Finch consults with announcer Jack Diehl as KVRH bosses Vir and Clo work at right. Secretary Leola Farlow (l.) and librarian Mavis Clark sort disks, rear

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ONE-MAN

Eve Ryan was bored; she wished something would happen. It was a perfectly reasonable wish but she shouldn't have confided it to Timberlake, her antic husband. He was only too happy to oblige

THE telephone rang and Timberlake Ryan dropped his magazine and rolled off the davenport onto his hands and knees. "I'll get it," he said, and stood up. He was a tall, lean, dark-haired man.

His wife, Eve, glanced up from her knitting. "If it's the Davidows, ask them over."

"Okay." He padded out to the kitchen in his stocking feet, and Eve paused, her hands motionless over her knitting, waiting till he lifted the receiver. "Hello," she heard him say; then, after a moment, "No." He repeated it, "No," then added, "That's all right." It was a wrong number, Eve decided, resuming her knitting; but then she stopped as she heard him speak again.

"That's right, Timberlake *E.* Ryan. Yes, Frank was my father's name. I was born in San Francisco. Why? What's the—" He was apparently interrupted, and there was a long pause; then Tim exclaimed, "*How* much?" After a moment he whistled softly, incredulously, and in a subdued voice said, "I'll be damned . . . Why, yes, I have an uncle, Ralph Ryan, but I've never even seen him; why should he have picked me?" He paused, then said, "I see . . . I see." He laughed in astonished delight. "I certainly *will* be home; come on over. It's not cash, is it? . . . Securities, eh? Well, come right on ov—" There was a long pause; then he said, "Ranch? Good Lord." He seemed stunned. "Raised cattle, eh? . . ."

Eve was standing in the doorway, the overhead kitchen light shining down on her yellow hair. "Tim, what in the world—"

He held a hand up, motioning for silence, frowning and pressing the receiver tight to his ear. "Wait a second," he said into the telephone, "I didn't hear that last." He stood silent, staring unseeingly past Eve, his mouth slowly opening in astonishment. Suddenly, his voice puzzled, almost angry, he said, "Why, *I* don't know! What disposition do people *usually* make of jewelry?" He shook his head. "You'll just have to give me time to think about it; this is all too sudd—" He listened, his frown deepening, then said, "Well, can't they be left where they are, for the time being? . . . No, of course I don't want to keep them; not all of them, anyway. One or two cars is enough for—"

Eve was stooping, leaning to one side, trying to see the base of the telephone, and Tim shifted his position negligently, blocking from her view the telephone base and the hand which rested casually on top of it, pressing down the bar. Eve pursed her lips scornfully, shook her head, and turned and walked back into the living room. Tim, alone in the kitchen again, grinned.

"A harem!" he said into the telephone. "Why, no, you'd better dispose of that. Yes, definitely. My wife wouldn't approve— . . . No, no, not even one or two; better get rid of them all. . . . Well, all right. Save me one tall brunette, but that's positively all. . . . Fine; just bring the cash over in a wheelbarrow, we'll be waiting. So glad you called." He replaced the receiver, snapped off the kitchen light, and strolled back into the living room. "Funny thing," he said to Eve, "this old uncle of mine—"

She did not glance up from her knitting. "Wrong number?"

"Yeah," her husband said, and he lay down on the davenport again, picking up his pocket-size magazine.

"Sometimes I think I'm weak in the head." Eve glanced at the knitting book lying open on the table beside her. "Married to you all this time, and still falling for these dopey gags."

"It's part of your charm." He riffled the pages, looking for his place. "Though I sometimes suspect you go along with my gags just to humor me. If so, don't tell me." He began to read.

"I wish something exciting *would* happen, though." Eve leaned back in the big easy

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SHOW

By JACK FINNEY

chair, staring absently across at Tim. "I wish the phone or doorbell would ring and it'd be something just wonderful."

"Money doesn't buy true happiness."

"I don't mean money, necessarily. Just something exciting, and—different." For a moment longer she continued to stare across the room. Then, dismissing daydreams, she sat up, pulled a length of yarn from the ball in the chair beside her, and, needles poised, glanced at her instruction book again. But instead of resuming her knitting, she dropped the needles again, slumped back in her chair, and stared across the room at Tim once more. "Entertain me," she said.

He glanced up from his magazine. "What a fool I was. A happy, contented, domestic scene. The wife knitting by the fireside—new socks for her husband, no doubt. The husband at well-earned rest after a day in the vineyard. Then what do I do? Stir up discontent, rebellion—"

"Well, it's your own fault." Eve folded her arms determinedly. "Go ahead, entertain me."

"Okay." He turned back to the magazine. "Here's a brief digested joke. 'An elderly preacher—'"

"No, no, none of that. Real entertainment. Come on, now."

"All right. Something more solid perhaps?" He flipped through several pages. "More stimulating fare for the mind?" He folded the magazine back. "Here's an interesting article, something everyone should know. How to Repair Your Own Appendix. 'Recent experiments with Scotch tape offer new hope to thousands of despairing—'"

Eve sighed, and as Tim looked up, she was folding the knitting in her lap, wrapping it around the long steel needles. Then she stood up and said absently, "Might as well take a bath, I guess. Set the table for breakfast. Get to bed early. S'pose I could phone Ann, but . . ." She let the sentence trail off, glanced disconsolately around the room as though looking for something she didn't expect to find, then turned toward the doorway.

"Well, do you want to do something?" Tim asked anxiously, watching her. "See a movie, maybe? Have a drink somewhere? Or dance? Visit someone? Ring doorbells?"

"No." Eve turned in the doorway, shrugging slightly. "It isn't that I want to *do* something, exactly. I want something to happen to *me*, if you know what I mean." She stood looking at Tim wistfully, then shrugged again and said, "Sometimes you just wish something *different* would happen, that's all. But it never does, of course." She sighed and walked on toward the bedroom. "I'll go take a bath, I guess. I've got some new bath salts I can use."

When she had left the room, Tim put down his magazine, clasped his hands across his chest, and lay gazing thoughtfully up at the ceiling. He thought he knew what Eve meant. He felt he understood very well that in any life there was an occasional urgent need for drama, surprise, even shock. Next door to contentment, he said to himself, lay boredom.

Lying on the davenport, he heard the small clatter of metal handles on polished wood from the bedroom—a dresser drawer opening; then the rattle of small bottles, glass against glass, on the dresser top. The closet door opened and wire clothes hangers jangled, the sound muffled, deep in the closet. Tim's eyes narrowed in thought, and he began to smile. But after a few moments the smile slowly faded and he slowly and regretfully shook his head. Settling his head into the cushion, he reached for his magazine again.

But he didn't read it. Again his eyes narrowed. Then suddenly he got up, shrugged—a what-can-you-lose-by-trying gesture—and walked silently to the kitchen in his stocking feet.

Soundlessly he opened the big telephone book to the yellow classified section, and by the light from the living room, slowly and carefully turned the pages till he found the column he was looking for. Then, his finger marking a telephone number, he stood waiting till he heard Eve's mules clatter across the hall from the bedroom to the bathroom. He heard a light click on, and the bathroom door close. An instant later, at the sound of water rushing into the bathtub, Tim lifted the receiver and dialed.

"Hello." He spoke very quietly. "Mr. Ackermann? . . . Oh, fine; I was afraid maybe you'd gone. This is Tim Ryan; I've been in your place several *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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Custer's Last Stand

ONE bright June day, just 75 years ago this week, a little band of blue-clad cavalrymen rode into the hills of southern Montana on a scouting foray against marauding Sioux. Suddenly they were attacked by a far superior force. Within 40 minutes, they were all dead, including their leader, General George A. Custer.

Custer's last stand has since become a symbol to Americans of courage and determination against insuperable odds. The howling of Indians had scarcely died away on the day of June 25, 1876, when writers and artists began trying to re-create the scene. Most of their efforts have been discredited over the years as highly inaccurate. The painting above represents an attempt by William Reusswig, forty-eight-year-old veteran illustrator, to set the record straight. It is one of the most carefully researched depictions of the battle ever done. Before he started, Reusswig made sketches of the actual battlefield, consulted numerous authors and historians, visited Indian museums and libraries, questioned gun experts and took every other conceivable step to insure the authenticity of his painting.

He discovered many interesting things. It is not generally known, for example, that an Indian girl named Tashenamani was among the attackers; her brother had been slain by U.S. troops a short time before and, in a revengeful mood, she mounted his pony and joined the war party riding out to meet Custer. A Sioux warrior disclosed her presence some years later. She can be seen at the far left center of Reusswig's picture; Custer is the man in buckskin at top center.

"A painting like this one," Reusswig says, "should not be considered as 'art,' but rather as a reporter's job, an accurate likeness of the engagement as it must have looked at some point during its brief duration."

JERRY KORN

PAINTING BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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LEAVE IT TO LOVETT

"An absolutely invaluable force . . ." That's the way Secretary of Defense Marshall describes his assistant, Robert Lovett, the man in charge of our military build-up

By EDWARD B. LOCKETT

ROBERT A. LOVETT, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, was discussing Russia's tremendous reserves of man power, a source of some concern to Pentagon planners. He dismissed the problem in two sentences. "We don't have to match them man for man," he said, dryly. "We aren't going to square-dance with them."

To the Deputy Secretary, American arms production is a large part of the answer to Soviet man power—and few people in government know more about American arms production than he does. As right-hand man to Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall, Lovett is charged with responsibility for the defense mobilization program, aimed at keeping our military forces armed for any eventuality. It is a vitally important job, and Bob Lovett has the authority that goes with it.

Lovett's powers were outlined succinctly by General Marshall on October 4, 1950, the day his deputy was sworn in. "Lovett carries out the policies I have announced," Marshall said. "He is in complete charge of operations." In practice, this has meant such a free hand for the Deputy Secretary that many people have suggested that he is actually the top man in the Defense Department, operating from a number two position. This fails utterly to disturb the equable, seventy-year-old Secretary Marshall. The general is strictly noncommittal toward periodic rumors that he intends to resign soon, but among his close associates there is little doubt that he would strongly urge appointment of Lovett to his post if he did. The two work in perfect harmony.

Big as it is, the defense mobilization job seems a clearly marked road to Lovett. "Think of mobilization as an engine," he suggests. "We seem to have had only two throttle positions in the past: wide open when we are at war, and tight shut when there's no shooting. We have to work out a system that will give us a cruising speed. When you have to drive some distance, a good cruising speed is the fastest, safest way to get there."

The job of managing America's defense build-up fits Robert Lovett like a well-worn, favorite jacket. He was a Navy bomber pilot in the first World War. In the second, he left a highly lucrative banking career to direct the Air Force development program, as Assistant Secretary of War for Air when General Marshall was Army Chief of Staff. Under Lovett leadership, airplane output skyrocketed to 80,000 planes a year; big-bomber production jumped from six to 500 a month. The then Secretary of War, Robert Patterson, said afterward: "The fact that our Air Forces achieved their huge expansion in time was due more to Bob Lovett than to any other man."

During the trying diplomatic crises that occurred when General Marshall was Secretary of State, Lovett served as Undersecretary. Much of the time he was Acting Secretary—the man in charge—while Marshall attended conferences abroad. All four of the major postwar foreign policy programs—the Marshall Plan, Greek-Turkish aid, the Berlin air lift, and the North Atlantic Treaty organization—were developed under Marshall-Lovett supervision.

The defense structure which Deputy Lovett is now rearing represents a shift so drastic that the pattern of day-to-day living in America must be sharply modified. The new factor is not so much the arms program itself as the fact that our military leaders can neither foresee nor plan for the bright day when armed watchfulness may be relaxed.

In today's defense blueprints there are no provisions at all for reducing military strength in the foreseeable future. The spending total may drop somewhat after 1952 objectives are reached, but taxpayers must continue indefinitely to pick up a healthy tab. Accountants estimate that a properly equipped Army, Navy and Air Force will cost approximately $5,000 a year per man to maintain in ready-to-fight shape. For the 3,500,000-man force planned by July 1, 1952, maintenance costs will thus run about $17,500,000 a year in time of peace.

Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson recently reported long strides already made toward military security, and outlined in detail what accomplishments may be expected in the future. The "how" of these achievements is the task of Robert Lovett, and he has a plan.

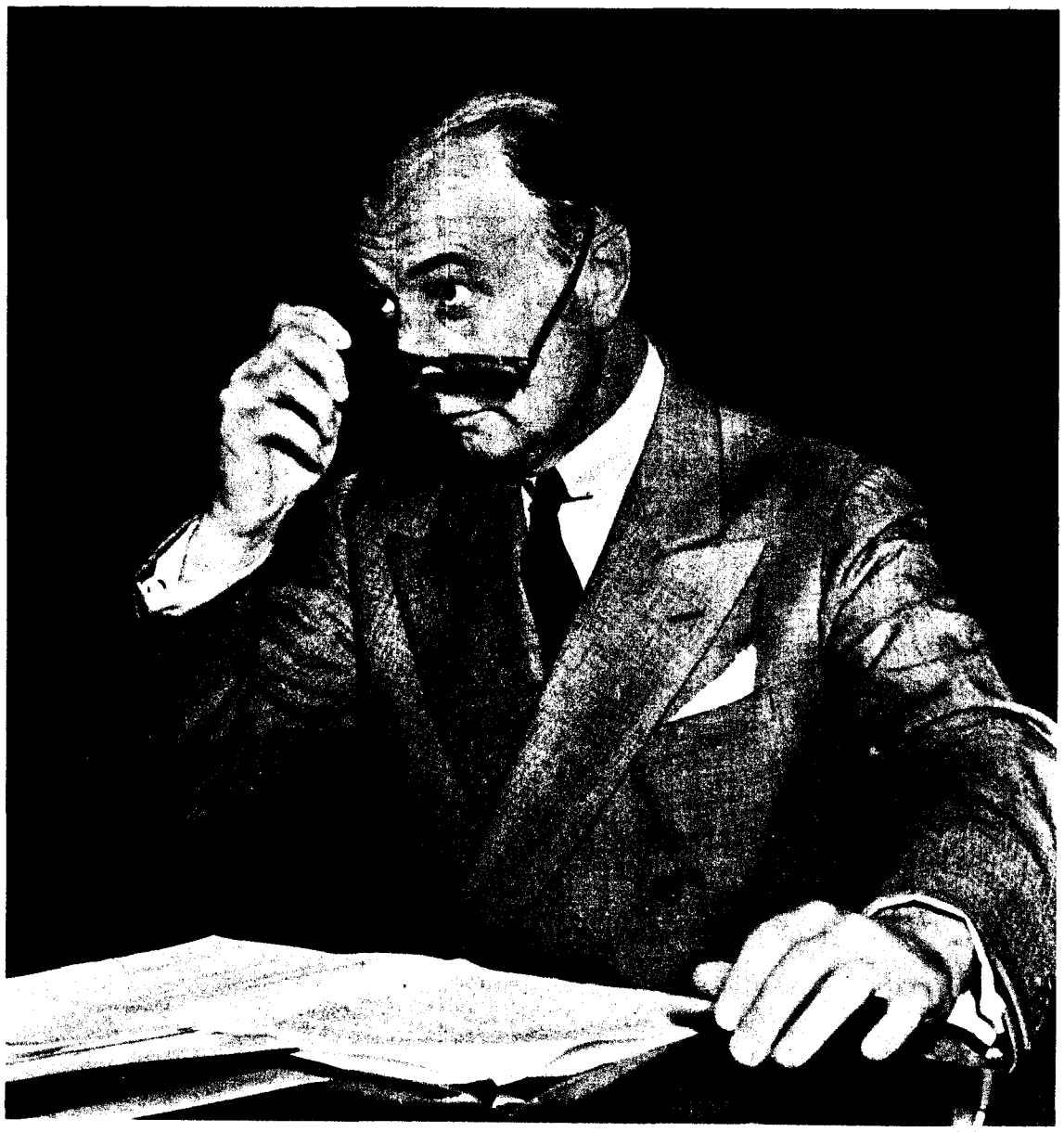
"I'm working on a basis of multiple sources of supply—multiple lines of production in being," he explains. "Instead of setting up one or two tank plants, each working at capacity, we've set up five tank plants. Instead of jamming heavy-bomber production into one or two production lines, we've assigned four companies to the job."

The Lovett plan calls for permanent operation of these multiple production lines. "The difference between supply lines in being and in moth balls," he estimates, "equals about 10½ months of time in arming for all-out war. Moreover, we can quickly inject new models into such operating facilities, instead of storing obsolescent equipment.

"Last war, we had B-29s stacked from hell to breakfast. We simply provided supply cupboards. Today, we are building a hot stove for supply, and we can change the recipe as we cook."

The Defense Deputy calls the new order a pattern for survival of the free world. "There is no other way," he argues earnestly. "We tried weakness. It didn't work. The oceans that once protected us no longer provide defense. Our task is to get ourselves geared to these realities."

"Selection of the man *(Continued on page 70)*



HARRIS & EWING

Deputy Secretary of Defense Lovett at his desk. His authority is so great, many people in Washington consider him the top man in the Pentagon, operating from a subordinate position

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NATURE ON GUARD

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Honorary Director, American Museum of Natural History

DURING my entire life, I have had a consuming interest in animals. For 40 years, as a naturalist, I studied and collected mammals, birds, fish, reptiles and lizards. Exploring expeditions for the American Museum of Natural History took me into the remote corners of every continent on earth. And to me, one of the most fascinating aspects of nature is the way it equips every living thing to withstand enemies and to obtain the necessities of life.

By and large, the protective devices may be broken down into these categories: camouflage; mimicry of animate and inanimate surroundings; immobility—sometimes called "playing dead"; speed; keenness of sight or of the other senses; warning devices, such as the snake's rattle; protective armor; and various extraordinary forms of specialization and adaptation.

Among the most interesting of these devices are those pictured here in the paintings by Andre Durenceau and Stevan Dohanos. These are truly fascinating creatures, but there are many, many more which nature has provided with equally intriguing and effective means of self-protection. In my new book Nature's Ways (Crown Publishers), I have brought together the researches of a lifetime to prove, with 144 examples like this amazing half dozen, that nature is eternally on guard against harm to her family.

THE END

▲ Permanent Submarine

Salamanders are lizardlike creatures which are born in water and breathe with gills instead of lungs. Most North American species, born in damp regions, lose their gills and crawl onto land at maturity. But the 6- to 8-inch Mexican salamander—"axolotl"—surrounded by distasteful aridity, remains under water, where favored food is plentiful and housing is easy

▼ Camouflage Artist

Sea horses, which are among the few fish with movable heads, are almost perfectly camouflaged because of their resemblance to seaweed. One particular group, the six-inch Phyllopteryx of Australian waters, has such long and numerous skin flaps that when it floats among seaweed, holding on by its prehensile tail, fish and plant are virtually impossible to tell apart

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Rear Bumper

Chlamyphorus truncatus of Argentina has a name almost as long as itself. This smallest of armadillos is only five or six inches long, but possesses armor as unique and extraordinary as it is effective. The whole upper surface of its body is covered by an armor shield, fastened to its back by a loose membrane. On its sides, the armor can be raised like flaps. Its sheared-off stern looks as though it had met with a buzz saw, and its very end is covered with a hard, armorlike coating. To foil enemies, a Chlamyphorus alerted to danger wedges its body as tightly as it can into the ground, using its exposed tail shield as a strong, securely sealed back door, closing the burrow perfectly and thus protecting itself from harm

Amplifier System

The kangaroo rat lives underground in the Western American deserts. Not much longer than 15 inches from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, it builds elaborate tunnels below the desert sands. Even a snake slithering silently into these tunnels cannot catch this mouselike creature unawares; for its skull is largely taken up with resonance chambers which amplify the slightest ground vibrations into recognizable sounds. Like some other desert dwellers, the kangaroo rat does not need ordinary liquids; it converts the starch in its food into water. The kangaroo rat has no known vocal call, but makes a noise by beating the soles of its hind feet on the ground. This, some sources believe, may be a warning device

Expert in Retreat

The Kiwi bird of New Zealand is permanently grounded, for it has no wings. But unlike the dodo, which also could not fly, the kiwi has escaped extinction because nature has provided other means of protection. Big, strong legs enable it to cover ground at an extraordinarily rapid rate, often faster than the dogs which hunt it. A nocturnal bird, its natural enemies have learned that their quarry is most vulnerable to a strike during the day while it is asleep. When annoyed, the kiwi defends itself against much stronger animals by violent and effective kicks. Originally discovered in 1813, this long-beaked bird, about the size of a hen, seemed so odd that first reports of its existence were labeled as hoaxes

Coral Foxhole

A species of crab, Hapalocarcinus marsupialis, which is rarely longer than half an inch, lives in the Great Barrier Reef, northeast of Australia, and protects itself by one of the most startling devices known. The female of this security-conscious species condemns herself to prison for life. She makes her home with her tiny mate between coral branches, and by constant movement sets up a current which seems to cause the branches to unite around them, ultimately forming a cage about the size of a marble. Small holes in the coral cage let the sea flow in and out, with particles of food. Thus protected from the hazards of the undersea world, the couple are trapped in an impregnable castle till their natural death

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Mask for Danger

By DONALD HAMILTON

Young didn't want to play detective. All he wanted was out. But he had to learn who was alive around here, and who was dead

The Story: Late at night, LIEUTENANT DAVID YOUNG was hitchhiking south to Norfolk to report for active duty with the Navy. Young never got to Norfolk. He picked up a ride with a man who introduced himself as LAWRENCE WILSON. Wilson was interested in boats, and showed Young a picture of a sailboat he'd designed for a girl called BUNNY. Young leaned forward to see it better, and then something struck him on the back of the head. He came to, much later, in a Maryland hospital, with his face and head in heavy bandages. He had been found in the wrecked car, dressed in Wilson's clothes. The nurses and doctors were calling him "Mr. Wilson." A DR. BOB HENSHAW came into the room, greeted him familiarly as "Larry," and had him carried to a car outside. The driver of the car was Wilson's wife, ELIZABETH, and she said, "I reckon you must feel like you're being kidnaped, Mr. Young."

He woke up next morning in Wilson's bedroom, overlooking Chesapeake Bay. Bunny forced her way in to see him. Elizabeth stood behind her with a gun, and Young knew Bunny would be in danger if she revealed that she knew he wasn't Wilson. But she gave no sign. After she'd gone, Elizabeth told Young that Bunny's full name was BONITA DECKER, and that Wilson planned to marry her after he and Elizabeth were divorced.

Dr. Henshaw, who was obviously deeply involved with Elizabeth, told Young she hadn't seen Wilson since he was fired from his government job for security reasons a year before. He threatened to expose Young as a Navy deserter; and offered him money to go on masquerading as Wilson. "You must impersonate Mr. Wilson for a while," Henshaw said, "because he is dead." He said Wilson had visited Elizabeth after he had left Young for dead and that she had shot him when he refused to leave the house. Then Henshaw had disposed of his body.

Now Henshaw threatened to frame Young for Wilson's murder, and Young pretended to join the conspiracy of deception while he watched for a chance to escape. That night, he thought it had come. He tricked Elizabeth into taking a sedative she had intended for him. When she was asleep, he stole her gun and flashlight and left the house. Somebody whispered outside, and Young snapped on the light. A shot was fired at him: the flashlight was smashed. But in that second he realized that the man who had shot at him was supposed to be dead.

III

WHEN Young woke up, he remembered being shot at. Being shot at was not something you forgot. He remembered picking himself up afterward, his whole arm numb and tingling from the violence with which the bullet had smashed the flashlight from his grip. He remembered the long, cautious wait, remembered watching the hostile darkness outside, before he could force himself to make the grim journey to the garage, Elizabeth Wilson's little gun cold and sweaty in his hand: he remembered clearly his desperate intention of getting as far from this place as possible. He could recall the pain in his bruised chest as he rolled the heavy garage door up, and the way the damp bandages clung to his face, and the difficulty he had in fitting the key to the ignition lock of the station wagon inside, and his relief as the powerful engine came to life at the first touch of the starter.

He could remember all this. It was as clear in his mind as a motion picture projected on a screen. Yet when he opened his eyes to daylight he was lying in bed, dressed in pajamas, in the room which he thought he had left forever.

Elizabeth Wilson was standing in the doorway, watching him. She looked sleepy and rather puzzled, and she was holding her little pistol awkwardly, as if she were not sure whether she ought to be pointing it at him or not. She was no more carefully put together than she had been when she had burst into his room the night before, and daylight only emphasized the inadequacy of her elaborate nightgown as a garment, however well it might serve as decoration.

He couldn't have cared less, at the moment, if she had been wearing a full suit of armor; but presently she blushed, seeing him awake, and fastened her dressing gown more modestly about her. He did not speak. She started to turn away, hesitated, and looked back at him.

"Honey, have you seen my— Oh, never mind," she said; and then she was gone.

He frowned at the empty doorway. He had been on his way, he thought; he had been in the car with the engine running, ready to shove off; and he had secured everything and come back. He had come back and undressed and hung up the clothes he had been wearing—Lawrence Wilson's clothes—and he had got into pajamas and climbed into bed and gone to sleep. Not only had he come back—he had apparently given the girl back her gun, stealing into her room a second time and slipping it back beneath her pillow. He even had a vague memory of doing it, but he could not remember why he had. He could only remember that there had been what seemed like a hell of a good reason at the time. It had probably been one of those midnight bright ideas that seemed incredibly stupid in the morning, but he would have liked to remember it, nevertheless.

He gave up trying for it, knowing he would never get it back by trying. There were other things for him to get straight in his head before the girl returned and he had to decide how to act with her. He had been shot at by Lawrence Wilson, who was dead. Who said the guy was dead? Why, everybody said he was dead. People crowded up three deep —at least two deep—to testify how dead Lawrence Wilson was. What was he, David Young, doing here but impersonating Lawrence Wilson so people wouldn't know the man had been shot to death by his wife? *You and Sherlock Holmes!* Young told himself scornfully. *They tell you and you believe them!*

Yet he could not really blame himself for being deceived. When a pretty girl put her life in jeopardy by confessing to having shot her husband, however accidentally; when a respectable physician risked his career by admitting to having disposed of the body; then it hardly occurred to you to suspect that the man was still alive.

Sitting up, Young looked at himself in the mirror across the room. His blank, bandaged face looked back at him from the glass without expression; but he was aware of a queer little sense of outrage that he had not felt before. You could not work yourself into a lather because a man who was dead had once tried to kill you in a particularly brutal and cold-blooded way; there wasn't much point in getting mad at a corpse. But the situation changed when the guy turned out to be alive enough, after all, to take a shot at you and do a fast thirty yards across the lawn afterward.

He heard the front door opening, and heard the click of the girl's slippers on the brick steps outside, coming to an abrupt halt. He pushed himself over to the window to look out. She was standing on the steps below him, an incongruous figure outdoors in the long satin robe. He had guessed that she had discovered the broken glass from the flashlight, but she was not examining the bricks at her feet. Instead she had a large pair of binoculars in her hands and she was looking out toward the Bay. He remembered the small power yacht that had weighed *(Continued on page 44)*

Having made her decision, Elizabeth threw herself into the act with abandon. "Oh, honey!" she gasped. "Oh, honey, your poor face! Does it hurt just awfully?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

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AL BRULÉ

"Somebody brought Clint to one of Mother's parties." She paused, remembering it

But Not Good-by

By FRANCIS K. ALLAN

JOAN opened the letter eagerly as she went back into the low white duplex house that was the twin of every other house in Los Nevados. The letter was from her mother in New York. *Darling, Life is hectic. Hager has a new play he wants me to do this fall, but he's such a fiend to work for. Larry is furious because I won't marry him! There have been a few parties. If only you were here to sustain me and answer the damned phone. Kirk always asks about you. Really, you broke his heart when you married Clint . . .*

Joan heard Clint's car and folded the letter guiltily. Clint whistled from the hall and she ran to meet him.

"You're pretty, or have I told you?" he said when he'd kissed her. He put his arm around her as they went into the living room. "They'll be testing in a minute," he said, looking at his watch.

She cringed. She hated the atomic tests, the frightening violence of the blast. Then she heard it. "Look out!" she cried. It was too late. The potted begonia fell from the window sill and broke.

The radio was still on, Joan realized a few minutes later, and the announcer was saying, "We've sent you music from the Penguin Club in Manhattan . . ." Suddenly it was too much: the begonia; the Penguin, where she'd gone so often with Kirk; the endless heat of Nevada, the loneliness.

"Oh, Clint," she said, "I hate all this! This isn't what we planned."

"I know." He put his arms around her. "But all over the world plans have changed lately. And this job is important, don't you see?"

"But it's *your* job, and the men talk your language. I'm beating my head against Gracie and the other wives. If I even mention Mother or the theater, Gracie gives me a go-get-lost-in-a-penthouse look. Whatever I do in Los Nevados is phony, or it's snobbish, or it's theatrical. If— Oh, Clint." She put her head against his shoulder. "What if I went back for just *one* party?"

"One party?" Then he saw the letter. He knew what those letters did. "But their party never really ends, does it?"

"Don't say that!" Joan cried. "It's mean."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I say those things because I'm afraid of losing you." He touched her blonde hair. "I've got to go back to the plant." He hesitated. "I'm sorry again," he said. Then he was gone.

It was much later that the call came from New York. Joan heard her mother saying gaily, "Darling? Hello, darling!"

"Hello!" Joan's heart leaped. "Is anything wrong?"

"Kirk put too much vermouth in the Martinis. How wrong can things get? We wanted to cheer you up and— Wait, here's Kirk."

"Hello, angel," Kirk said. "Why don't you come see us? Your mother's going to do a new play."

Her mother's voice chimed in. "Do. Catch a plane, darling. You'll be here by morning."

By morning! Joan held her breath, not daring to answer, or even to think about it. Then she heard the distant wail of the siren at the plant. It sounded three times: the disaster signal. "I—I've got to go," she gasped, and hung up. She ran to the porch. Gracie from the other side of the duplex was there. Smoke was mushrooming on the horizon. Like ordinary smoke, except everything was multiplied ten thousand times out there, Joan knew.

"No use phoning. I tried," Gracie said. She was large and blond and looked, as Joan's mother would have said, like a chorus girl. Joan disliked her. She'd sensed from the first that Gracie distrusted her, resented her as a celebrity's daughter.

Another siren wailed, then faded. "Plant ambulance going to the Reno hospital, probably," Gracie said uneasily. She opened her door. "Come on in and play double solitaire. It's better than just sitting and waiting. I learned that in the blitz."

"Were you in London *then?*" Joan said, following her.

"For a while. Poppa was on a project, but he got stuffy and sent me home." She always called her husband Poppa, and he called her Momma. "It was a mistake, leaving him," Gracie said. "I'd hear about the raids on the radio and not know how Poppa was doing. That's the worst—not knowing."

The sun was setting. "It doesn't help to look," Gracie said, but Joan went to the window again.

"But the smoke's gone!" she said. "Why don't they come home now?"

"Don't ask me things I don't know! If I—" Gracie began harshly, then stopped. "Sorry," she said. "You haven't been married long, have you?"

"Five months," Joan murmured. Suddenly she *had* to talk. "Somebody brought Clint to one of Mother's parties." She paused, remembering it. "He'd work late at Columbia, then we'd go walking in the middle of the night and eat at funny places that never closed. We—" She stiffened as another siren wailed.

"Poppa walked dogs to pay his way through Chicago," Gracie said quickly. "I was a hat-check girl. No kidding. He walked dogs, I checked hats, but we got him a Ph.D. Then he said it was my turn. After a month, I said, 'Poppa, will you still love me if I don't know French?' He said sure. I told him, 'Okay, skip the French. You can't make a race horse out of a tired old—' " She stopped, flushing, as if she expected scorn and laughter.

But Joan didn't laugh. "Gracie, don't look like that," she said. Suddenly she realized: I like Gracie. Gracie doesn't hate me. She's only afraid. I should have realized that long ago. Why didn't I? But she knew why: Mother wouldn't like Gracie, any more than she'd like Los Nevados.

"Don't look like that," she begged again. "Listen to something." She spoke slowly. It was important to get this clear, not only to Gracie, but to herself. "Mother is very beautiful and amusing. For years I was clumsy and awful. I prayed to be like her. Everything I did was to please her. I was her mimic, her mirror. Marrying Clint was the first independent thing I'd ever done. It made her furious. She treasures her worshipers. She—she phoned today and said come home. When the siren blew, I was starting to say yes." She looked down at her hands. "Just like that. Yes, Mother dear."

Gracie came over and touched her hand. "That's nothing," she said gently. "I almost left Poppa the first week. He bet half the honeymoon money on an old oat-burner called Gracie Gal that—" A car stopped, and Gracie moved quickly to the window.

Poppa came in, his big square face drawn and sooty, "Hello, Momma," he said.

"Poppa, hello." She kissed him.

"I didn't see Clint," Poppa said. That was all he said. Joan turned away.

IT GREW dark. Cars passed, but they always stopped somewhere else. Doors slammed and voices called their breathless welcomes. But still Clint did not come.

"Here," said Gracie quietly. She held out a highball. The ice tinkled. Suddenly Joan remembered her mother's words: "Kirk put too much vermouth in the Martinis. How bad can things get?" What did her mother or any of them know about bad? The sirens could blow in Los Nevados, but if his Martinis were right, Kirk's day was a success.

Joan started to laugh, and then found she was crying. The glass slipped out of her fingers and broke on the floor. She closed her eyes.

Gracie came over. "It's all right. I'll get another—" she began gently.

"No, I don't want another. All I want is—" She jumped up and ran out onto the dark porch. She sat on the step, where she could see the car lights coming from far away. After a while one came down the block and stopped across the street. Then a child's voice shrilled, "Oh, here's Daddy! Daddy's here now!"

Joan felt cold. She huddled into herself. Sitting there, waiting, she tried to grasp something, something she'd seen for the first time when Gracie had told of being sent away from the blitz.

Then she began to understand. Time had run so swiftly in those days, and time was running swiftly again. These were the moments to make the most of love . . .

Her mother wouldn't understand that, and neither would Kirk. Because their love was idle—not like Gracie's—and their time cheap.

And then Clint's car came. The lights shone on her as he turned into the drive. The door slammed. He came across the yard, and she couldn't move.

"Hello, my darling," he said. He reached down, and she took his hands.

"Hello, Clint," she said. "I was just thinking about you." THE END

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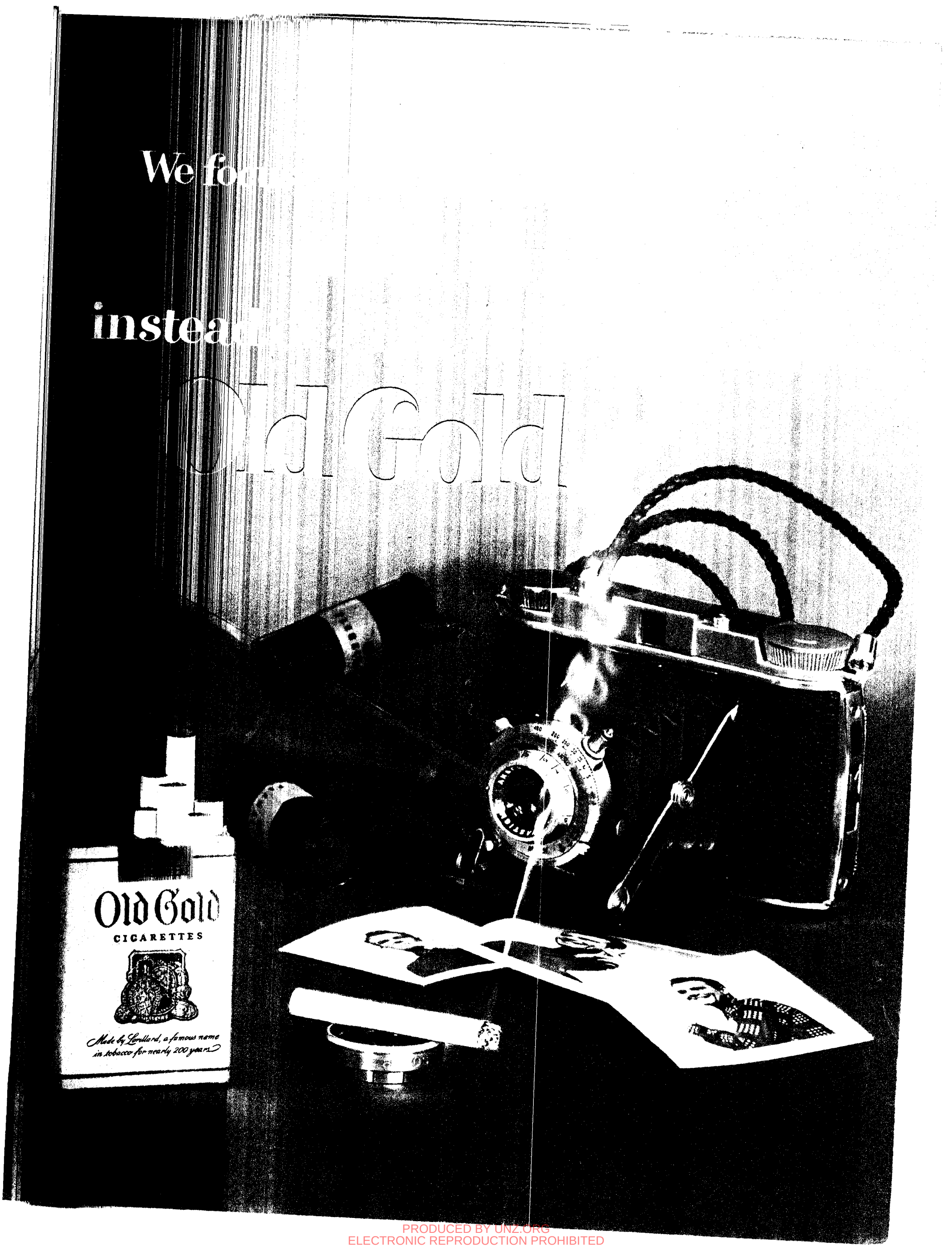

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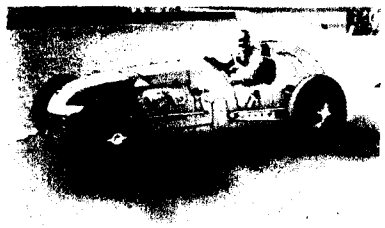
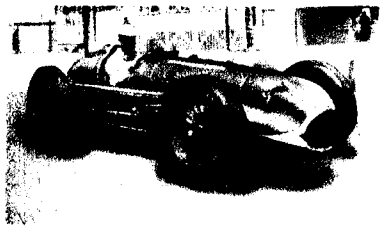
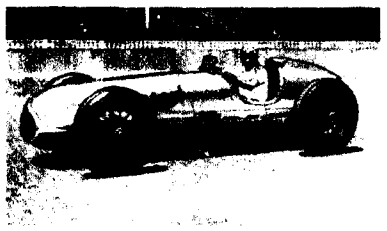


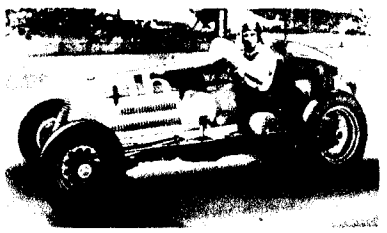
1950 124.002 M.P.H. JOHNNIE PARSONS



1949 121.377 M.P.H. BILL HOLLAND



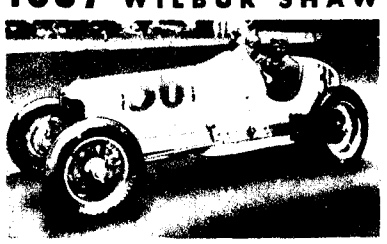
1947 116.33 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE



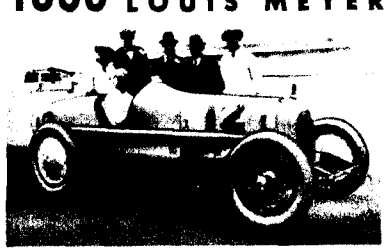
*1941 115.117 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS

1939 115.035 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW

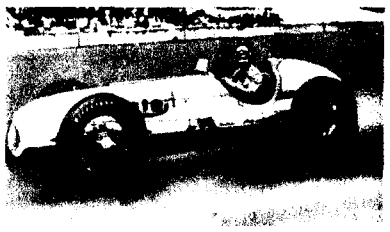
1937 113.58 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW



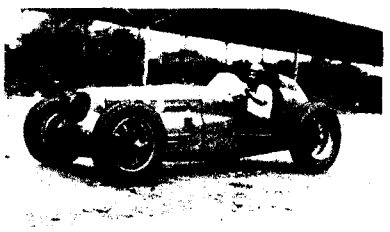
1933 104.16 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER



1925 101.13 M.P.H. PETE DE PAOLO



1948 119.813 M.P.H. MAURI ROSE



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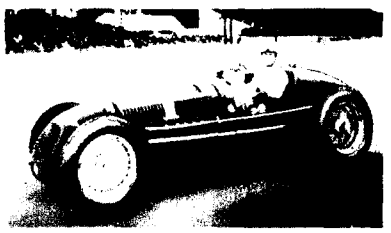
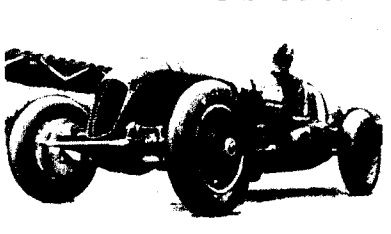
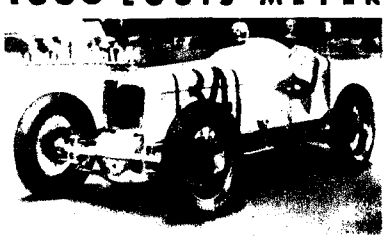


1940 114.277 M.P.H. WILBUR SHAW



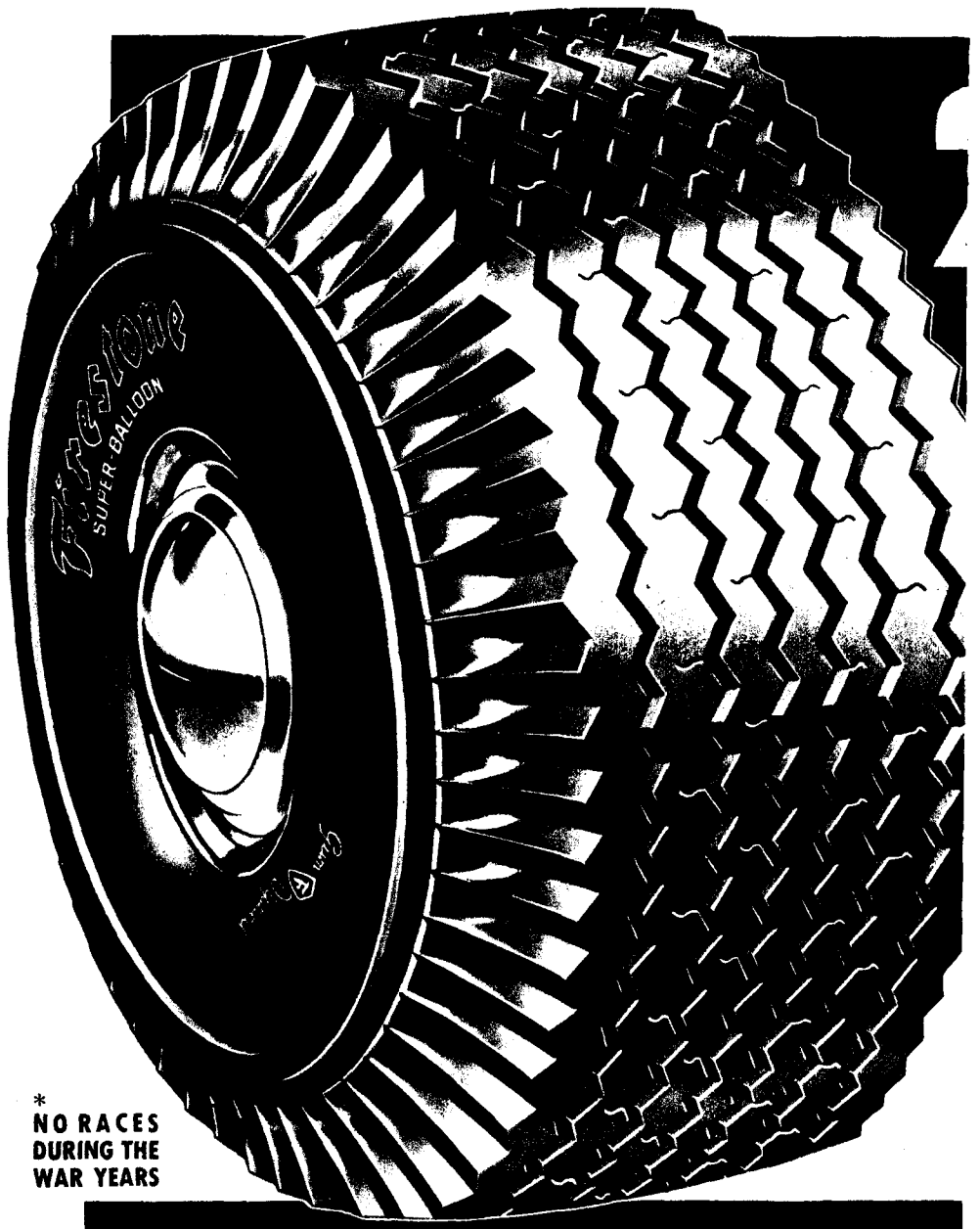
1938 117.20 M.P.H. FLOYD ROBERTS

1936 109.06 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER



1932 104.14 M.P.H. FRED FRAME

1924 98.23 M.P.H. JOE BOYER, L. CORUM



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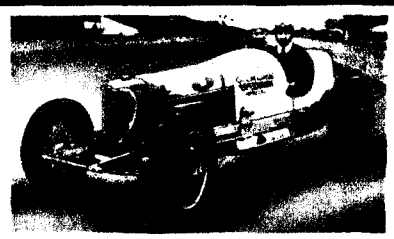
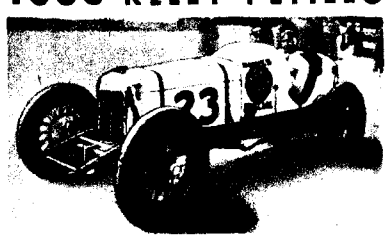
FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

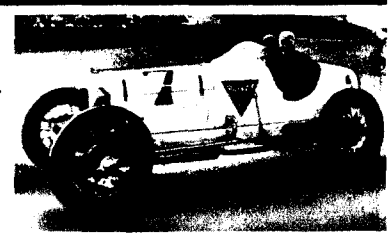


1935 106.24 M.P.H. KELLY PETILLO

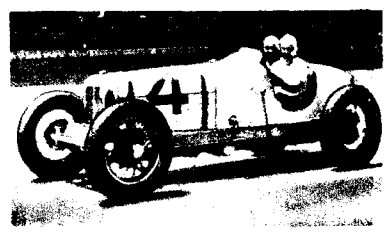


1931 96.62 M.P.H. LOUIS SCHNEIDER

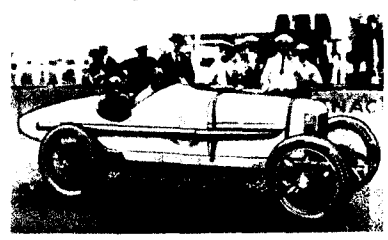
1923 90.95 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON



1934 104.86 M.P.H. WILD BILL CUMMINGS



1930 100.44 M.P.H. BILLY ARNOLD



1922 94.48 M.P.H. JIMMY MURPHY

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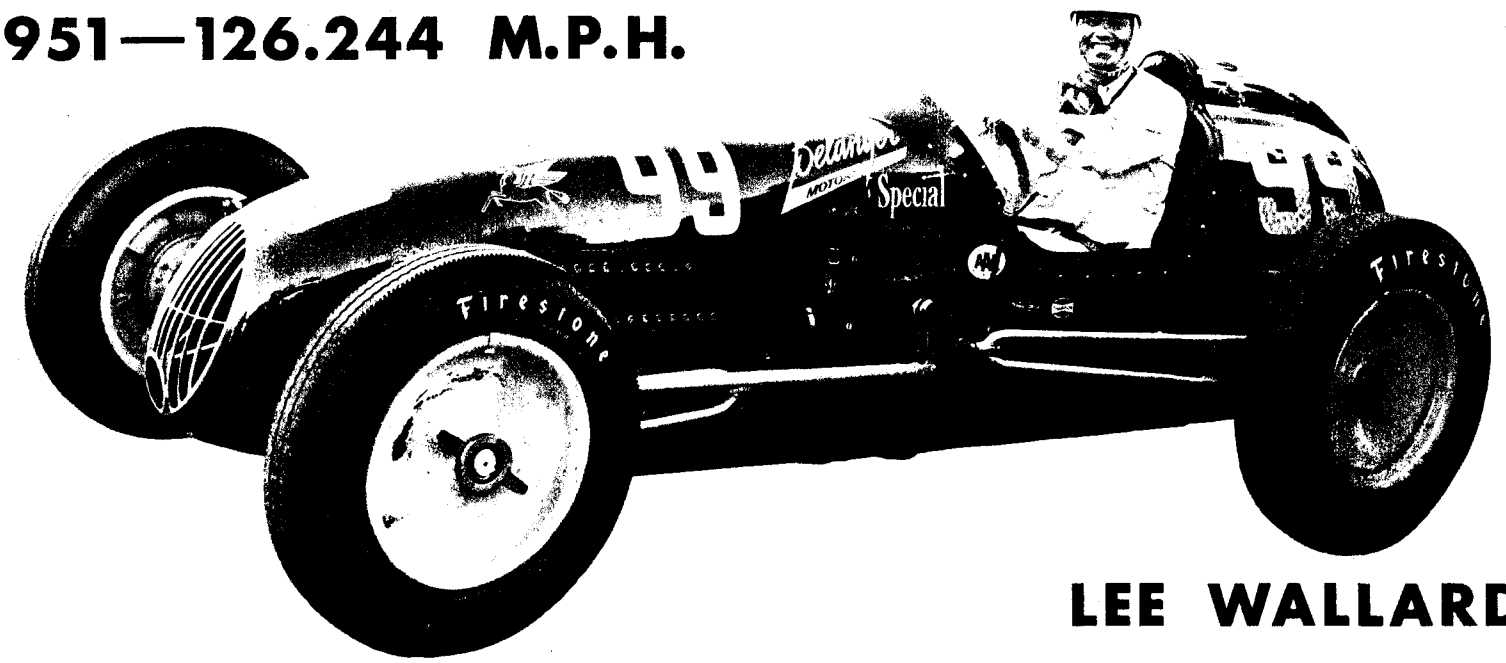
RE OF CHAMPIONS

8 CONSECUTIVE INDIANAPOLIS RACES HAVE BEEN WON ON Firestone TIRES

1951—126.244 M.P.H.



LEE WALLARD

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For many years, every driver in the race has *bought* Firestone Tires, because no driver is willing to risk his life or chances of victory on anything less than the safest tires that money can buy. Remember *that* fact the next time *you* buy tires. Protect your life and the lives of others by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Tires.

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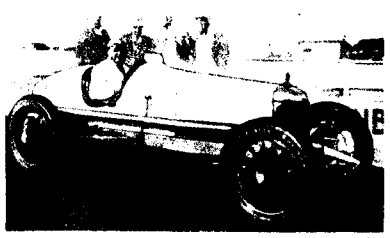
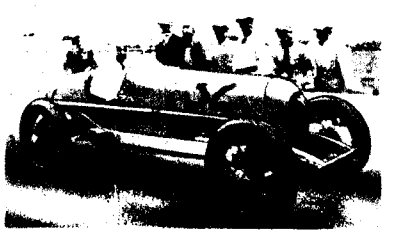
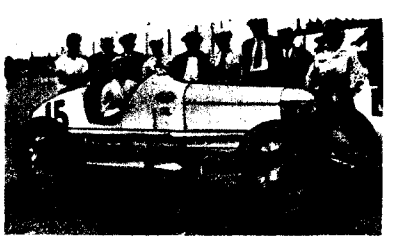


1929 97.58 M.P.H. RAY KEECH

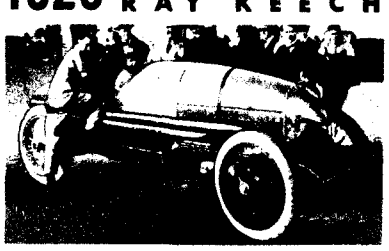
1928 99.48 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER



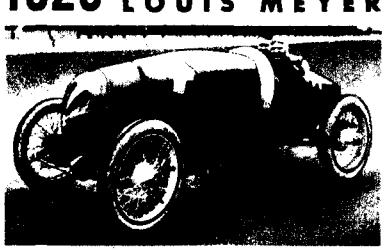
1927 97.54 M.P.H. GEORGE SOUDERS



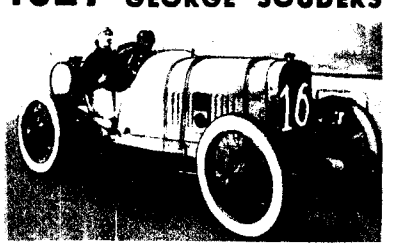
1926 95.88 M.P.H. FRANK LOCKHART



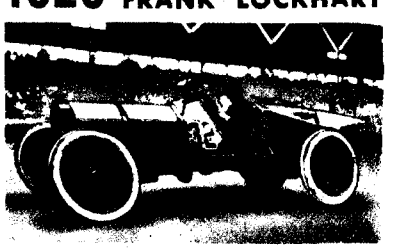
1921 89.62 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON



1920 88.55 M.P.H. GASTON CHEVROLET



1913 76.92 M.P.H. JULES GOUX



1911 74.59 M.P.H. RAY HARROUN

write to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. D, Akron, Ohio

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One-Man Show

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

times— . . . Oh, I'm fine. How are you? . . . Good. Well, look, Mr. Ackermann; I saw something in your store last time I was in, and if you still have it maybe you'd do me a favor on your way home tonight. . . . Yeah, it's something I'd want you to handle personally; this would have to be done exactly right." Smiling a little, he continued to speak, and when the sound of the water in the bathroom stopped, he reached his foot out and pushed the kitchen door shut.

In the tub, Eve lazily paddled the water with her hands. She heard the kitchen door shut, vaguely wondered about it for a moment, then thought of it no more; and presently, when the bath crystals had dissolved, she lay back, her eyes closed, soaking in the warmth.

". . . Swell," Tim was saying in the kitchen, "if you're sure it's no trouble. Now, I want you to bill me for this; at least for your time. . . . Okay, and thanks." He depressed the black bar in the base of the telephone, held it down for a moment, then released it again and dialed Operator. "Western Union," he said quietly when she answered.

Eve sat up, ran more hot water into the tub, then lay back again, watching the bathroom mirror dull under the gathering film of steam. After a time, when it was completely obscured, she sat up again and began to soap her arms.

". . . That's correct," said Tim, in the kitchen. "And I'd like it delivered, please, not phoned. Thanks." He hung up, waited a moment, then lifted the receiver and once more dialed Information. "I want to speak to Harry Fitznell," he said. "He lives somewhere in Bronxville; I don't know the address."

SOME ten or fifteen minutes later, when Eve walked into the living room wearing a green taffeta housecoat, Tim lay on the davenport, the magazine in his hands exactly as before. Eve's hair was gathered under a neatly folded bath-towel turban, there was fresh color in her cheeks, and her small pert face was shining and very young-looking. She looked like a child, innocent and appealing, and when she stopped at the mantel to open the cigarette box, Tim took a sudden involuntary breath, almost a sigh, in renewed pleasure that this was his wife.

"Cigarette?" Eve said. She put one between her lips, holding another ready to toss over to Tim.

"Why, no." He looked at her, puzzled, his voice faintly surprised. "I don't smoke."

"Since when?" Eve snapped a lighter and held the flame to her cigarette.

He raised his wrist to look at his watch. "Since seventeen minutes ago." Lifting his magazine, he began, apparently, to read aloud. " 'Headaches, listlessness, poor appetite, dengue fever, lactation of the blood, a vague feeling of boredom along about sundown—all these and many other debilitating symptoms disappeared completely in test group A within two hours after its members stopped smoking. Indeed, the life span itself, some authorities say, may be shortened as much as five years by smoking, while sex activ—' "

"Here." Eve tossed a cigarette onto his chest. "I wouldn't want you to be a widower. Or get too active."

"Thanks." He took matches from the table beside him, lighted his cigarette, and inhaled deeply. "At least I proved I can take them or leave them alone." Taking the cigarette from his mouth, he studied the lighted end of it thoughtfully. "You know," he said, "I sort of wish something would happen, too. Something"—he stared at Eve as though he were hunting for the word—"*different.*"

Eve picked up a magazine, walked to the big easy chair, and sat down. For a moment she sat looking at Tim, the magazine unopened in her lap. "Yeah," she said then; she took a puff on her cigarette and began turning the pages.

The door buzzer sounded.

"Do you mind, honey?" Tim said. "I'd answer it, except that I'd have to get up."

Eve stood up and walked across the room, tightening the belt of her robe, then opened the front door.

"Ryan?" Tim heard a voice ask from the hall. "Mrs. Eve Ryan?" By leaning far to one side of the davenport, supporting himself with one hand on the floor, Tim could see a young man, wearing a tan uniform cap, rumpled pants, a sweater and high-topped Army shoes, standing in the doorway. "Telegram," he said wearily, thrusting a yellow envelope, pencil and receipt form at Eve.

She signed the slip, holding it against the door panel, then handed it back, closed the door, and stood staring wonderingly at the little cellophane window behind which her name was typed. She glanced up at Tim. "Telegram," she said, her voice bewildered; then she ducked her head, tore open the envelope, pulled out the message and began to read, her eyes scanning rapidly. "For Heaven sakes!" She looked up at Tim, her mouth open, her eyes wide, then began reading the yellow sheet again.

Tim got up and stood beside her, looking at the words he had dictated over the telephone. URGE YOU AND HUBBY JOIN US ONE MONTH TOUR REVIVAL MEETINGS IN SOUTHWESTERN STATES. YOU SING IN CHOIR, HUBBY HANDLE COLLECTIONS PLUS INSPIRATIONAL SPEECHES. WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY. REPLY AIR MAIL. REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE. WON'T TAKE NO FOR ANSWER. LOVE. EDNA AND CLAIR. In an upper corner of the telegram, preceded by a string of numerals and code letters, was typed the point of origin of the message, NEW YORK, N. Y., and the time, not twenty minutes before, when it had been sent, but Tim knew Eve hadn't noticed.

"I simply don't understand it." She turned to Tim. "Why in the *world* would they think we—"

"Isn't Edna"—Tim massaged his forehead in an apparent effort to remember—"that cousin of yours who teaches Sunday school? Near Salt Lake somewhere? She and her husband? Seems to me that when they were in New York she said—"

"Well, yes. She does. But they don't make a career of it that I ever heard. Just on Sundays, the way people in small towns do. I never heard of any tours or revival meetings."

Tim shrugged and walked back to the davenport. "Maybe they got promoted."

"Well, it's just silly." Eve returned to her chair, looking at the telegram as she walked. "What in the world is the matter with them?"

"Of course it's silly. I could never get away for a month."

She looked at him, annoyed. "Now, don't give me that."

TIM smiled; then his face became serious. "I mean it; I think we should go, for at least part of the tour. It's not too bad an idea, when you think about it. 'Where'd you go on your vacation?' people will ask. 'Oh,' you'll say, as though it were nothing remarkable, 'we got tired of the gay and fashionable watering places; fed up with the meaningless glitter. So this year I sang in the choir at reviv—' "

"All right."

" 'And Tim gave a series of the most wonderful talks. I didn't know he had it in—' "

"All right, that's enough." She glanced down at the telegram again, then brought it closer to her eyes. "What's this about a promise?"

"You did, you know." Tim shrugged regretfully. "When Cousin Edna was here, she said—I remember this—that you ought to teach Sunday school, too. That you'd really enjoy it. And you said maybe you would sometime, and—"

"Well, of *course;* I had to be polite. But that doesn't mean I'm going to tour the—"

"*And,* now I remember!" His voice was excited. "She did say something about the summer meetings, and you practically promised—"

"I did no such a thing and you know it." Eve replaced the telegram in its envelope, looking questioningly at Tim. "I wonder if I should wire them tonight? Or maybe phone? And simply explain that—"

"I don't think so," he said casually. "You can explain a lot better in a letter. Just say you'd love to, but your husband's an infidel, and—"

Eve nodded. "I'll write tomorrow." She laid the telegram on the table beside her and sat staring at it for a moment longer. "What in the *world,*" she murmured finally, shaking her head; then she picked up her magazine again.

For a few minutes the room was quiet, Eve idly turning pages, Tim reading and occasionally glancing over at Eve, his face expressionless. Presently the telephone rang.

"I'll get it," Eve said. "It's probably Ann."

"If it's for me, tell them to deliver the money at the service entrance. In thousand-dollar bills." Tim waited till Eve picked up the telephone in the kitchen, then he grinned.

"Hello," said Eve, then paused. "Yes," she said calmly. "Yes, it is." Again she paused, then, her voice confused and a little higher, she said, "Well—well, just a minute. *Tim!*" she called excitedly.

Lazily, absently, he said, "Yeah?"

"*Tim,* come here! *Hurry!*" Carrying the telephone, she moved quickly to the doorway as far as the cord would reach, tilting the receiver out from her ear so that Tim could hear a tiny voice chattering rapidly from the telephone.

". . . And *now,* Mrs. Ryan," it was saying excitedly—and Tim recognized the gleeful voice of his friend Harry Fitznell—"for a genuine and beautiful Everett fitted handbag, complete with compact, cigarette case, lighter, jeweled comb, lipstick container, and all kinds of wonderful goodies, I want you to identify correctly the following tune! *Remember,*" Harry shouted happily, "you have just sixty seconds from the moment our forty-piece orchestra begins playing! All right, boys."

"What is it?" Tim stood in the doorway, his eyebrows raised questioningly. Casually he leaned against the doorframe.

"Some radio program!" Eve whispered frantically. "They want me to—" She held up a hand for silence, pressing the receiver tight against her ear, her eyes narrowed and her forehead wrinkled in concentration. Then a look of desperation came into her eyes. "Oh, what *is* that? I know it *so* well!" Again she tilted the receiver toward Tim, and from it he heard the sound of an orchestra, issuing, he knew, from Harry Fitznell's living-room phonograph.

"What do you mean?" Tim said slowly, stupidly. "You mean the name of that song?"

"*Yes!* Of course! Tim, *hurry!* What *is* it? You know it!"

"Yeah," he said slowly, and rubbed his chin reflectively. "Seems to me I do. Now, let's see." Hand on chin, he stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

AGAIN Harry Fitznell's voice squeaked from the receiver. "Now, take your time, Mrs. Ryan! You have thirty seconds to go! *Think!* Think hard, now! For a lovely Everett fitted handbag, what's the name of this song? Hurry! Take your time!"

"All *right!*" Eve said into the phone. "Just a *minute!* Tim!" she begged.

"The Missouri Waltz?"

"No! Oh, *no,* Tim; but it *is* some state. Tim, I can't think."

"The Eyes of Texas Are Upon—"

"No! Something about Indiana, I think." She was gnawing at her thumbnail, while the music of the tiny orchestra tinkled in the receiver.

"Only five seconds left, Mrs. Ryan. I'm sorry, but . . ." The voice trailed off ominously, and Eve stared helplessly at Tim.

For just a moment longer he looked at her, his face apparently strained with thought; then he smiled happily and snapped his fingers. "On the Banks of the Wabash."

"OnthebanksoftheWabash!" The words tumbled from Eve's lips into the telephone. . "On the Banks of the Wabash?" the voice repeated doubtfully. "Well, Mrs. Ryan—" There was a dramatic pause. "That's exactly right! On the Banks of the Wabash

KENNESAW

"Let's see if I got this straight, Kennesaw. Press on the starter, bounce twice to th' right, twice to the left, 25 times up an' down, 14 sharp twists to the rear and stamp on the floorboard 30 times"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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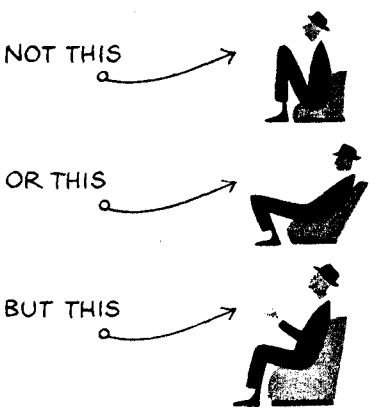
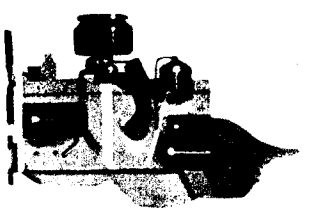
No other car rides like a DESOTO



It's built to tame rough roads (*new Oriflow shock absorbers!*). It's built to relax in (*more room!*). It's built to see out of (*bigger glass area and chair-high seats!*). It's built for easy driving (*no shifting!*). And it's an eye-opener for high value and low upkeep!



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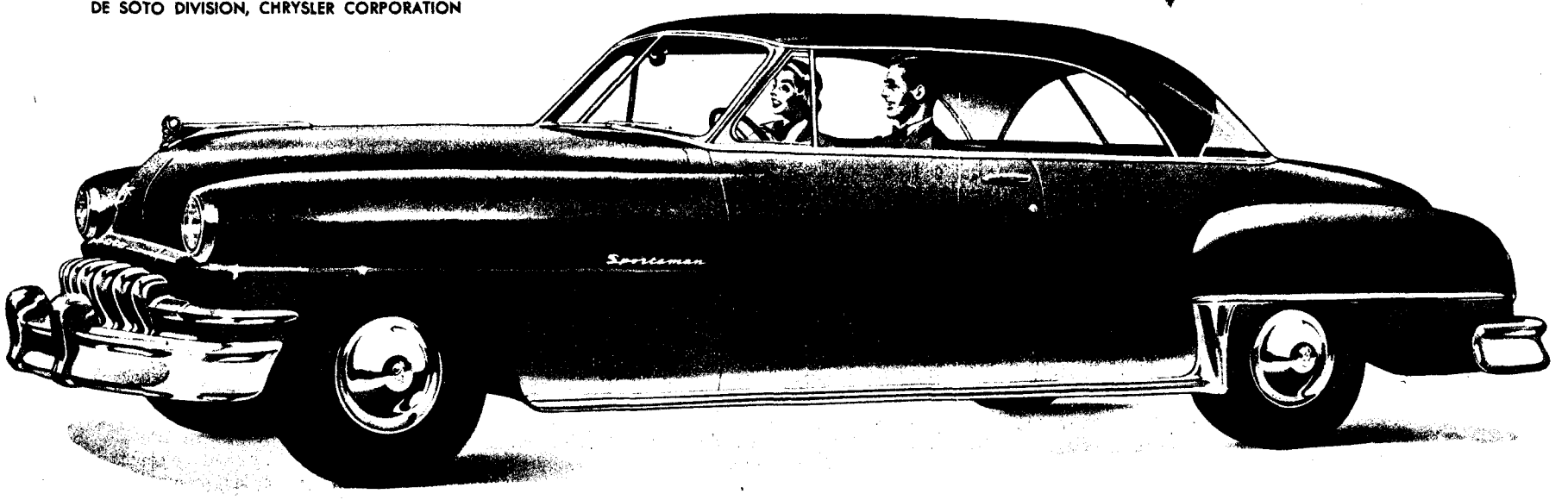

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is the name of that song, and you have won a genuine Everett fitted handbag which will be delivered to your home tomorrow morning! Thank *you,* Mrs. Ryan, and congratulations!" There was a click in the receiver as the telephone was hung up on the other end.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Tim. "Was that right?"

Eve nodded complacently, putting down the receiver. She reached up to turn off the kitchen light. "Yep," she said, her voice smug and contented.

"Well, I'll be darned." He went into the living room, and back to the davenport. "What is this handbag? Anything you can really use?"

Eve walked to her chair, shaking her head in amused disgust at his question. "It is only the handbag I've mentioned to you casually at least eight times. Tim, I've been hinting for one for weeks."

"You have?"

"Of course."

"Well, now you've got one." He lay back, picking up his magazine again. "What color is it?"

Eve frowned. "He didn't say. I just hope it's black; they come in different colors."

Tim nodded. "I think it will be. In fact, I'm sure it will be black."

"You think they'll really send it?"

He smiled at her. "Of course they will. I am absolutely certain that a black Everett fitted handbag will be delivered to you sometime tomorrow morning. I think I can promise that."

Eve nodded. "Nice," she said, then picked up her magazine again. She turned several pages, then leaned closer, studying an advertisement. She held it up for Tim to see. "Smart dress, don't you think?"

He looked over. "Yeah. Very nice."

"I might look at it tomorrow. I imagine Best's would have it, or Lord & Tayl—"

THE door buzzer sounded, and Eve stood up and walked slowly across the room, still holding her magazine, studying the advertisement. The buzzer sounded again impatiently, and Eve opened the door.

"Ryan?" The voice in the hallway was hoarse and irritated, hardly recognizable to Tim as the ordinarily quiet, pleasant tones of Mr. Ackermann, a Third Avenue pet-shop proprietor.

"Yes?"

"Fer you," the voice snarled, and there was the bump and scrape of wood on the stone floor of the outer hallway; then the quick sound of departing footsteps.

"Well, just a moment!" Eve called. "What—"

"Got no time, lady. Yer's ain't the only delivery, you know." The voice was far down the hall, and an instant later the heavy metal door leading to the building stairway creaked open, clanged shut again, and the hallway was silent.

"Well, for Heaven sakes," Eve murmured indignantly, then Tim saw her stoop and reach a hand out into the hallway. The hand was suddenly withdrawn and Eve screeched. She straightened up hastily, retreating a step, stared down at the hallway floor for an instant, then turned to Tim, her face shocked. "Tim!"

"Yeah?" He sat up slowly, finishing a line he was reading, then stood up and strolled to the doorway, smiling pleasantly, questioningly. For a moment he stood looking down at a large box, the top and bottom of wood, the sides of heavy wire mesh; then he stooped and peered into the box. "Well, I'll be damned." Turning his head, he grinned up at Eve. "A monkey, a regular grind-organ monkey." He looked back into the cage. "Cute, isn't he?"

"Well, for Heaven sakes!" Eve said. "Is that all you've got to say! Tim, go catch that man! It isn't for us!"

He shrugged helplessly. "Never catch him now."

"Well, what are we going to *do!*"

Tim picked the box up by a handle on top and carried it into the living room. "Only one thing we can do. What do you usually do with a foundling left on your doorstep? If you have even a spark of humanity. We'll have to adopt him. And never tell him he was a foundling. Or we'll give him a sense of rejection."

Eve stamped her foot. "Now, cut it out! Tim, this is no time for gags. You've got to find that man, and—"

Tim was holding the cage at eye level, and a foot-high monkey, its eyes glittering, its hands clutching the wire sides of the cage, squatted on the floor, staring out at them.

"Attractive little face," Tim said, smiling pleasantly at Eve. "Tonight, I suppose, we can make up a little bed. Use two of my handkerchiefs for sheets. Think you could borrow a nursing bottle from the people next door? Nurse him, mother him, make him feel wanted?"

"Tim, I am not going to have that filthy little—"

Taking a pencil from the table, Tim thrust the blunt end into the cage. For a moment the monkey stared at it, cocking his head, then suddenly he grabbed it with both hands and, his feet braced on the bottom of the cage, began to tug, trying to wrest it from Tim, his little tan forehead wrinkled in a ferocious scowl.

Still holding the pencil, Tim set the cage on a table and, stooping, peered in at the monkey, who paused, glared at Tim, then resumed his tugging. Tim turned to look at Eve, who stood beside him now, stooping to look into the cage, her arms folded tight against her chest, out of harm's way. After a moment she turned, met Tim's gaze, and grinned. "He *is* cute," she admitted.

"Of course." Tim gently pulled on the pencil, bringing the monkey's hands against the side of the cage, and the animal released the pencil, screeching indignantly, glowering and grimacing at them both, and Eve laughed. "I knew you'd come to love him." Tim sat down on the davenport, slouching back, his hands in his pockets, watching the cage. "We can dress him up; you can make little suits out of my vests, so they'll match mine. And we'll train him: have him pass drinks and empty ash trays at parties. And at night he'll cuddle in your arms, and you can rock him and croon to him."

Eve smiled and sat down in her chair, watching the cage. "I wonder if you *could* train him to do tricks; I suppose you could." She frowned. "Tim, you've got to do something; we can't keep him here tonight. I wouldn't know what to feed him."

"Eggs. Scrambled eggs and—"

"Tim, I mean it. You've simply got—" The monkey screeched suddenly, an astonishingly loud and angry sound, and Eve jumped, and the monkey grabbed the wire mesh and shook it till it rattled. "Tim I simply will not have that—" The door buzzer sounded abruptly, and Eve jumped again. Her face furious and indignant, she strode to the door and flung it open.

"Yer name ain't Bryant!" snapped the angry voice of Mr. Ackermann. "That ain't yer monkey, lady, and I—"

"It certainly is not!" Eve turned toward the living room. "Tim!"

Tim got hastily to his feet, snatching up the cage on his way to the door. Handing it past Eve, he gave it to the scowling man in the hall.

Not even glancing at Tim, the man at the door took the cage, and still glaring at Eve, said, "Whyn't you say so in the first place?"

"I did! I mean I called you, and you simply—"

"I got no time to waste with wrong deliveries, lady. I'm a busy man, even if you—"

"Tim, do something! Say something!" Eve said.

Tim smiled at Mr. Ackermann, kindly, politely. "So sorry," he said. "We'd grown to love the little fellow."

Mr. Ackermann turned, sneering, cage in hand, and strode down the hall to the stairway door, opened it, and disappeared. The metal door banged shut behind him.

Eve stared down the hall for an instant longer, then turned indignantly to Tim. Before she could speak, he said hastily, "Would you rather bawl me out, or have me fix a heady and delicious drink? Which I'm sure you need about now."

Eve closed her mouth, looked grimly at Tim for a moment, then said, "I'll take the drink. But believe me, it's a close decision." Shaking her head, she turned toward the bedroom. "Bring them in here," she called back, "and we'll have them in bed. Bring some books and magazines along."

Grinning, Tim walked into the kitchen, took glasses from the cupboard, opened the refrigerator, and brought out a tray of ice cubes. A few minutes later, when he had mixed two drinks and was stirring them with a spoon, the telephone rang and he answered it, then called to Eve, "It's for you. It's Ann." A moment later Eve came in and picked up the telephone.

"Hello, Ann; I was going to call you," she said, and Tim rolled his eyes at that, picked up the two glasses, and walked toward the doorway. "You *are?"* said Eve. "Oh, Annie, that's wonderful!" She turned from the telephone. "Tim! Ann's going to have a baby!"

"Swell." He stopped in the doorway and spoke over his shoulder. "Tell her congratulations." He walked on toward the bedroom.

IN THE bedroom he switched on both bed lamps, set Eve's drink on the dresser, took a sip of his own, then put it down. Standing before the mirror, he began slowly unknotting his tie. He felt pleased with himself, and stood complacently watching his reflection. He had, he felt, correctly analyzed a subtle but very real need of his wife's, and had met that need at considerable trouble and even expense. But it had been worth it, he felt. He would, he knew, have to tell her the telegram had been faked, and perhaps the truth about Mr. Ackermann's visit. But he hoped it would not occur to Eve to doubt the authenticity of the supposed call from the radio program. He was suddenly eager for Eve to come in, to see her face and hear her voice as she went over the astonishing events of the evening, and he wished she would finish with her telephone call.

A few moments later Eve came into the room, as Tim sat on the bed removing his shoes. Smiling and humming softly to herself, she began briskly turning the bedspread down, and Tim stood up, watching her fondly, waiting for her to speak. After a moment he said softly, "Well, baby, how do you feel?"

"Oh, wonderful!" She glanced up at him, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

Tim grinned and, unbuttoning his cuffs, again stood watching Eve as she folded the top sheet back over the light blanket. "Well, baby," he said, after a moment, "did things happen tonight? The way you were hoping they would? Was it the kind of evening you were talking about?"

"Oh, *yes."* Her eyes widened and she stared off into space, slowly shaking her head in awe and delight. "Imagine!" she said softly, "Ann going to have a baby. After all these years. Oh, yes." She looked at Tim again. "Don't you see? That's exactly the kind of thing I was talking about."

His mouth opened a little and for a moment he stood staring at her. Then he said. "Funny sort of telegram, wasn't it?"

She looked at him blankly. "Telegram? Oh, yes, that." She began plumping up the pillows. "I'll write Edna in the morning." The faint, pleased smile returned to her lips.

Tim frowned. "You suppose they'll send that purse, all right?"

"Oh, sure." Without looking up, Eve gave the pillows a final pat. "I'm sure they will." She glanced around the room, looking for anything else that needed doing. "Did you set the alarm?"

"Yeah," he said gruffly, and turned toward the closet, shaking his head. "Glad something exciting happened tonight," he said dryly. "I was afraid I might have to arrange a four-alarm fire in the living room." He turned to glance at Eve, but from the rapt and dreamlike expression on her face, he knew that she hadn't heard a word. THE END

COLLIER'S **"My best score was selling $200,000 worth of securities in eighteen holes"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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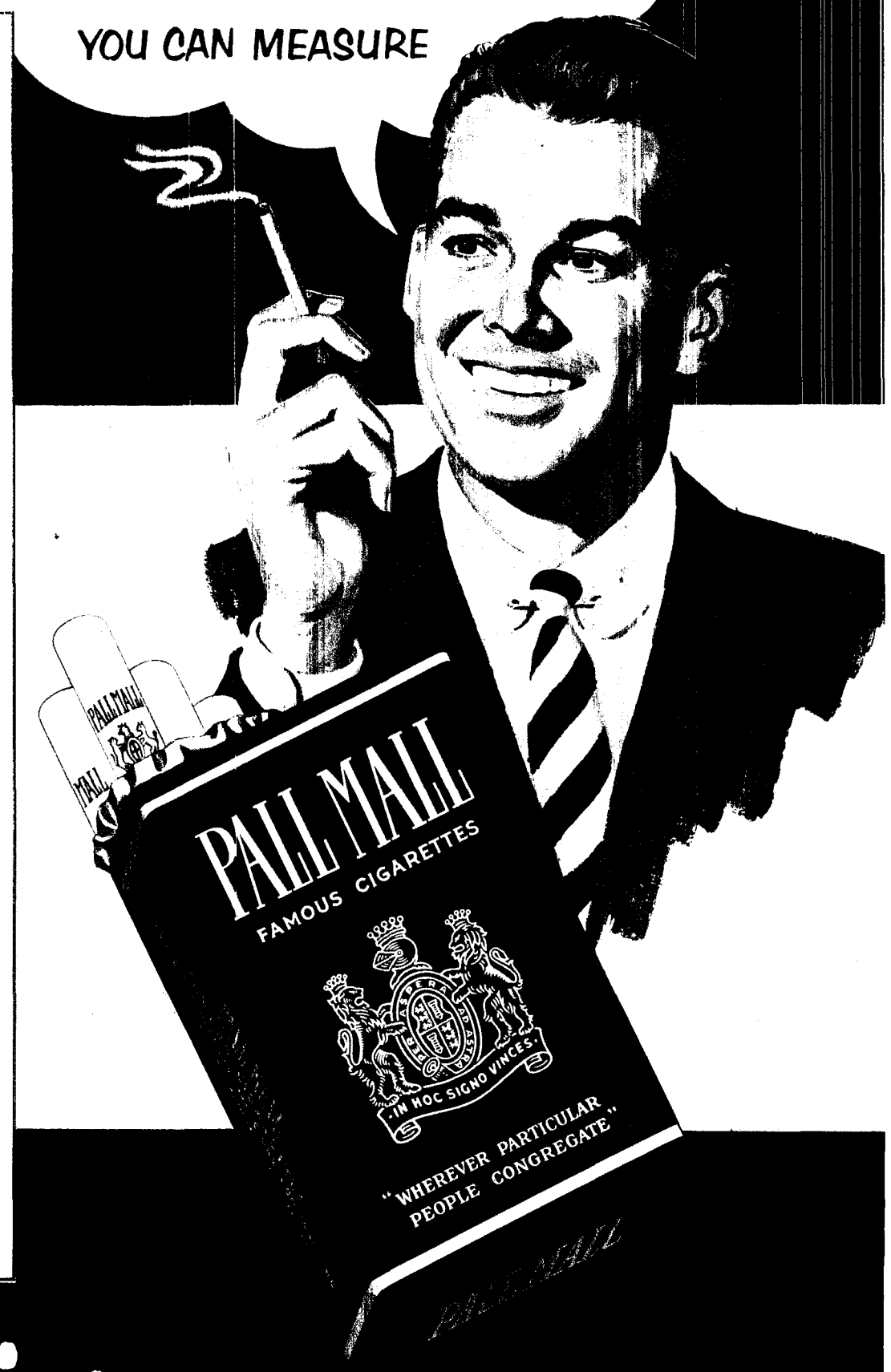
Throat Scratch

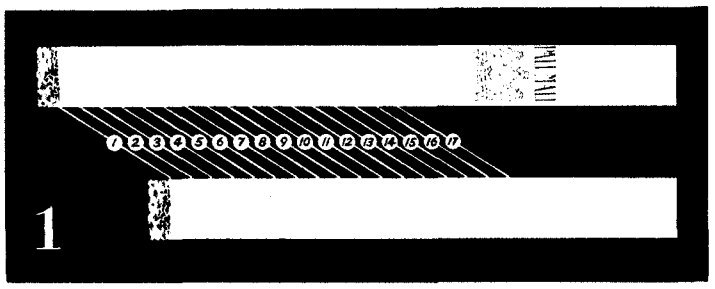
speaking of fine tobaccos

...SMOKE PALL MALL
THE CIGARETTE WHOSE MILDNESS
YOU CAN MEASURE

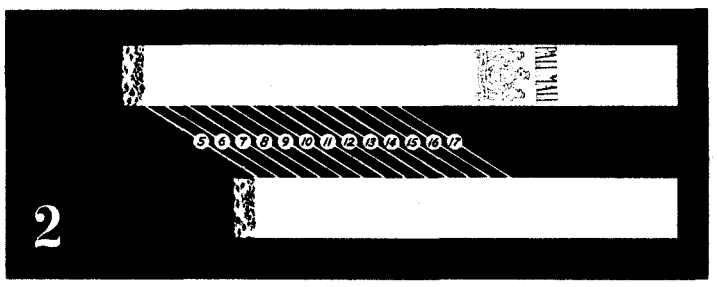


Study this Puff Chart:

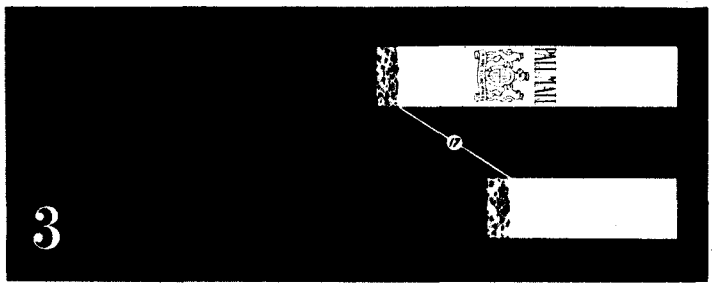
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL*—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*

Outstanding—and they are mild!

Copr., American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

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Mask for Danger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

anchor in the middle of the night; and the wet sand on her shoe, and the way she had tried to keep him from guessing that she had been outdoors.

He looked at the pleasant view she was watching: the shore below him, the big cruiser Amberjack at the dock at the foot of the hill, the river and the Bay and the distant shore lines. Everything had the clean, sharp look of a bright summer morning after a hard night's rain, although he could not recall hearing it rain. But then, he reminded himself, his recollections of the night were faulty.

A familiar white sloop was just coming into the river under power. The wake remained visible on the calm water for a mile astern of the little yacht, which had the bedraggled appearance of a sailboat that had been caught in a squall too sudden for the crew to get the sails furled properly. Wet canvas was bunched forward of the mast and lashed clumsily to the main boom; and there was again, as yesterday, a lot of gear on deck. Even at a distance you could tell that the small red-haired figure in the cockpit was soaked to the skin. She was wearing rolled-up jeans and a boy's too large white shirt.

FROM Elizabeth Wilson's attitude, Young knew that the older girl was watching the passing boat and its crew intently through the glasses, and that what she saw had some special meaning for her. The boat went on up the river. As the girl below him turned, something crushed under her slipper and she looked back. Presently Elizabeth went down the steps to where because of the angle he could not see her. He heard the bushes rustle, as if she were searching for something along the side of the house. He got back into bed. It was several minutes before she came back inside.

She came quickly up the stairs and directly into his room and stopped, a little breathless, facing him. There was a scratch on her cheek, and several splashes of wetness on her shining dressing gown, which had got quite damp and dull about the hem. One hand was hidden behind her.

Young said, "What the hell do you think the kid was doing out on the Bay last night? It looked like she'd been taking a beating."

Elizabeth frowned; it was clear that something had made her forget all about Bonita Decker and her boat, however much these might have interested her a few moments ago. She did not answer, but brought her hidden hand dramatically into sight, holding out to Young a long cylinder that ended in a mess of twisted metal.

"This was in the bushes outside!"

"Was it?" It seemed best to say as little as possible about his midnight excursion.

"It's my flashlight, isn't it?"

"What's left of it," he said.

"Then you did take it! What were you doing out of bed? How did you get this out of my room without waking me up?"

He saw that she did not suspect that he had managed to slip her the sedative she had intended to give to him. There seemed to be no point in telling her about it, or in telling her about his intention of running away, since he could not think of a plausible reason to give her for his return. He lied carefully: "I couldn't sleep in spite of the pill you gave me, Mrs. Wilson. I heard somebody outside. You were asleep. I took the flashlight and went down—"

"But what in the world happened to it?" she demanded.

"A bullet hit it," he said.

"A *bullet?*" Her dismay seemed genuine. "You mean somebody *shot* at you?"

"I don't know what he was shooting at. What he hit was the flashlight."

She hesitated. "Who?"

"Who do you think?"

There was another little pause. "How in the world would I know, honey? I was asleep. I didn't even hear—"

"Who'd you go down to meet by the water last night, Mrs. Wilson?" Young asked. "Who was waiting for you outside—maybe waiting for you to quiet me down and come back out to him?" He wanted to hear the name from her, not because he was not sure, but just because he might learn something from the way she said it. It might make a difference if he knew whether she was aiding her husband from love, or from duty, or simply from fear.

"Come back?" she said. "But, honey, you know I never went out of the house last night! Why, I was sound asleep when you woke me up with your nightmare; you saw yourself the way I was dressed when I came running in—"

"Uh-huh. How could I miss it?"

A little color came into her face, and she glanced down at herself as if to make sure she was decently covered now. "Then—"

"But I don't think you ordinarily keep a five-cell spotlight among your cosmetics," he said. "And you'd shed clothes all over your bedroom floor, including a shoe that had wet sand on it."

She said stiffly, "I declare, you sound like a regular Mr. District Attorney; and I'm sure I don't care for having my bedroom searched while I'm asleep. All right," she said breathlessly, "what if I was out? Is it any business of yours? What if I was dressed and had lipstick on because I was waiting for Bob—Dr. Henshaw. He sometimes—I thought he might—Oh, hell," she said, "he did come. I met him where I always do, down at the dock, aboard the Amberjack. Does that shock you, honey? Why do you think he's helping me—out of the kindness of his heart? I'd like to meet a man with that kind of a heart someday!"

She drew a long breath. "Bob's cottage is only a couple of miles down the shore, at Hanley's Beach, and he's got a rowboat with an outboard motor he uses for fishing. It's better for him than driving here and having people see the car. Nobody pays any attention to an outboard motor on the river; you can hear two or three any time you stop to listen. We were—talking aboard the cruiser when you started to scream."

Young said dryly, "I'd think the doc would be afraid being out on the water so late would affect his rheumatism. He's getting pretty old for that sort of thing, isn't he?" There was something ridiculous and rather pitiful about the thought of the bald, middle-aged, professional man hurrying to his young love at the controls of a sputtering outboard motor. The girl was silent. "Then what?" Young asked.

"Bob—didn't want to have to explain what he was doing here so late, of course. He was sure it was just a nightmare; he said you'd had them in the hospital. I was to call him as soon as he'd had a chance to get home. He left and I came up here. You'd settled down again by the time I got into the house. I slipped into a robe and nightie before I came in to look at you."

"*Did* you call him?"

"Yes, of course, when I took the dishes downstairs, after we'd had our cocoa."

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Come on. If we hurry we can still make 'Flicker Comics' on Channel 6!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Did he answer?"

"Of course he answered," she said, as if surprised at the question. Then she looked at Young quickly. "Honey, you certainly can't think it was Bob who shot at you! Why in the world would Bob Henshaw try to kill you with a gun, when he's got dozens of medicines in his bag that—"

He cut her short. "I didn't *say* I thought it was Dr. Henshaw."

"Then who—" She was watching him with something very close to fear. "Honey, I swear I don't understand what you . . ."

Her voice trailed away. The bewilderment in her face was almost convincing; it checked the sarcastic answer he had been about to make. In the silence they both heard footsteps approaching along the gravel drive outside. Elizabeth glanced quickly at Young. They both moved simultaneously, reaching the window together, as somebody knocked at the front door.

The visitor was a middle-aged woman in a neat, light summer coat and a rather fussy summer hat. Receiving no immediate answer to her knock, she stepped back a little to look up at the house. Young drew back from the window quickly, so that she should not see his bandaged face peering out at her. He turned to the girl beside him, who had also retreated. "Who's that?"

Elizabeth shook her head. The knocker sounded again and she looked quickly down at herself, brushed at the damp hem of her housecoat, then ran to the dresser to face the mirror. She glanced at Young, and he saw a hint of panic in her face.

"I'll try to get rid of her!"

She ran out of the room. In a moment, Young could hear her crossing the downstairs hall to the front door. The voices of the two women, raised in polite greeting, came clearly up to the window in the moment before the door closed again behind the visitor. The sound of the strange woman's voice gave Young's memory a little jolt, as if he had brushed unexpectedly against a charged wire. It was a voice he had heard quite recently, although he could not imagine where. He frowned and seated himself at the window to get another look at the woman as she left. He could hear them talking in the downstairs hall. Then, the voices became louder, and, thinking the door had opened, he looked out, only to realize that the visitor was not leaving: she was coming upstairs.

"I declare, I never heard anything so ridiculous!" Elizabeth's voice was firm, but it held a faint edge of panic. "Of course, I insist that you talk to my husband."

Young had barely time to get back into bed as the strangely familiar voice of the visitor in the upstairs hall protested, "But I— Mrs. Wilson, I just wanted to warn you, in case— I realize— Please, Mrs. Wilson, I didn't mean to—"

Then they were at the door. Elizabeth pushed the older woman inside, saying breathlessly, "I don't know who sent you here with this stupid story, Miss Peters, but now you're here you'd better tell my husband all about it. Larry," she said, "Larry, you remember Miss Peters, don't you, honey? Miss Peters has something fascinating to tell you. Go ahead, Miss Peters."

"Really, Mr. Wilson, I had no—"

Suddenly he recognized the woman. He had not known her in the clothes she was wearing, because he had never seen her in anything but a uniform. She was the nurse who had tended him in the hospital.

"Go on, Miss Peters," Elizabeth said grimly.

The nurse said, "Well, really, Mr. Wilson, it was just something—I mean— Well, it's your appendix, Mr. Wilson."

"My appendix?"

She twisted her neatly gloved hands together and said rapidly, "Well, you see, Mr. Wilson, I met old Dr. Knight on a case yesterday, and I know most of his practice is around this neighborhood, so naturally I asked him if he knew you; and he said of course he did, he'd taken care of you when you were a boy. He said"—she licked her lips—"he said he'd taken out your appendix, Mr. Wilson."

"Well?"

"Well, I put you to bed, Mr. Wilson, in the hospital, and—well," she said, "well, you see there wasn't any—I mean—"

"I reckon what Miss Peters is trying to say, honey," Elizabeth Wilson murmured, "is that she can't recall seeing any scar."

THE room was very quiet, and Young was suddenly aware of the buzzing sound of an outboard motor on the river. It had a different meaning to his ears now that he had been told of Dr. Henshaw's nocturnal visits by water; it was, as Elizabeth had said, a sound that in this place you stopped hearing after a while.

The nurse said, "There wasn't any scar."

Her voice held a hint of emphasis, as if she needed to convince herself as well as the two people in the room with her. Young looked at her more sharply. He reminded himself that considerable time had passed now since the night he had been brought into the emergency room of the hospital where she worked; and this woman had undoubtedly helped put to bed hun-

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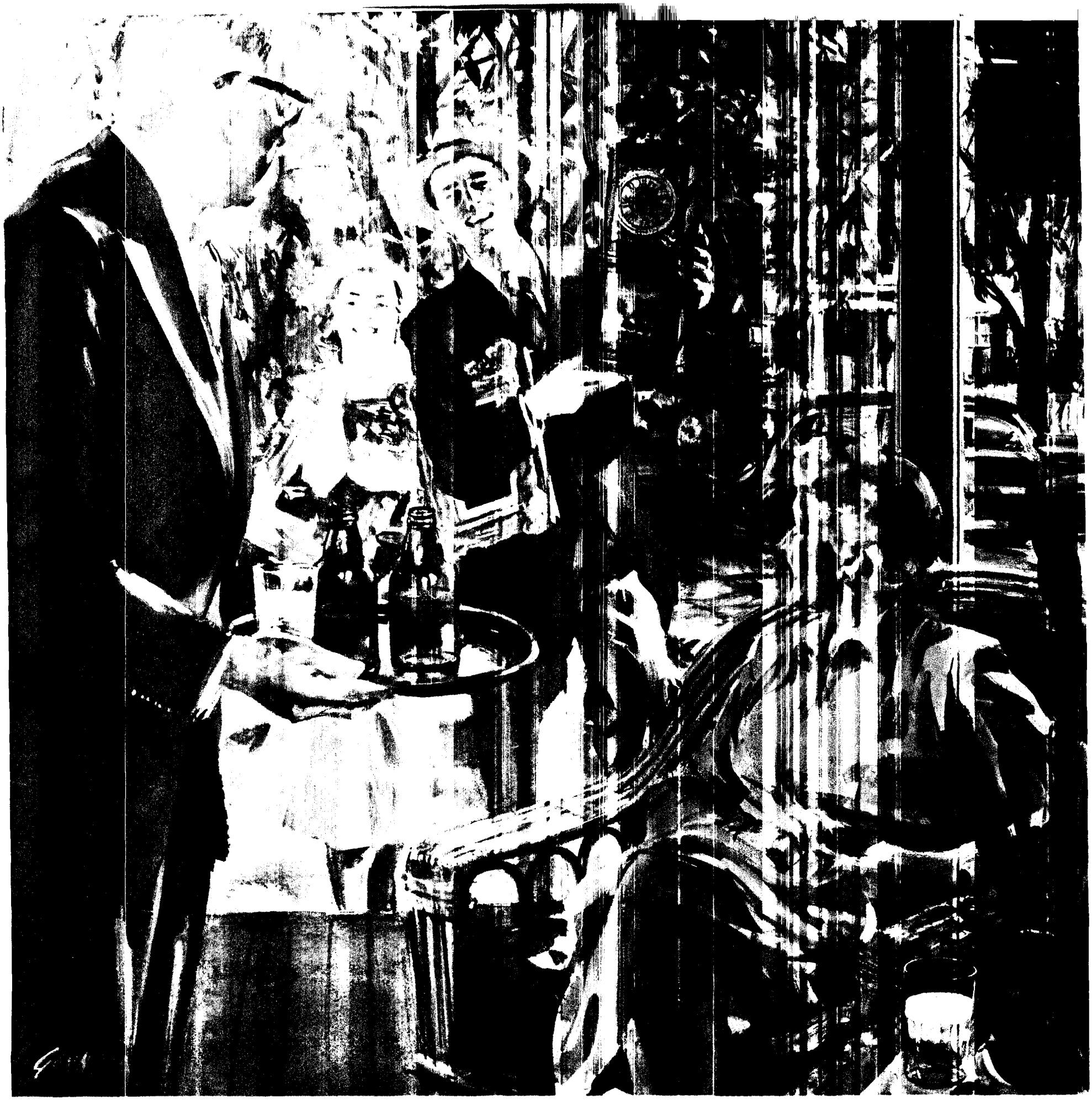

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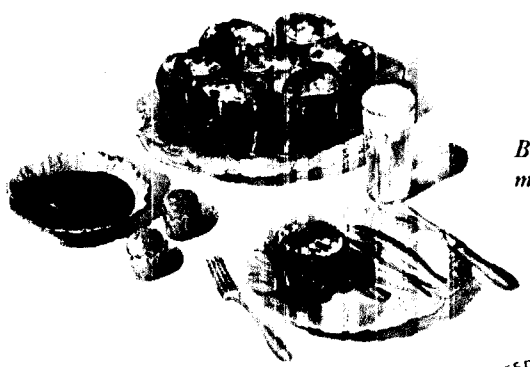

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dreds of accident cases, with and without their appendixes. There was, so far as he knew, no reason why she should have made special note of the unblemished condition of his abdomen. It was just something she had happened to remember later. The very fact that she did remember it seemed to indicate that somebody had aroused her suspicions by asking questions.

But now, embarrassed and worried by her reception here, the woman was beginning to wonder if her memory had not betrayed her into making a fool of herself.

"I mean—" she said uncomfortably.

Elizabeth said breathlessly, "But you *do* have a scar, don't you, honey?" Young saw the nurse look up quickly. Elizabeth was watching him with an expression he could not read. "I declare, this is all very silly," she said with a quick laugh. "After all, I know perfectly well that my *husband* had his appendix out when he was a boy. Of course he's got a scar, Miss Peters. I don't reckon he'll mind showing it to you." She did not look away from the bandaged figure on the bed. "You don't mind, do you —*Larry?*"

He stared at her, shocked and disbelieving: she was giving him up. A moment from now, when her sick "husband" turned out to be an impostor, poor young Mrs. Wilson was clearly going to be the most surprised and bewildered and frightened girl in the state of Maryland, the victim of a cruel hoax perpetrated by a callous murderer hiding from the consequences of his crime in the very home of his victim. *But the victim was alive.* The dark-haired girl in the doorway was throwing him to the wolves for a crime that had not been committed; she was framing him for the murder of a man who was not dead.

HE SAID thickly, "Hell, no. Why should I mind making a public display of my tummy?" He was thinking faster than he had ever thought before in his life; and he did not miss the small change in Elizabeth's expression, that said she did not really know whether he had an appendix scar or not, and that she wasn't the best poker player in the world. He made as if to throw the covers aside; then checked himself and looked directly at the nurse. "Wait a minute! Miss Peters, just what the devil are you trying to prove, anyway? Who sent *you here to make trouble?*"

"Why, nobody, Mr. Wilson. Why—I—I just wanted to warn Mrs. Wilson, it—"

"That was damn' nice of you," Young said. "Warn her of what?"

"Honey, don't be silly!" Elizabeth's face was quite pale. "I reckon it's pretty obvious what Miss Peters thinks! After all, honey, in those bandages you could be Boris Karloff and nobody'd know—"

He put amazement into his voice. "My God, you mean she thinks I'm not— Well, damn it, why don't you just *tell* her . . ." He let his words trail off. "Oh," he said flatly. "I see."

Elizabeth licked her lips. "Well," she said, "well, honey, it's been almost a year since you've been home—"

He laughed harshly. "Well, blow me down! My own wife!"

"I know it's silly, but not seeing your face and—and everything—I've been wondering what made you act so—so *strange.*"

Young looked from one to the other of them. He drew a long breath that hurt his chest, and said, "Miss Peters, my wife and I have been separated for a year. I guess I acted like kind of a bum before I left. I guess she isn't used to having a husband around who behaves himself." The speech made no impression on either of the women facing him. He had not expected it to. He said quietly, "All right, tell me this: if I'm somebody else, what's supposed to've happened to the real Larry Wilson?"

There was a little breeze stirring now in the sunlit leaves outside the window. He could hear it behind him. Sitting, he could see himself in the mirror, naked and faceless and sinister in the white bandages.

"I see," he said dryly when nobody answered him. "I'm supposed to've killed myself—I mean, him. The body, I suppose, I just dematerialized in a flash of atomic vapor. I suppose you realize, Miss Peters," he said, "that this is a pretty serious thing you're suggesting.

"Elizabeth," he said, turning his attention to the girl, "Elizabeth, hadn't you better go get your gun and call the police, dear? I mean, if Miss Peters doesn't find a scar on my stomach, you girls are going to be in a pretty tough spot, aren't you?" He watched her bleakly, noting the flicker of uneasiness with which she received the mention of the police. "Go on, Elizabeth, darling! Call the police. Give the newspapers a ring, too. It's going to make a honey of a story."

Elizabeth licked her lips, clearly visualizing the house filled with detectives and reporters. The nurse had stepped back a little to where she could reach the door fast at the first sign of violence; but she, too, looked embarrassed and uncomfortable as the fantastic nature of the situation came home to her. It was quite an act, he bling him up. He let himself be set down on the edge of the bed. He did not dare look down at himself to make sure the pajama jacket and trousers were meeting to hide the absence of a scar.

The nurse was speaking to him in professionally soothing tones. Elizabeth came running back, breathless. He felt the scissors go to work on the tape and surgical gauze about his head. Suddenly he found himself with a new fear: the fear of how he was going to look. It was something he had managed to keep out of his mind until now.

"All right," Miss Peters said gently. "All right, Mr. Wilson."

He looked up, facing the mirror; and part of the bandages came away in her hands, the rest falling down about his neck. It wasn't, he told himself firmly, as bad as he had expected. The heavy beard made it look worse than it really was; that and the island of tape still protecting the nose. It was the face of a guy who'd been pretty thoroughly worked over; but beneath the cuts and discolorations, it was fundamen-

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Lost?" VIRGIL PARTCH

thought; he was getting to be quite an actor. He gave them another moment to consider what might happen if the man in front of them should actually turn out not to be Lawrence Wilson. Then he laughed.

"Let's quit this kidding," he said in quite normal tones. "It's not really very funny. Liz, get me the scissors out of the bathroom, will you, dear?"

"What?" She looked at him blankly.

"The scissors, darling, so Miss Peters can unmask me. I'm not too badly beat up for my wife to recognize me, am I, Miss Peters? If I *am* Lawrence Wilson?" It was going to be a nice bluff, if it worked.

"Why, no, but—"

NEITHER of them had moved. He stared at them for a moment, willing them to move, but they did not; and in desperation he threw back the covers, crying angrily, "Damn it, if nobody's going to pull these lousy bandages off me, I'll do it myself! It's bad enough lying in bed wrapped up like a Christmas present without having people tell me I'm somebody else!"

Years of training brought the nurse forward to stop him, as he raised his hands to his bandaged head.

"Oh, *no,* Mr. Wilson! You might tear open— Mrs. Wilson, please!"

He heard Elizabeth running to get the scissors. He started to struggle against the strong, competent hands of the nurse, deliberately inviting the pain that suddenly went through his chest like a knife, doutally the face to which he had become accustomed over twenty-nine years.

Elizabeth Wilson was staring at him with an expression that said that however he looked, it was not quite the way she had expected him to look. The nurse's eyes shifted from one to the other of them, reminding Young that he had forgotten the delicate game he had been playing. He met Elizabeth's look with all the confidence he could muster, and read the fear and indecision in her eyes.

"Well," he murmured, "is this the guy you married, Liz?"

He made his voice gently mocking, as if there could be no question of what her response would be; as if he were Lawrence Wilson already sharing with his wife the fine joke that she for a moment actually had doubted his identity.

Elizabeth drew a little breath. "Oh, honey!" she gasped. "Oh, honey, your poor face! I declare, I didn't realize with all those bandages— Does it hurt just awfully?" Having made her decision, she threw herself into the act with abandon. Her finger tips were light against his unshaved cheek; her arm was about him, and she was glaring at the nurse across his body. "Get out," she cried. "Get out of here, you crazy nut! Who sent you here to make trouble, anyway? Trying to make me think I don't know my own husband—I don't know how I could have listened to you for a moment!"

"But, Mrs. Wilson—"

The girl jumped to her feet, releasing Young. "I said get out!" she cried shrilly.

"But, Mrs. Wilson, the bandages—"

"I'll call Dr. Henshaw. Just get out of my house this minute! And if you ever come back here I'll call the police and tell them you tried to blackmail us! Get out!"

The older woman stood her ground for a moment; then she turned and fled. Her retreating footsteps went down the corridor, down the stairs, and across the downstairs hall. The front door opened and closed.

Young caught the girl's wrist and yanked her roughly back as, turning breathlessly, she started for the window to look out.

"Do you want to wreck it now, stupid?" he whispered. "If she sees you peeking—"

They heard the nurse's sturdy shoes crunch in the gravel of the drive. The sound grew fainter in the distance. Elizabeth freed herself and, rubbing her wrist, stood for a moment beside Young without looking at him. When she moved away, he said, "Where are you going?"

She did not look back. "I have to call Bob, honey. I can't put those bandages back myself."

SHE slipped away before he could insist on her staying, and he heard the soft murmur of her voice, after a moment, speaking into the telephone downstairs.

He could see himself in the mirror across the room. The sense of angry outrage stirred again at the back of his mind as he remembered that this had been done to him deliberately, while he was unconscious, by a stranger who had nothing against him personally, but merely wanted an unrecognizable dead body to dress in his own clothes. But he checked the quick hatred in his mind, recognizing it for an evasion. It was very easy to blame everything on Lawrence Wilson simply because none of it would have happened if the man had not chanced to choose him as a suitable victim; but if he were to be honest with himself, he would have to admit that Wilson's responsibility went no further than the hospital. He, Young, could have stopped it right there simply by opening his mouth and giving his name, rank and serial number.

One moment, he reflected grimly, you were a young naval officer griping, as probably hundreds of others had griped, about having to give up everything a second time and go back into the service. Then, because of your fear and resentment, you took one step too far—or failed to step back when circumstances carried you across the line—and you became a faceless fugitive. By that single act of omission you had denied yourself the right to call for help. Nobody owed you anything.

There was a cold bitterness inside him and he felt no sympathy for anybody; not for the nurse with her busybody curiosity, not for the man who had twice tried to kill him or the girl who had just tried to frame him for murder, and least of all for himself. And he realized why it was that last night, when he was about to run from this place, he had turned around and come back. It had been one of those screwball notions you got in the middle of the night: he had come back to redeem himself.

It had seemed suddenly quite obvious to him that, while Lawrence Wilson dead was just a stiff whose name had once carried a faint, unconfirmed taint of disloyalty, the same man alive was a dangerous guy up to real mischief. Something was clearly going on around here that was more important than a disagreement between a man and his wife. And he, David Young, had come back to find out what it was all about, in the vague hope that in this way he could earn the forgiveness of the United States Navy and the gratitude of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, although just how these organizations were involved was not, at the moment, exactly clear.

Elizabeth Wilson came back into the room warily, as if she were uncertain of how he would receive her. She stopped in front of him. "Bob's coming right over," she said. She studied his damaged face curiously; suddenly she smiled. "I declare,

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you are years younger than I thought."

He said without force, "You were going to turn me in. You were going to frame me."

Her smile died. There had never been much to it, anyway. She sank down to the edge of the bed beside him and put her hand on his arm. "I was so scared, honey!" she pleaded. "Oh, I know how you must despise me; but I couldn't bear the thought of going to jail, and I couldn't see how we could *possibly*—"

"To jail for what?"

"Honey, don't joke!"

"Tell me," he said.

"For killing Larry, of course!"

He watched her face, not really believing what he saw there. Yet there could be no doubt about it. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "You actually don't know he isn't dead? How—"

"Isn't—" She was on her feet, staring down at him.

"Who do you think shot at me last night?" he demanded.

"*Larry?*" Her eyes were wide and shocked. "*Larry* shot at you? You're crazy." She swung her hand toward the window. "He's out there! We—we wrapped the chain that was lying on the dock around him. Bob took him out."

Young touched his face gingerly. "Mrs. Wilson, do you think I wouldn't know the man who did this to me?"

She stared at him a moment longer, then turned sharply away from him. He saw her hands close into tight fists at her sides. Then she whirled to face him again, and her head went back and her mouth came open and the hysterical laughter she had been trying to suppress broke loose in a crazy long peal of sound.

HE CAME out of Elizabeth Wilson's room and closed the door behind him with a certain feeling of relief. He was apparently not gentleman enough, or sick enough, to help a distressed young lady to bed without being at least aware of passing up an opportunity.

Downstairs, the telephone began to ring shrilly. He hesitated, tempted to leave it alone; but after a moment he went down to answer it. The voice that spoke in his ear when he lifted the receiver had a brisk, businesslike quality.

"May I speak to Mrs. Wilson, please?"

"Mrs. Wilson is busy at the moment," he said. "This is—her husband. Can I take a message?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilson!" the woman said. "Why, yes, of course. This is Dr. Henshaw's nurse. The doctor wanted me to tell you he's been called away on an emergency and won't be able to come out quite as soon as he'd promised Mrs. Wilson. He'll be there the minute he can get away."

"All right," Young said. "Thank you for calling."

"Not at all, Mr. Wilson. I hope you're feeling better."

"Yes, much better," Young said. "Thank you."

"I'm sure the doctor will be out just as soon as he can make it."

"Swell," he said. "Thanks," and hung up.

Young made his way slowly back upstairs, and paused in the hallway outside the girl's door. For a while there was no sound from inside the room; then he heard her stir uneasily on the bed. She drew a long, ragged breath, like a sob, and was still again. Young was rather surprised to find himself unmoved, even a little suspicious that the sigh had been given for his benefit. He realized, with something of a shock, that not only did he thoroughly distrust Elizabeth Wilson—with a good reason—he did not even like the girl.

He found the thought disconcerting: it seemed that he had somehow taken for granted that, living in the same house with this girl surrounded by an atmosphere of conspiracy and violence, he was going to find himself irresistibly drawn toward her, no matter what she had done or why she had done it. Somehow, if you were a man, you kind of expected yourself to fall at least halfway in love with any really good-looking girl to whom you were exposed; and there was nothing wrong with Elizabeth Wilson's looks, nor could you say that he had not been rather thoroughly exposed to her. Yet his reaction to helping her just now had been no more than a vague, automatic response to a pretty girl with very few clothes on; and her present unhappiness, real or fake, aroused no sympathy in him.

Her voice made him start, as if she could have read his thoughts through the closed door.

"Who was it on the phone, honey?"

"Henshaw's office. He's been held up."

"Oh."

"Feeling better?" Young asked politely. "Can I get you a drink or something?"

"No. No, I'll be all right in a little while, honey."

The mechanical endearment annoyed him. He went on into the bathroom and looked at the battered, bearded face in the mirror above the basin. He decided that a shave could not hurt it and might possibly do it some good; at least it would help the itching. In the cabinet behind the mirror he found a razor that Elizabeth apparently used for her legs and armpits: the blade had that look about it. There was no shaving soap. He worked up a lather with the soap on the washstand, found a fresh blade and got to work.

He had been prepared to like her, he thought; he had been prepared to accept her as a calculating, dangerous but rather attractive and exciting person who wasn't entirely responsible for the nasty mess in which she found herself. He had been ready to make excuses for her: you could see how a girl who had been poor all her life might deliberately marry a man who had money, even if she didn't want him too much. You could see how, frightened by the discovery of her husband's clandestine activities, rejected by his family and friends, she might turn for help—for love, even—to an older man who was kind and understanding. You could even see how, under certain circumstances, a gun could get fired quite accidentally; and how one thing could then lead to another with a kind of ghastly inevitability.

Yet you had to draw the line somewhere; and it was hard to see yourself ever getting to care very much about a girl, no matter how attractive she was, who was unscrupulous enough to try to frame you for a crime she thought she herself had committed, and weak enough to let you bluff her out of the notion, and unbalanced enough to throw an unlovely fit of hysterics afterward. The trouble with Elizabeth Wilson, Young thought, was that she seemed to have the instincts of an adventuress without the guts to go with them: so that you could neither admire her motives nor respect her courage.

You're a fine one to talk about courage, he told himself scornfully. A naval officer who gets sick at the thought of crossing a lily pond in a flat-bottomed rowboat! If you had any guts yourself, you'd never have got into this mess.

When he'd shaved, he decided that he looked remotely human around the tape that still covered his broken nose. It was a face that looked back at him from the mirror now, even if it wasn't beautiful. He made a couple of light dressings for the exposed cuts, took a cautious bath, and went back to his—or Lawrence Wilson's—room to get dressed. When he was dressed, he felt like himself again for the first time since Wilson had left him for dead by the road that night. There was no sign of movement from the room down the hall; he suspected that Elizabeth, worn out by her emotions and still somewhat affected by the sleeping pill he had slipped into her cocoa in the middle of the night, had gone to sleep.

It occurred to him that nothing had changed very much since the night, and he could still leave. He could drive away from here, leaving the girl asleep, and park the station wagon in a garage somewhere. He could send Elizabeth or Henshaw a note, signed Larry, telling them where to pick it up—he doubted that they would dare to report it stolen—and hop a train for Norfolk, where he could report for duty a little late with the excuse—clearly corroborated by the state of his face—that he had been in an accident.

That could be the end of it. Sitting on the bed, he contemplated the possibility that he might extricate himself from this mess with no more than a couple of scars and a reprimand for losing his orders and not notifying the base of his accident. There was a chance, of course, that the situation here would later blow up with a loud bang, and that he would be traced by the police or federal agents and brought back to be implicated in all kinds of criminal and treasonable activities. But there was also a chance that, whatever happened, none of the people involved would ever find it to their advantage to reveal that there had once been two Lawrence Wilsons, one of whom had disappeared.

HE THOUGHT about it calmly, knowing that he was not going to run away. He knew now that there was something here he had to lick if he was ever going to be any good to himself again. To leave here thinking Lawrence Wilson dead had been conceivable; to run away now, leaving the man who had beaten him and shot at him alive and free to carry out his plans, whatever they might be, was not.

Young looked at his marked face in the mirror and realized the truth: he was scared. He did not really care what Lawrence Wilson was doing. Crime was the business of the police. Treason was the business of the FBI. But the night before, when he had recognized the hatted, coated figure of the man who had beaten him almost to death, something familiar and unpleasant had happened inside him.

He knew the taste of panic well; he had felt it before. But always before it had been focused on an inanimate danger: the shocking jar of an explosion, the roaring flames of burning gasoline, the heavy, oil-coated waters around a sinking ship. You could be deathly afraid of these things and still kid yourself that you kept some scraps of self-respect. But when you found yourself cowering in a doorway, shaking and helpless, at the sight of another *man*—even a man you had thought dead; a man you knew to be dangerous; a man who had just shot at you with a heavy revolver—then it was time to stick around to face this danger for a change, instead of running away, even if running away might be smarter.

Downstairs, the telephone had begun to ring again. He listened to it for a few seconds, thinking that for a quiet country house they were certainly having a lot of visitors and telephone calls this morning: this was the third interruption since he had waked up—the fourth if you counted the girl who had sailed by on the river—and he had not yet had breakfast.

WHEN, a little breathless from the effort of descending the stairs, he picked up the telephone, a man's voice spoke impatiently in his ear.

"Hello! Hello, Elizabeth?"

It was a voice that he had heard before; and he felt a quick constriction of fear in his chest as he waited for the man at the other end of the line to identify himself.

"Hello," the voice said. "Hello, this is Dr. Henshaw speaking. Who's there?"

Young let his breath out gently, ashamed of himself. "This is Larry," he said.

"Oh, it's you," the doctor said. "What's the matter out there, anyway? My nurse told me you answered the phone when she called. Where's Eliz—Mrs. Wilson?"

"She's upstairs," Young said. "She threw some kind of a wingding. I—put her to bed," he added, with an obscure desire to annoy the older man. Somehow you were always a little envious of a man who had managed to promote an affair with a pretty woman, even if you had no designs on the lady yourself. "She's all right now," he said when Henshaw did not speak. "Resting."

"Wingding?" the doctor asked.

"Hysterics."

"You're sure she's all right? I could manage to come out if—"

"I think she'll live," Young said.

"Mrs. Wilson is quite a brave person," the doctor said stiffly, as if to reproach him for his flippancy toward the girl who was supposed to be his wife. "The strain of the past few days must have— I suppose it was the visitor you had this morning that proved the final straw?"

"No," Young said. "The visitor we had last night."

"Last night?" Henshaw sounded puzzled and wary. "I don't quite understand. Mrs. Wilson did mention over the phone that—that you'd noticed somebody prowling around the house last night, but—"

"Noticed is hardly the word," Young said. "The guy kind of called himself to my attention."

"Yes," the doctor said hastily. It was clear that he did not want to discuss the details over the telephone; yet he could not help wanting to know more about what had happened. "Yes, well, Mrs. Wilson mentioned the encounter, but she did not seem unduly disturbed—"

Young said, "When she talked to you, I hadn't told her who it was."

There was a period of silence. Then the doctor's voice came again: "I see. You think you—uh—recognized the man?"

"I don't think so. I know it."

"Wasn't it rather dark for identifying—"

Young said, "This particular character I'd recognize at the bottom of a well."

"I see." The doctor sounded rather more distant, as if he had moved a little away from the telephone. "Well, I don't think we'd better talk about it now, do you? I'll try to get out shortly. I really think you've made a mistake; if you wait, I think I can explain to your satisfaction . . ."

Young frowned at the other man's obvious uneasiness; and suddenly things started to become clear in his mind. *You and Ellery Queen!* he thought, with quick con-

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tempt for his own slowness in catching on. The person who had shot a man might make a mistake about his being dead; but the person who buried him would *know*. And Elizabeth had indicated that Henshaw had disposed of Wilson's body alone.

Young said harshly, "Frankly, Doc, I don't really give a damn who hears what I have to ask you. I think we've run this act into the ground, anyway."

"Please," the doctor protested, "I'll be out in half an hour. This is a party line—"

"The hell with the party line!" Young said. The memory of all the different ways this man and the girl upstairs had made a fool of him seemed to crowd in on him, feeding his anger. He did not care who might be listening: the busybodies who were always listening in on any party line, or the quiet young men who might be particularly interested in this one, although wire-tapping was supposed to be illegal. He was through trying to pretend to be somebody else for other people's benefit. He said, "I just want to know one thing: *suppose you tell me where you buried Mrs. Wilson's real husband, Doc. Because it didn't take!*"

THERE was a long silence. Waiting, Young found himself suddenly aware of the big, silent house around him; somewhere within it, he sensed, something had moved. He grimaced, and refrained from looking toward the head of the stairs above him where, he guessed, Elizabeth Wilson would be eavesdropping.

When Henshaw spoke again, his voice was strained: "I don't understand—*Larry*. Is this some kind of a joke that—"

"Cut it out, Doc. The show's over."

Some miles away, Dr. Henshaw seemed to sigh. "I see it is," he murmured.

"All I want to know is how come," Young said. "I want to know how I happened to be shot at last night by a guy who's supposed to be dead; a guy *you're* supposed to have taken out into the Bay and dropped overboard, according to his wife. Just what kind of a fairy story have you been feeding me, Doc, and why?"

"It does seem to be a matter that requires explanation, doesn't it?" the doctor said. There was a resigned quality to his voice. "I still think this is an idiotic conversation to be carried on over the telephone; I suppose you're trying to make me incriminate myself. Well, I can't see that it really matters, now. I suppose Elizabeth knows the truth? That's why she had hysterics?"

Young said, "What happened, Doc? Did Wilson come to in the boat?"

There was another long silence.

"Well—" Some miles away, Henshaw sighed. "Well, not exactly. I—"

"But you discovered that he wasn't dead."

"That is correct. I discovered that he wasn't dead. I—had only examined him superficially when I arrived at the house; it was a rather hectic moment, as you will understand, and Mrs. Wilson required my attention. But when I had proceeded out toward the Bay a sufficient distance, and hove the boat to in preparation for—for getting rid of the body, I naturally— Well, I am, after all, a doctor; and one always likes to check on a preliminary diagnosis before—taking any drastic action. You can imagine my emotions upon discovering that Larry was not even seriously hurt. Just a minor scalp wound. By the time I had dressed it, using the boat's first-aid kit, he had regained consciousness."

Young said, "I don't get it. Why didn't you tell Mrs. Wilson the good news?"

The doctor cleared his throat. "Well, as you can imagine, Larry wasn't in a very nice mood. And he—uh—took the opportunity to tell me—certain things that I found rather distressing."

"He told you things about Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Such as?"

"I'd rather not say. I would not have believed him, except for having noticed—Well, I am not altogether blind, Mr. Young. And as he was talking everything seemed to—to fall into place. But—I did not want her to know I knew. There is no fool like an old fool, Mr. Young; and even after learning what I just had about her— Do you understand? If I had told her that her husband was alive, she would know what he must have told me. She would know I realized that she had lied to me and deceived me about—little things I had found occasion to question from time to time. Perhaps—perhaps about big things as well.

"I would have had to watch her either trying to deny the truth, or brazenly admitting it and flinging in my face the fact that, even knowing it, I could not bring myself to leave her, let alone to hurt her by giving my information to the authorities like a loyal citizen. I preferred to take the cheap advantage of letting her continue to think herself a murderess, needing my help. I don't suppose, at your age, you can understand a man's being so—so helplessly dependent on somebody as to want her on those terms."

Young found it difficult to feel sorry for the man. He could not quite imagine wanting a girl that badly; particularly a girl like Elizabeth Wilson. It did not seem necessary to ask again what Lawrence Wilson had said about his wife to disillusion the older man; it was easy enough to guess that Wilson had merely implicated the dark-haired girl in his own guilt, destroying with a few brutal facts her pretense of having lived innocently in his house for years with no more than an occasional, dreadful suspicion of her husband's secret activities.

"What about Wilson? Where is he now?" Young asked.

"I don't know," the doctor's voice said distantly. "I told him I would keep quiet about—about *everything* if he promised to leave the neighborhood and never go near Elizabeth again. I—I said I was doing it for her sake, to save her. I took the boat back to the dock and went up to the house, leaving him aboard. When I came back down, on the excuse of cleaning up, he was no longer there . . . Mr. Young?"

"Yes?"

"You were telling the truth when you said she was all right? You haven't hurt her?"

"I haven't touched her. She's okay."

"What—are you planning to do, now?"

"I don't know," Young said.

"Did she—say anything about me? When you told her you had seen her husband alive?"

Young said, "No. She just started laughing kind of crazy."

Henshaw said, "She laughed? I see . . ." His voice seemed to fade suddenly.

"Wait a minute, Doc! Have you any idea where Wilson could be hiding?"

THERE was no click, only the sudden hum of the wire as the receiver was gently replaced at the far end. After a while Young returned his receiver to the cradle and stood up. It seemed to him he had fallen in with a bunch of screwballs. Then it occurred to him that a psychiatrist could probably have a lot of fun with *him*, too.

There was no sound at the head of the stairs. He decided against going up. If Elizabeth had been listening, she would be waiting for him, ready for his accusations. He would learn nothing from her.

He realized that he still had had no breakfast, and that he was almost too hungry to think straight. He walked through the ornate, old-fashioned dining room and pushed aside the swinging door that opened, as he had expected, into a large kitchen. After the antique dining room, the kitchen gave a startling impression of chromium-plated modernity in spite of the unwashed dishes piled untidily about the sink and drainboard and the dirty pans cluttering the top of the new electric stove, which seemed to have more levers, knobs and dials than the instrument panel of a fighter plane. He had taken three steps into the room when he realized that the sound he had heard in the house earlier had not, after all, come from upstairs. It had come from out here. Somebody was standing behind him.

(To be continued next week)

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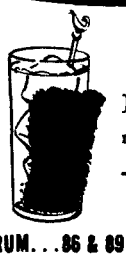

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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

his act; it is the straddling stride of a king penguin. Jimmy keeps his legs in condition by means of exercises and massage, which are also beneficial to the rest of his five-foot seven-inch, 157-pound frame.

The leg-stretching finished, Durante takes his breakfast, usually about noon. While he eats, he reads the theatrical papers, and two or three of his letters or telegrams. (He puts most of his correspondence aside until the first of the next month, tearing up some of it absent-mindedly in the interim, and frequently losing or destroying pay checks. He causes his bankers a lot of worriment.)

Like his home life, Jimmy's stage personality is a fairly simple, uncomplicated one. Wherever he appears, whatever the medium, it's always the same Durante, and few people have ever seriously suggested casting him as anything else.

John Barrymore once told him solemnly: "You should play Hamlet."

"Never liked them small towns," Jimmy replied. "I'll take New York."

Youngest of Four Children

New York—or, to be precise, lower Manhattan—is where James Francis Durante was born, on February 10, 1893. He was the fourth, and last, child born to Bartolomeo and Rosa Durante; ahead of him were his brothers Michael and Albert, and his sister Lilian.

Jimmy was baptized at St. James Catholic Church in Oliver Street; not far away, at 90 Catharine Street, was the family home. Bartolomeo's barbershop was in the same building (when he was a youngster, Jimmy helped lather the customers) but it faced on Cherry Street, just around the corner. The East River lay two short blocks southeast, and the fringe of Chinatown 100 yards or so to the north. From the Durante home, one heard the cries of pushcart peddlers from morning until night, and the lion-voiced whistles of tugs and cargo vessels sounded along the South Street water front.

As a boy, Jimmy suffered the kind of heartache that comes to almost every sensitive child born with a real or fancied malformation. Durante's outsize nose kept him wretched in mind for a long time. To divert attention from it, Jimmy allowed his voice, a vast one to begin with, to become even more raucous than nature had intended, in the belief that it would make him seem a strongly self-confident person. Actually, his nose problem had made of him what he now calls "a shrinking violence."

"Every time I went down the street," he says, "I'd hear, 'Lookit, the big-nose kid!' And when anybody'd look my way, I'd just sneak off. Even if they said nothing, nothing at all, I'd shrivel up and think they was saying, 'What an ugly kid! What a monster!' And then I'd go home and cry. All through life, even when I am making a fortune on account of the big beak, and while I am out there on the stage laughing and kidding about the nose, at no time was I ever happy about it. It was"—and he lights on one of his favorite words—"a catastastroke!"

When Jim reached the eighth grade—as far as he ever got in school—his parents decided that he must take piano lessons. Jimmy was pleased, but he wanted to be a ragtime piano player, while his parents thought he should learn classical music. Bartolomeo hired a Professor Fiori to teach Jimmy the piano. A small Italian with a big black mustache and an air of authority, the professor brought his new student along until the youngster was playing compositions such as The Poet and Peasant Overture, or La Paloma.

"We used to have concerts," Durante said. "You played two hands, four hands, and wore a Buster Brown collar, and had to sit with a little girl. Holy good night! How many blue notes I hit!"

On the days when Jim went to Professor Fiori's, his mother would give him a dollar for the lesson. On his way, Durante sometimes would meet his friends and go to a coffee place to play an Italian game of cards called "sweep" or "scoop." The loser bought black Italian coffee and round cakes. Durante never showed skill at cards, then or at any other time; he almost always lost his dollar.

Professor Fiori would come next day to the Durante house to complain about his student's absence. Since the teacher could speak but little English, Durante was safe in protesting in that language: "He wants me to come *twict* a week so's he can make more money out of us."

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Jim's brother Albert had a job as a bookbinder's apprentice, and his other brother, Michael, worked for a photo-engraving firm. But the boys of the neighborhood had few ambitions other than to be a fireman or policeman. Albert quit the bookbinding business, passed the examination for the police force, and remained a policeman the rest of his life. Albert was a big fellow, six feet tall, and had a nose—incredible as it may seem—even longer than Jim's. Durante's other brother, Michael, quit the engraving business, also to become a policeman, but soon afterward went back to his trade.

Jimmy, too, considered a policeman's career for a time; but he did not want to get that far away from the piano. Nevertheless, he had no ambition to be a theatrical figure, and no thought of becoming a comedian. As a matter of fact, he very nearly got into an entirely different field.

One of the larger boys of the district used to torment young Durante about what he now calls his "collosial" nose. One afternoon, Jimmy fought this bully for two and a half hours. The police interrupted the battle twice, but each time the boys would go to a more secluded place to resume their fighting. During this scrap, Durante's nose was broken. The bone was permanently bent downward, a mishap that did not improve its appearance.

Across the street from the Durante barbershop, a politician named George Horne owned a saloon frequented by sportsmen and prize fighters. A well-known referee, Florey Barnett, drank there daily.

"Jimmy," he said, "I hear you're a pretty good boy with your dukes. We got a fighter coming over from Brooklyn and we'd like you to try out with him."

The sixteen-year-old Durante was not eager to take on this opponent, a veteran mauler. But several of Jimmy's cronies were present and Durante, who often did foolish things out of pride, said, "All right."

Saloonkeeper Horne scheduled the bout in the sports hall above the barroom, with Jimmy appearing that night as Kid Salerno.

Soon after the first round started, Jimmy heard a ringsider call out, "Now go get him!" Even at that age, Durante was alert to audience reaction. He turned to identify the spectator, whereupon his opponent hit him flush on the chin. It was Kid Salerno's last fight.

When Jimmy quit school it was to take a job as driver of a one-horse coal wagon. That lasted three days. Then he went to work at a wholesale hardware store in Chambers Street, at $7.50 a week. He had charge of the stockroom and also served as one of several errand boys.

The week before Christmas, the boys decided to ask for an increase in pay. They elected Jim their spokesman, and instructed him to demand an hour for lunch instead of half an hour, and a two-dollar raise. Then they shook hands, and Durante went in to see the boss.

The Penalty of Leadership

The next Saturday Jimmy found a slip of blue paper in his pay envelope, and on it the information: "Your services no longer are required."

Jim assembled his followers. "What's the next plan?"

One fellow said, "Well, I need the job." Another said, "My mother is sick." A third one explained, "I can't quit. I been here three years."

The foreman came on the scene, and Jim's friends sauntered off, as if they were strangers to him. It was his last experience as a labor leader.

During all of this time, Jimmy was diligently applying himself to the piano, largely disregarding his parents' injunction to stick to the classics. Even before he left school, he had played for the weekly dances at the concert halls on nearby Cherry Street; by the time he was seventeen, he was a fairly accomplished ragtime musician.

It was in the summer of that year, 1910, that someone approached him with a suggestion that was to mark a turning point in his life: "There's a job for a piano player open at Diamond Tony's in Coney Island. Why don't you take it for the season?" He did, at the munificent sum of $25 a week, announcing to his mother after the first payday, "Oh, Mom! I'm making more than the barbershop!"

At that time, the Island—now a peninsula, for a tidal creek that long ago separated it from Brooklyn has been filled in—was a place where New York gangsters of assorted talents took the sea air each summer season. The notorious thug Kid Twist and the professional strong man and killer Cyclone Louie had been snuffed out there not long before Durante appeared on the scene.

From Decoration Day until November, millions of New Yorkers visited Coney Island, as they still do. Picnickers and bathers thronged the six miles of Atlantic beach on the warm days and patronized the two great amusement parks, Fred Thompson's Luna and George Tilyou's Steeplechase.

Pianist Durante Fills In

It was into this poor-man's Eden that young Jimmy Durante came to play piano, working seven days a week from 8:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M. At that time, cafés such as he worked in had no orchestras, for it was not yet legal for patrons to dance in beer halls. Instead, a pianist played for the various singers, filling in with instrumental numbers until time for the artists to perform again.

On the street where Jimmy first worked, there stood eight or nine frame houses. Police reports of things that occurred inside these traps were enough to curl the hair of a cigar-store Indian. Three of these seedy seraglios belonged to Jimmy's boss, Diamond Tony, a man who would give you a biscuit in exchange for a barrel of flour.

When business became slow on weathery nights, Durante loafed inside the café, read the Police Gazette or played at dice or hearts with the waiters. Diamond Tony, however, would stay outside in all kinds of weather to keep on the lookout for suckers.

If prospects strolled his way, Tony would dash inside, clap his hands, and shout: "Come on you!" At this signal, the musician would spring to his instrument, to play furiously until the strollers either came into the place or passed it by.

Durante's mother knew that he was playing the piano somewhere, but for a long time did not know where. "When she found out, she was shocked," Jimmy remembers: "I came home early one morning and found my brothers waiting up for me, and they gave me the talking of my life. They said, 'What's the matter with you?'

" 'Why,' I says to my brothers, 'I got to make some money for the house.'

" 'You're goin' to the dogs, kid,' my brother Albert said. And Mike he says, 'What do you want to be, a souse, working in a dive? That's the way you're gonna wind up.' "

Jimmy insisted that he was all right at Coney. "I don't drink. I don't chase."

He stayed at Diamond Tony's through the summer, and then, when the season ended, got a job at the Chatham Club in New York's Chinatown, about five blocks from his home. Once again, he worked from eight o'clock at night until six or later each morning, Sundays included.

The Chatham Club was considered the "best place" in this slum district, but that was a sinister boast. To this Chinatown maze the sight-seers came each day to see the opium layouts; gangland's overlords and their molls found recreation at the various cafés of the district, and held underworld conferences in the back rooms.

It was a rowdy neighborhood and a rowdy life for Jimmy. Reform Mayor John Purroy Mitchel was trying to clean up the city, and his closing-hour law greatly annoyed the proprietor of the Chatham, one Mr. Shivers. The police came in one night to see that he closed on time. "If you're going to break up the jernt," said Shivers, "I'll break it up myself." Whereupon he threw a Seltzer bottle through one mirror, and then began to break all the others.

But the rough environment didn't faze the Chatham's piano player. "At three o'clock in the morning down there in Chinatown," Jimmy said later, "it was like Broadway and Forty-second Street. I made more

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money at the Chatham Club than I made in any place until I went in with my partners, Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton. The entertainers used to split two or three hundred a week in tips."

The next summer, Jimmy left the Chatham Club and went back to Coney Island to work at Kerry Walsh's, across the street from Diamond Tony's. There he met a singing waiter with big brown eyes and a good voice, a boy named Eddie Cantor. Eddie and Jim became great friends at once.

Of this time, Jim said: "Eddie and me had lots of fun, the two of us. We seemed to match. If a guy would ask for a song, and we didn't know the song, we'd make one up on the spot. If a guy wanted The Hills of Kentucky, which I didn't know or ever heard of, I'd fake a melody, and Eddie would sing, 'The hills of Kentucky are far, far away, and when you're from the hills, you're away from them hills, yes, away from them hills of Kentucky.'

"So the guy who'd asked for the song and had slipped us a couple of bucks, would object: 'That ain't the words.' And Eddie would say, innocent like, 'Are there *two* of them? Well, gee, I'll ask the piano player does he know the other one.' And then we'd go on from there, and we'd make a regular routine out of it; and Eddie would say to the man, 'Oh,' he'd say, 'you must mean *this* one.' And he'd begin to sing some other make-up lyrics, and I'd follow him on the piano: 'Old Kentucky in the hills, which we love so dear . . .'

"And the guy would yell his brains out: 'Stop it! That's not it, either.' He'd say, 'What are you? Wise guys?' Eddie, with his big brown eyes would shed real tears, and sob out, 'No,' he'd cry, 'and if you want the money back, we'll give you the money back!' But as he says this, he's walking away from the guy. The money is in his shoe already; maybe the guy wants his money back, but Eddie walks away too fast."

Eddie and Jimmy were pals after hours. Jimmy recalls Eddie being very ambitious and something of a philosopher. This was the last café that Eddie ever worked in, and Durante remembers that Cantor urged him to go on the vaudeville stage. Jimmy would reply that he didn't want to go away from his piano, ever.

Advice from Eddie Cantor

"I know you want to be a piano player," Eddie said once, "but piano playing is going to get you nothing. You'll be a piano player till you're a hundred years old. You gotta look further than that. People like you a whole lot. Why don't you get up on the floor and say something to the people? Make remarks while you're playing the piano?"

To this, Jimmy answered, "Gee, Eddie, I wouldn't do that. I'd be afraid people would laugh at me . . ."

By the time he was twenty-two, Jimmy had had five years of experience in some 20 Coney Island joints. During this period, he became acquainted with turf touts of the Gravesend and Sheepshead Bay race tracks. He kept tipsters' sheets and the daily racing section of the New York Morning Telegraph on his piano and studied the form charts of the ponies as he pounded the keys.

Jim never was a successful gambler. Whenever he won a small bet, he would broadcast his good luck with the gusto of one who had come into a sudden inheritance. Even in later years, when he earned large sums of money, he seldom bet big. His desire to have a winner, however, caused him to wager on as many as four or five horses in each race—a system not advocated by the experts.

He was always a fall guy. Years later, during his night-club days, Durante complained because neighborhood bookmakers paid off at prices considerably less than odds quoted at the track. A prankish waiter thereupon informed him that he knew someone who'd "pay the limit." Jimmy made a note of the telephone number and called it next day, not realizing that he was talking to the office of District Attorney Edward Swann, who had been campaigning vigorously against gamblers.

Durante placed some bets—or thought he did—and said over the telephone, "If I win, please send the money over to the café."

Jimmy's horses, as usual, lost. A plain-clothes man assigned to the antigambling detail called at the café. Mistaking him for the bookmaker, Jim began to count out the money. The man then accused him of attempting to bribe an officer, but let him off the hook with: "On account of your brother, an up-and-up cop, I'm not going to pinch you this time. But we expect you to tell us the names of all your bookies."

Durante's reply to this stool-pigeon invitation became a classic of its kind: "Does Macy's tell Gimbels?"

In 1915, the police closed Jimmy's current place of employment, a dive called Maxine's that was so tough, he later said, "if you took off your hat you were a sissy."

His next job was at the Alamo, a downstairs den on West 125th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It had a bar in one room and seated about 200 persons at battered tables in another dimly lighted room. The only fresh air to be had in this cellar was what the customers brought in on their clothes. There was a bandstand upon which a piano player, four other instrumentalists and various singers and dancers performed. There was a burlesque theater above the Alamo, a claptrap auditorium unrelated businesswise to the cabaret downstairs.

"I landed the job at the Alamo," Jim says, "and I got $45 a week and tips for playing from eight o'clock at night till I was subconscious."

Dancing now was legal in cabarets, and Durante and the five-piece band became very popular with the customers. Many of these were well behaved folks who merely wanted to have a good time, but the biggest spenders were the gentlemen who lived by their wits or by their blackjacks and guns.

One early morning when Jimmy was leaving the Alamo, two tough patrons, Footsie Vinny, who specialized in kicking out the dentures of his victims, and Archie Montis, an excellent peteman, or safeblower, accosted him with: "You're comin' with us."

"I gotta get home," Jimmy said. "My mother's had a stroke."

"Quit stallin'," said Footsie, and he picked up Jimmy's overcoat. "We're goin' lookin' for somebody."

"You said it," remarked Mr. Montis. "And we mean to find this certain bimbo and shoot him right in the head."

"Look, partner," Durante said to Footsie, "on the level, my maw is sick. Can I have my coat back?"

"Come on," said Footsie.

The protesting Durante accompanied the men to a saloon, at the doorway of which they were joined by a very thin but very tough gentleman, one Hacker Spinnet, so called because he had tuberculosis and coughed a lot.

"He ain't here," Mr. Spinnet coughed sadly. "Musta heard you was lookin' for evens." Meaning that the prospective victim was the object of revenge.

Somewhat disappointed, the three thugs nonetheless dragged Durante into the saloon, and Footsie ordered drinks for everyone.

Then Montis asked the bartender, "Has Jig Foley been here tonight?"

"No," said the bartender. "Who's askin' for him?"

It suited Mr. Montis' sense of humor to reply: "If he shows up, just tell him Jimmy Durante was in here lookin' for him."

Then he added slowly, "And tell him likewise that Durante'll be back, *with a gun!*"

A Worried Durante

Terrified, Jimmy finally slipped out of the place unobserved and went on home. Next day he learned that the saloon had been held up. And now he realized that he had last seen his overcoat draped across the bar. He worried for weeks over the circumstance that his name had been given to the bartender, and also that his coat probably had been found by the police at the scene of the crime. But he never heard about the incident again.

The Alamo management acquired a place on Coney Island known as the College Arms, so Jim worked winters at the Alamo and summers on the Island. Eventually the proprietor took over another Coney Island café on Surf Avenue known as the College Inn, and closed the College Arms.

In 1915, Jim met Eddie Jackson, a cake-walker and baritone, who patterned his style after that of the great Negro comedian, Bert Williams. Jackson, three years Durante's junior, was a product of Brooklyn amateur nights who had become well known as a singing waiter and later in vaudeville as an intoner of loud ballads. At the time he met Jimmy, Jackson was working with a vaudeville partner named Eddie Murray.

The raucous nature of the Jackson-Murray combination had a natural appeal for Durante, and he asked them to appear one night at the Alamo for an audition. They failed to make the grade, and Durante now had his first experience at firing performers, for him an ordeal.

"I'm sorry, fellows," he told Jackson and Murray, "but the boss just won't let me have you come back any more."

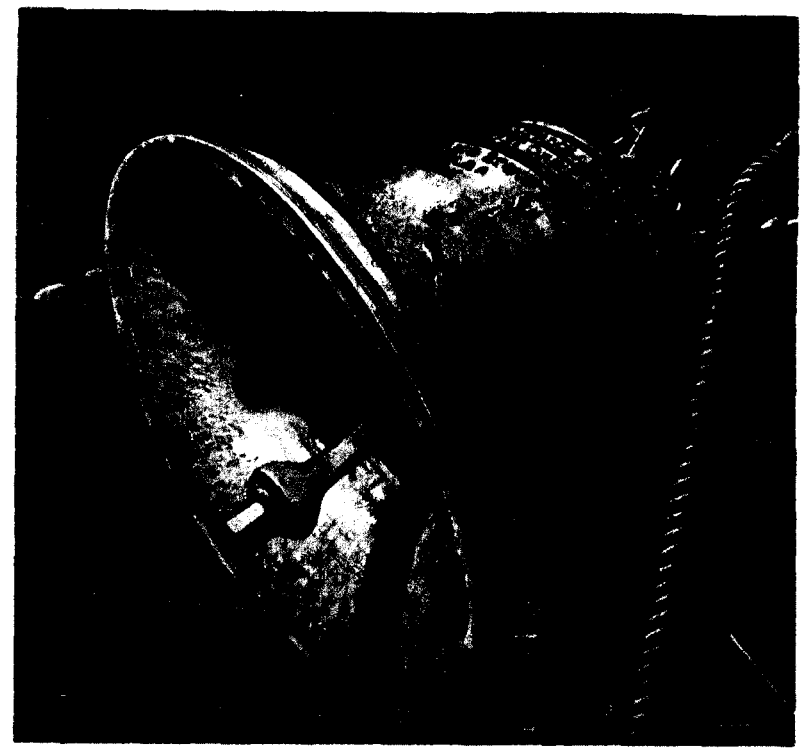
Two years later, Durante again met Jackson. Eddie had split with Murray and now was teamed with Miss Dot Taylor, blues singer and exponent of the shimmy, a dance craze of the time. Jackson and Taylor were appearing at Solar's Garden.

Durante liked this act and succeeded in booking it for the Alamo that winter. The team became a solid hit. Miss Taylor soon afterward went elsewhere, but Jackson stayed on with Durante at the Alamo. It was the beginning of a fabulous relationship.

Early in 1918, a young lady named Maud Jeanne Olson, who came from the Midwest, wandered into the Alamo one evening. She was seeking employment as a singer, and had been sent by a booking agent to try out at the Ritz, a night club not far away. Miss Olson had mistaken the Alamo for the Ritz.

She walked into the Alamo and into Jimmy Durante's life, to stay for as long as she lived.

Exciting times were ahead for Jimmy Durante. In next week's Collier's you will find the story of his marriage, the great days of the Club Durant, and how the fabulous team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante got its start. Order your newsstand copy today.



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A Fruitful Youth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

non-co-operative before you give him a chance to do anything?" she asked, her hazel eyes fixed on me. "Children aren't insensitive, you know. If they feel you don't like them, they won't give you much reason for liking them."

"It's not that I don't like Douglas," I protested. "It just seemed to me that he wasn't very interested in being in the pageant. And he wasn't."

"He wasn't interested in being a fruit for the third year in a row!"

Then the ice in her voice melted. "Douglas needs to be handled with understanding," she said. "His father died in the war right after he was born. I've tried to be both father and mother to him but, of course, it doesn't work. He needs a lot of building up. It doesn't help him any to have the smallest role in the pageant."

I said, "Oh," which was the only comment I could think of at the moment.

"And by the way," she went on, brightening, "why do the children always have to be in these dismal pageants? Why don't you put on something that they can enjoy and be interested in? I'll bet the other children don't really care any more about this pageant than Douglas does."

I had to admit that most of them had not seemed overwhelmed at the prospect.

"Why don't you let me write a little show for you?" she suggested, pointing a slender finger at me. "Something the kids would get a kick out of doing."

I looked at her with new amazement.

"You write?" I asked, as though it were something that had never been heard of before.

She nodded. "That's what's kept Douglas and me going for the last four years. You might not think much of it as art, but it pays the bills. I write a soap opera, Life Is a Dream. How about letting me try? I could write in a part for Douglas that isn't a fruit."

"It's awfully nice of you to offer," I said, "but I'm just filling in for Miss Finnerty and I'm not in a position to change things. Besides, Miss Finnerty wrote the pageant herself."

But Mrs. Mitchell was persuasive. It's rather difficult to argue with a woman whose mere presence makes you feel fuzzy around the edges. I finally succumbed and agreed that we should at least see what she could cook up in the next couple of days. I was glowing all over at the prospect of this working partnership when the doorbell rang and a large hulk hove itself in.

"Hiya, Mary Lou gal," exclaimed the hulk in a penetrating voice. Mary Lou gal gave him a bright-eyed look and a warm welcome and told me this was Leonard Windrip. I shook his puffy paw.

THEN Douglas came clattering down the stairs screaming, "Uncle Leonard! Uncle Leonard!" He clutched one of Windrip's large legs and looked up at him with childish joy. Windrip patted him on the head and made some loud exclamations about "good old Dougie boy."

As Mary Lou was herding me toward the door and suggesting that I come over the next day after school to start working on the new script, I noticed that some exchange seemed to be going on between Douglas and Windrip—Windrip dipping his hand into his pocket, Douglas receiving something in his cupped hands and skipping gaily out of the room.

So that's his game, I thought as I walked down the street kicking viciously at innocent twigs. Slipping Douglas candy or something so Mary Lou would think the kid liked him.

When I arrived for the play conference the next day, Douglas was sitting on the front steps throwing rocks at a bed of tulips. I put on a large smile.

"Hello, Douglas," I said warmly.

Douglas granted me a glum recognition but then, as I made a big show of dipping my hand into my pocket, his face brightened. I drew out a fistful of hard candies and dropped them into his outstretched hands. He examined them with disgust.

"Candy!" he snorted disdainfully and heaved one at the tulips.

Candy? I thought as I went up on the porch and rang the bell. What's wrong with candy? If Windrip wasn't passing him candy, what *was* he handing out? Five-dollar bills?

Mary Lou was full of charm and ideas. While I gazed at her eagerly, she announced that what the third-graders needed was a soap opera of their own.

"Not really a soap opera," she explained, "but all the elements of a soap opera as told by the children. They love that sort of stuff. They're always dreaming up the most awful things imaginable that are supposed to be happening to their families and friends and they seem to get such masochistic pleasure out of going around repeating them in deadly seriousness."

"Uh-huh," I said dreamily.

"Well, you know how it is in soap opera," she went on. "It's the same kind of thing. So let's have the children tell about these things that are happening to the people around them and act it all out as they tell it."

"Uh-huh," I said, still dreaming. And then it suddenly dawned on me what she was saying.

"Wait!" I cried, leaping out of my enchantment. "Arson, murder, rape in the third grade. We can't get away with that. All is supposed to be sweetness and light and innocent childish prattle."

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "It's not as drastic as all that. They just imitate the things they hear around the house and dress them up with a few imaginative details. And, believe me, children have vivid imaginations."

"But what will the mothers think?" I exclaimed. "Will the mothers like this sort of thing?"

Mary Lou looked me straight in my wide-open eyes.

"I," she said, "am a mother."

There is something about an irrefutable fact like that when it is backed up by a pair of gorgeous hazel eyes which are backed up by glowing copper hair, all of which is supported by— Well, I finally said all right and we started working on the script.

It was a beautiful afternoon and a beautiful situation and I even found myself developing a whimsical attachment to Douglas as he clomped in and out of the house, slamming the front door with abandon.

Such bliss couldn't last forever, of course, for eventually Leonard Windrip came barking in. Douglas greeted him with some fervent shouts and they went through the shuffling routine around Windrip's coat pocket. I made an unobtrusive effort to see what it was that Douglas was conning him for, but I couldn't penetrate their sleight of hand.

I left right after that. As I was saying good-by to Mary Lou at the door, I mentioned that Douglas seemed to be very much attached to Windrip.

"Yes, he is," she said. "Douglas thinks he's wonderful. In fact, Leonard is the man that Douglas has really taken to. Douglas has always seemed jealous of other men I've known, but Leonard seems to understand him. And I'm so glad. Douglas does need a man to look up to."

"Yes, I suppose he does," I said. "But how do you feel about Windrip? I mean you, personally, without considering Douglas."

COLLIER'S **"There's the steak . . . no, it's the charcoal . . . no, it's the . . . !"** FRANK OWEN

She rested her hazel eyes on me with an admonishing little smile.

"I can never eliminate Douglas from what I think," she said. "I'm delighted that Leonard and Douglas get along so well together. Leonard has been a very good friend and I'd do anything I could to repay him for the comfort and help he has given me."

That was a dismal thought to take out with me into the gathering twilight.

IN THREE days I had the new third-grade show in rehearsal—that is, if a cross between a chariot race and a perpetual re-enactment of the battle of San Jacinto can be called a rehearsal. My usual method for cuing an actor was to grab him as he scampered by me and throw him bodily out on the stage. After that, I depended on his reflexes.

Mary Lou had told me not to worry about the kids learning all the lines she had written for them. Just give each child a good idea of the subject at hand, she said, and he will dredge up appropriate lines from his imagination.

The system worked pretty well. Too well, maybe. I never heard such ghoulish descriptions of mayhem in my life.

My actors were deep in rehearsal one day when Mr. Skinfield, the school principal, stopped in to see how things were going. He was a reproachful-looking little man with a gray face and no hair and nervous agitation of the eyes. He was fond of affecting a double chin by jamming his face into his chest in the forlorn hope that this gave him a dignified appearance.

As he came in, a little girl who had formerly been the Spirit of Leafy Vegetables was getting into the meat of her new role.

"And just as the burglar was about to bash my Aunt Martha on the head with a frying pan," she was saying with breathless intensity, "my Aunt Martha got her hand caught in the wringer. Skrinch-skronch-skraunch went the fingers. Skraggle-skroggle-skriggle went the arm. Crinchity-crunchity-crackle went the elbow—"

Mr. Skinfield lowered his face to double-chin position.

"This doesn't sound like Miss Finnerty's pageant, Mr. Cooper," he said.

"No, Mr. Skinfield," I said. "It doesn't because it isn't. This year we are very fortunate in having a professional writer among our parents and she has been kind enough to write a little play especially for the third grade. It's sort of a modern version of—uh—uh—" I searched my mind desperately for something that would explain the dialogue on the stage. "Of Hänsel and Gretel," I finally offered.

Mr. Skinfield was impressed.

"A professional writer," he said thoughtfully. "Very interesting. Which parent is that, Mr. Cooper?"

"Mrs. Mitchell," I said. "Douglas Mitchell's mother."

"A professional writer," he repeated, rolling the phrase around in his mouth as though he liked the taste of it. "H'mm. This will be a most auspicious occasion for the school."

He unsheathed his teeth in the Skinfield version of a grin and strode away murmuring "professional writer" in a pleased undertone.

The rehearsals went along all right because the kids seemed to enjoy themselves, just as Mary Lou said they would—even Douglas. Once he became convinced that there was no fruity role lurking around in which he could be trapped, he settled happily into the part of John's Other Brother-in-law and gave evidence of a particularly venomous imagination.

Every day after rehearsal, I rushed over to Mary Lou's to give her a progress report

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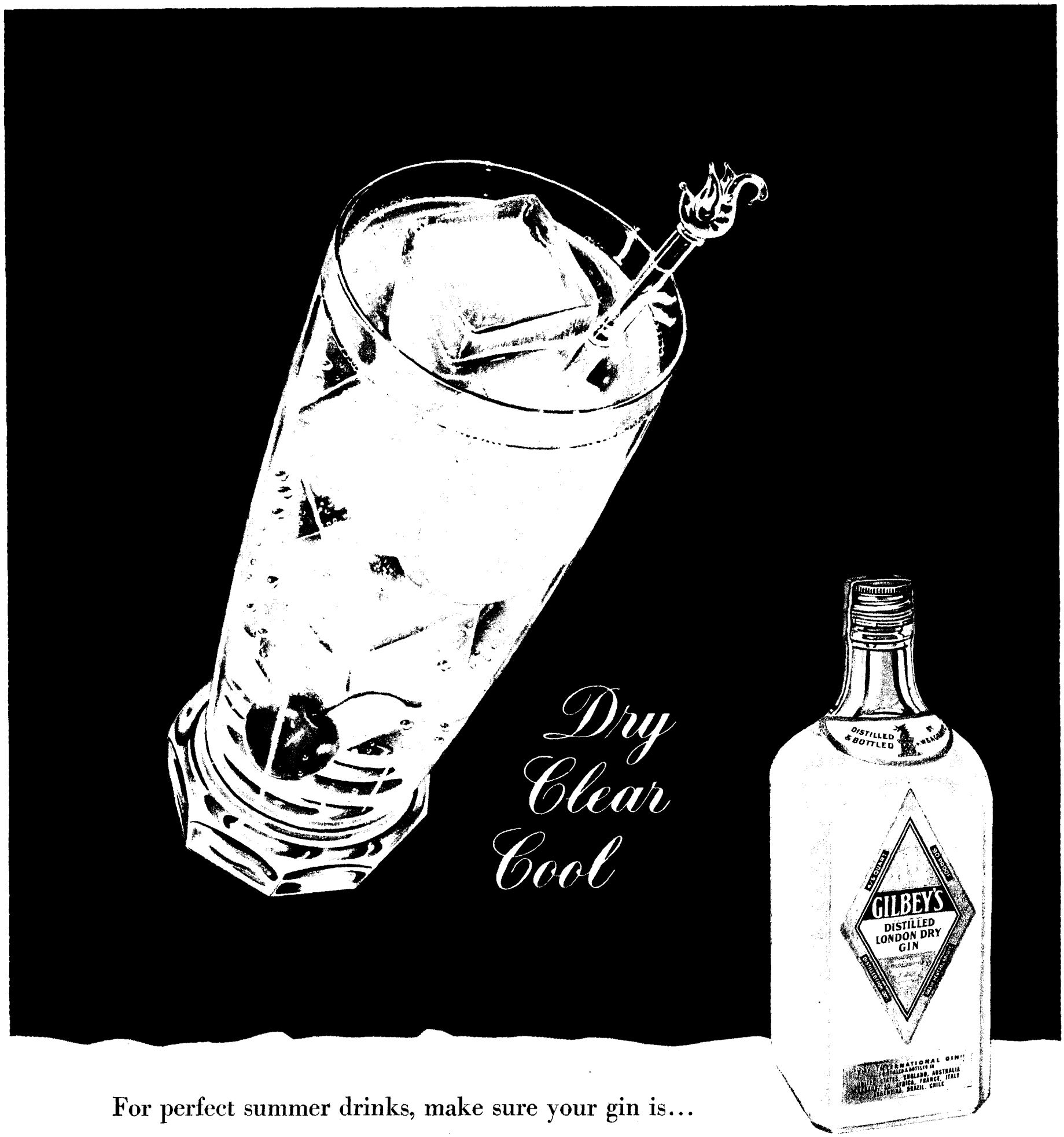

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on her playlet and to bask in her presence. Those were appetizing days because I managed to avoid Windrip completely until the day before the public display of the third-grade opus.

He came in, as usual, like a typhoon, spreading his noisome cheer. Douglas was all over him in his customary fashion. After the shuffle around Windrip's pocket, Douglas started out of the room. He dropped something and when he stooped quickly to pick it up, Mary Lou and I glanced down.

A cigarette lay at Douglas' feet.

"Douglas," cried Mary Lou, picking up the cigarette, "what are you doing with this?"

Douglas froze in his half crouch and stared silently at the floor, his lip beginning to tremble.

Mary Lou turned to Windrip. Her voice shook as she said, "Leonard, you haven't been giving Douglas cigarettes, have you?"

Windrip reddened and wiped his fingers nervously on his trousers.

"Well," he fumbled, "I wouldn't say—"

Mary Lou didn't wait to hear what he wouldn't say. She knelt down beside Douglas and lifted his face up so she could look at him.

"Douglas," she asked, "have you been smoking them?"

Douglas' eyes were wide with fear. He looked away, gulped a couple of times and nodded.

Mary Lou put her hand over her eyes and just knelt there for a moment. Then she got up slowly and faced the sweating Windrip.

"Leonard," she said in an empty voice, "how could you? How could you do a thing like this to Douglas? And to me?"

As anger welled up over disappointment, her tone sharpened. Her words began to pour out in a cold fury until Windrip turned tail and fumbled his way out the door.

Douglas was bawling by then and Mary Lou was shaking with rage and torment. By the time Douglas whimpered down to a point where he could get out a few words without bursting into fresh tears, she had collected herself sufficiently to talk to him calmly. She lifted him into her lap.

"Why did you smoke the cigarettes, darling?" she asked.

Douglas buried his face in her shoulder. "I don't know," he moaned.

"But there must have been a reason," Mary Lou said, stroking his head. "You don't do things like that unless you have a reason."

Bit by bit, through sniffles and sobs, Douglas' reasons began to appear. He smoked them because it made him feel grown up and important. And it impressed the older boys who smoked behind the furnace in the school basement.

Mary Lou talked to him, quietly but firmly. She told him there are things you don't do until you are really grown up. And she gave him what I suppose must be the standard talk about not growing up at all if he started smoking now.

After she had put Douglas to bed, I stuck around and tried to supply support and consolation. It was a little different from those carefree afternoons I had spent with her. It wasn't just the edges of my nerves that were tingling now. It was something deeper down, near the roots.

BY THE next afternoon my nerves were back in their usual frayed condition. It's hard to feel anything but walleyed frustration when you're trying to control a slew of third-graders who are about to face an audience. They arrived looking so dressed up and clean that I scarcely recognized some of them. Once they had been deposited backstage by their fond mothers, they started trying to restore themselves to normal.

No Broadway producer, I reflected as I rushed around, has to spend the last half hour before curtain time breaking up fist fights between most of the male members of his cast, cleaning up a wailing actress who has managed to dribble a chocolate bar all over her new white dress, or finding that a major role will have to be omitted because another actress has become violently ill from excitement.

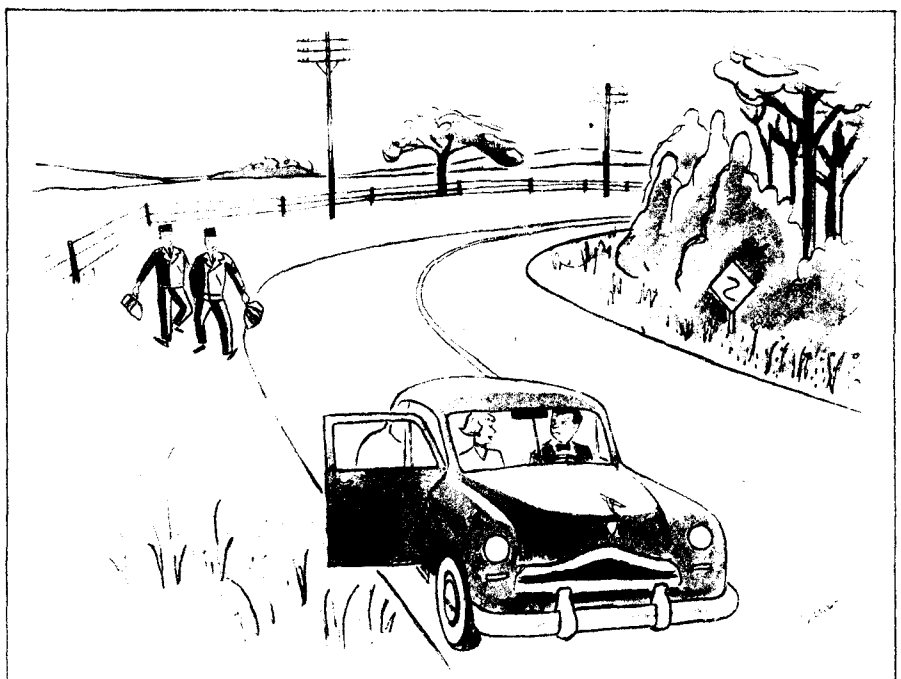
I finally managed to get the curtain up only ten minutes late. From the bouncing horde backstage, I weeded out the three boys and two girls who were in the opening scene and urged them out on the stage. They gawped silently at the audience for a few moments. I stood in the wings snapping my fingers and whispering "psst!" to try to prod them into action. All I got was some mumbling until Geraldine Roach, a girl with a fortunately wide streak of ham in her, strutted prissily down to the footlights and spoke out in a loud, shrill voice.

"Oh, no, Charlie," she piped. "I can't possibly go to the movies with you. Daddy just lost his job because he had a heart attack in the president's office and Mommy has been in bed with pneumonia for the past ten years and my little baby brother got scratched by the cat. They all depend on me to keep things going. You don't off. The message was usually delivered by means of a punch in the arm, a gesture which the culprit quite naturally resented. This resulted in several brief scuffles which were not in the script, but Geraldine managed to give them some meaning by using the fisticuffs as an excuse for suffering a little harder.

I WAS suffering a lot more than Geraldine by the time Douglas was due to go on. He had been unusually quiet since Mary Lou had left him backstage, but I felt this was natural after his chastening experience the day before. When his cue finally arrived, he showed more than normal reluctance to move out of the wings. After a couple of false starts, he managed to make it.

He took a few uncertain steps onto the stage and stopped. He looked at his feet. He pulled at his fingers. He froze for what seemed to be like minutes while the rest of the cast shuffled impatiently and looked questioningly toward me in the wings.

Finally, swallowing a couple of times, Douglas turned his eyes toward the ceiling



"Now don't tell them what a tough time you had in the last war. They may have been in Korea"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

know how I suffer, Charlie, you just don't know."

This was not the way the show was supposed to begin. The mumblers had killed off the opening lines so what Geraldine had to say may have seemed a little abrupt to the audience. But at that point I would have settled for a recitation of Little Bopeep just to hear somebody talking. Spurred on by Geraldine, the other actors became more or less audible and I relaxed to the extent of merely chewing my fingernails.

But my problems weren't over. With one hand I held back overeager actors whose instinct was to throw themselves immediately into the glare of the footlights, like lemmings casting themselves into the sea. With the other, I prodded the terrified ones who were convinced the stage was covered with red-hot coals.

Fortunately, each newcomer in the play was hailed by some line of greeting ("Here comes Janie, back from the psychiatricks") so that Janie, if it happened to be Janie, had time to take a frantic stare at the audience before launching into her tale of woe. The arrival of each new character gave Geraldine added cause for suffering, an emotion she expressed by throwing her head back and patting both sides of her forehead.

Once they got onto the stage, several of my junior Booths and Bernhardts grew roots and forgot to leave when they were supposed to. Wild gesticulations and finger-snapping from the wings failed to pierce their hypnotic trance. I finally resorted to sending messengers out to tell them to get and, in one hasty breath, blurted, "I am the Spirit of Grapefruit I am large and round and yellow and full of vitamin C."

He did a fast, stiff bow and ducked back into the wings. Then, bursting into tears, he threw himself down on a pile of overcoats and wept. As soon as I saw that Geraldine had picked up the shattered dialogue ("Poor Cousin Douglas, we were always afraid his mind would go someday"), I ran over to him.

"Douglas," I said, squatting down and putting a hand on his heaving shoulder, "I knew you could do it. I knew you had that grapefruit speech in you. You really put it across."

Mary Lou had rushed in from the auditorium by then and was peering anxiously over my shoulder. Douglas' sobbing slowed down. He turned his tear-stained face up toward mine. His eyes were as wide as eyes can be when they have water dripping out of them.

"You—you're not mad?" he stammered.

"Of course not," I said. "You were great."

He sniffled and stared at me very seriously.

"I couldn't remember," he said. "I couldn't remember what I was supposed to say."

"You remembered about the grapefruit," I reminded him, "and you said it exactly right. Miss Finnerty will love you for that."

Douglas looked at me strangely for a moment. Then he threw his arms around my neck and nuzzled his wet face against mine. I picked him up and started to reach for a handkerchief and then I found there was another pair of arms around my neck.

Mary Lou had moved in on the side that Douglas wasn't using. She kissed me on the cheek, which was as far as she could reach from there. I edged around and kissed her long and firmly where she ought to be kissed.

I heaved a happy sigh and opened my eyes and there was Mr. Skinfield. His eyes were popping and he was almost squeezing out a triple chin.

"Mr. Cooper!" he exclaimed, his gray face worked up to a purplish black. "Is this the way you're carrying on with the parents? The school will not tolerate such conduct. And as for the outrageous performance which you have forced these innocent little children to—"

His effort at drama criticism ended right there in mid-air because Otis J. Parkhurst, the president of the school's board of trustees, came barging through the door, coughing and wheezing so that his pink face seemed crimson under his white hair. Mr. Skinfield made a beeline for him, but Mr. Parkhurst brushed him aside.

"Cooper," he croaked, coming toward me and whacking himself on the chest between wheezes, "your hand, sir. Marvelous show. Haven't laughed so much since—well," he said, beginning to catch his breath, "you can see what it's doing to me. Great idea. Wonderful conception."

"Well, thanks, Mr. Parkhurst," I said, putting Douglas back on his feet. "This is Mrs. Mitchell. She wrote the show."

"Excellent work, Mrs. Mitchell," he said. "My wife always makes me come to these things. Says I ought to because of my position on the board. Well—ha—it's usually me that's bored. Eh? Ha! Ha!"

HE WHOOPED up an enormous laugh which immediately brought on more coughing and wheezing.

"First time I ever enjoyed it," he went on when he could talk again. "We need more things like this around here, Cooper. Now that you've shown what can be done, maybe we can get rid of the rest of these damned pageants. Like to have you and Mrs. Mitchell get together on some more new things."

"Well," I said, glancing at Mary Lou, "I'll be glad to get together with her if she's willing."

"I think I could be persuaded," she said with a special kind of smile for me and another for Mr. Parkhurst.

We shook hands all around on this. Mr. Parkhurst patted Douglas on the head and went chuckling out the door. Mr. Skinfield slunk silently out behind him as the cast came clattering off the stage after taking its bow. Geraldine Roach was queening her way past us when she spotted Douglas.

"Yah-yah!" she chanted, sticking out a long stretch of pink tongue at him. "Forgot your lines. Yah-yah!"

Douglas' face clouded as she pranced away. He glowered and gritted his teeth and, leaping away from us, lit out after her.

"Douglas!" I yelled. Douglas stopped and looked back at me. As soon as I opened my mouth, I felt a little embarrassed. I suddenly remembered yelling at Douglas like that once before. That time it had been a yell of desperation, but this time it had more of a tone of command, of authority. And who was I to be yelling at Douglas that way when his mother was standing right there.

I glanced rather sheepishly at Mary Lou as Douglas came back and took my hand. She was wearing a very tender smile.

"You shouldn't do that, Douglas," I murmured.

"Well, she made me mad," he said. "But," he added, looking up at me, "I guess a boy shouldn't chase a girl, should he?"

I started to say no, but caught myself just in time. I grinned at Mary Lou and put my arm around her.

"Douglas," I said, "that depends entirely on the girl." THE END

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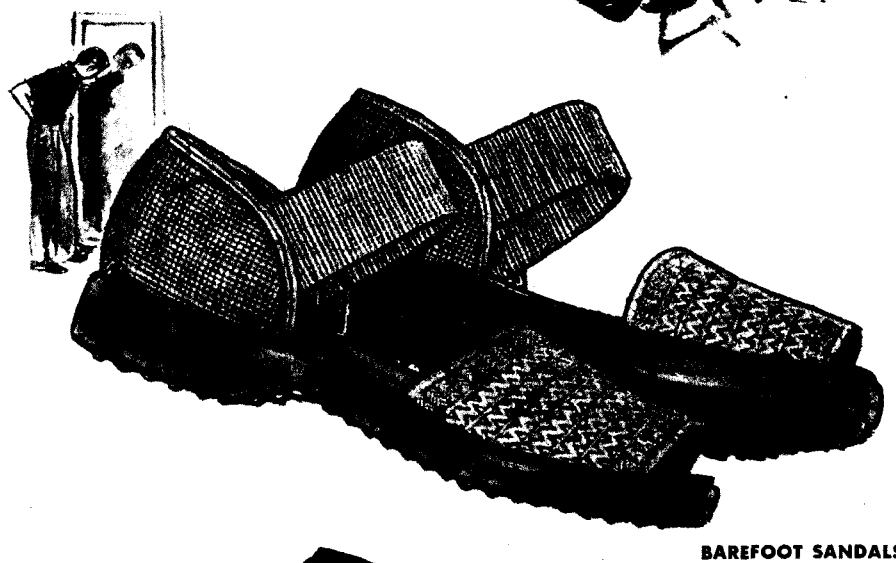

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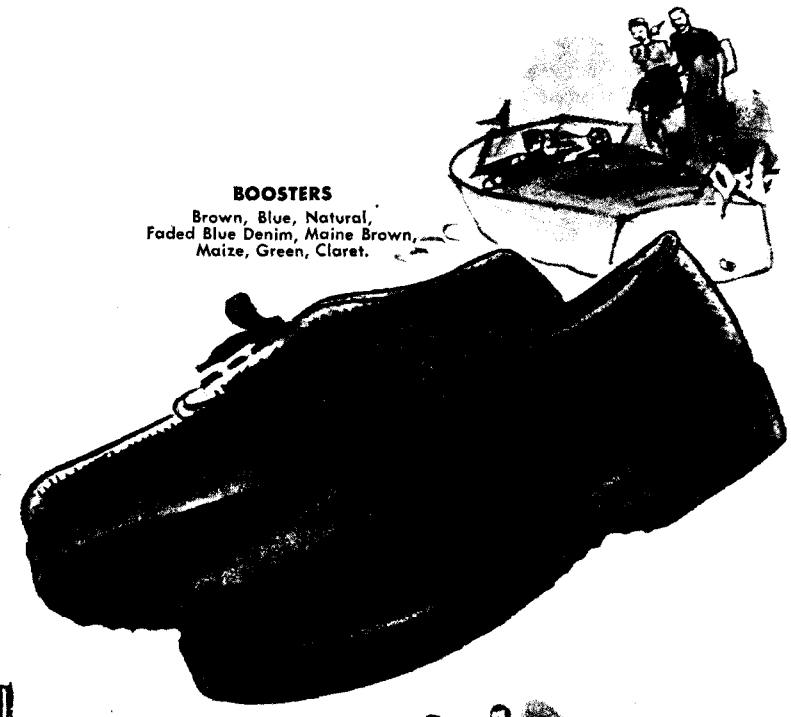

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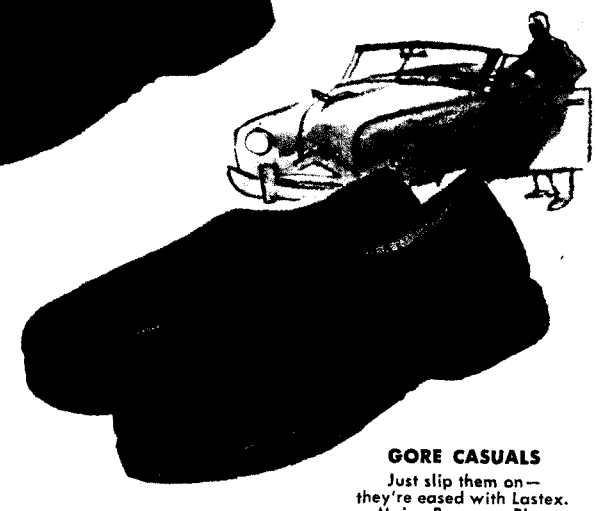

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Greater Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

think the First is going to let his protégé get where it's dangerous, do you?"

"I'm putting in to the Company Commander," Quentin said. "Not to the first sergeant."

"So what, clerk? you think that'll make any difference?"

"Don't worry about the clerks," Quentin said. "There's a lot things you don't know about soldiering, too."

"What do you want to do it for, Quentin?" Zwermann said.

"Oh, a lot of things," Quentin said vaguely, "but mainly so I'll be able to look after Shelb."

"I'm glad my brother's in Africa," Martuscelli said sourly.

"I'm gladder yet," Gorman growled. "I ain't got one."

"Vic can take care of himself," Zwermann said. "Better than me." He was looking away from them.

"In a war," Gorman growled, "*every* man's got to take care of himself. That's my philosophy."

"That's a hell of a thing to say!" Quentin said. Then he began to laugh, feeling a wild need to do something—he didn't know what—and there was nothing to do.

"What're you laughing at, clerk?" Gorman said stiffly.

"Because," Quentin said, stopping himself. "I'm laughing because here comes Shelb with the bottle, and here comes the First back from Regiment just in time to spoil everything."

"What'll I do with it?" Shelb said.

"Well, don't just stand there," Martuscelli said savagely. "Hide the damn' thing." He grabbed the bottle desperately and stuck it down between two of the stacked water cans.

"If he finds it," Gorman said bitterly, "I know where it'll go."

"Thatcher!" the First bellowed. He was raging.

"Yes, sir," Shelb said resignedly.

"Not you," the First raged, "damn it."

"What do you want?" Quentin said.

"Go down and get Sergeant Merdith. Tell him to get his men together and report to me. The 2nd Platoon is going out on a detail."

There was a dull pause of adjustment.

"But hell, First," Martuscelli protested. "We just now got back from one."

THE First said, "And you're just now going out on another one. Ain't you heard? There's a war on. The 1st and 3rd Platoons and the Weapons Platoon already out. Who you think I'm going to send? the cook force?"

"What kind of a detail is it, Sergeant?" Zwermann asked.

"How the hell do I know! You think they tell me anything? All they tell me is how many men. And how soon." He ran his fingernails through his hair. "You're going up in the hills," he said, "with a shavetail from the Graves Registration Corps. You're going up to dig up casualties and carry them down to the graveyard so the Quartermaster Salvage can come in and clean up."

"That's great," Martuscelli said.

"Well," the First raged, "what the hell're you waiting for, Thatcher? Get a move on. The truck's on its way."

"Sergeant," Quentin said, "I'd like to have permission to go along on this detail."

"What do you think this is, Thatcher? A vacation resort? There's work to be done."

"I've done everything you had laid out for me."

The First looked at him shrewdly. "Okay," he said. "Go. *Now get the hell down there and get Sergeant Merdith.*"

"Right," Quentin said, and took off.

Behind him, he heard the First say, "The rest of you men can wait here. But first, Martuscelli, I want that bottle. Maybe it'll teach you not to be so slow the next time. You men know better than to have whisky in camp. It's against Army Regulations."

There were four trucks with the GRC second lieutenant. The detail rode in the first two. They wound away down through the endless coconut grove, breasting the mud like swimmers, the two empty trucks lumbering along behind.

"I always wondered how they got them down to the cemetery," Martuscelli said.

"Well, now you know," Gorman growled.

It took them an hour to get through the belt of jungle in low gear. Then they came up out of it into the hills like submarines surfacing and ground on for another hour up the hills before they stopped at one that had a crumbling line of slit trenches along the rearward slope.

"Okay, everybody out," the GRC lieutenant said briskly, climbing out of the cab of the first truck. "Each man get a shovel."

The drivers dropped the tail gates and the detail clambered down and went immediately to the lip of the hill. Beyond the crest was a wide saddle that led up to the next hill. The saddle was littered with all kinds of equipment—packs, entrenching tools, helmets, rifles, bayonets, abandoned stretchers, even stray shoes and empty C ration cans. It gave the impression that everyone had suddenly dropped everything in a mad rush to cover ground.

"If any of you are interested in tactics," the GRC lieutenant said, pointing to a faint haze of smoke three miles to the east, "that's the present line of the 35th Infantry over there. Three days ago the 35th was here, and jumped off across this saddle."

The men looked at the distant hills, then at the far-off line of smoke from which sporadic sounds of firing came faintly, then at the saddle below them. There were a few half-muttered comments.

"Okay, fellows," the GRC lieutenant said briskly. "First, I want to warn you about duds and unexploded grenades. Don't touch them. There's nothing to worry about as long as nobody gets wise, but the Ordnance hasn't been in here yet.

"Now," he said. "I want you to spread out. We're only covering the saddle today. Make a line and whenever you see a grave, stop. Some of them, as you see, are marked with bayoneted rifles stuck in the ground. Others are marked with just helmets on sticks. Still others aren't marked at all, so be watchful. We don't want to miss any.

"If there are dog tags on them, make sure one is fastened securely to them and give the other to me. If there's only one, leave it on them, and come get me and I'll note the information. If there's no dog tags, just forget it.

"It's best to work in threes or fours. Two men can't handle one very well, as advanced as the decomposition is by now. And there's no rush, men. We've got all day to cover the area and we want to do a good job. Someday after the war they'll be shipped home to their families.

"There are shelter-halfs to roll them in in the last two trucks. The best way is to work shovels in under the head, the knees and the buttocks; that's why it's best for three to work together on one; and then roll them up out of the hole with one concerted movement onto the shelter-half which you have already placed alongside. That way you don't get any on you, and you also keep them from coming apart as much as possible.

"Now. Any questions?" the GRC lieutenant said briskly. "No? Okay then, let's go to work," he said, and he sat down on the running board of the first truck and lighted a cigarette.

The line spread out and moved forward down the crest out onto the saddle and began breaking up into little huddles of moving shovels from which there began to come strained exclamations followed by weak laughter and curses.

As each mound was opened, the smell, strange and alien as the smell of the jungle, burst up out of it like a miniature explosion and then fell heavily back to spread like mercury until it met and joined the explosions from other mounds to form a thick carpet over the whole saddle that finally overflowed and began to drip down into the jungled valleys.

"Just like a treasure hunt back home in the Y.M.C.A.," Martuscelli muttered sourly, sweating heavily.

"You don't reckon I'll ever look like that, do you?" Gorman growled, grinning.

"If you do," Shelb said, "I won't speak to you."

"What his best friends wouldn't tell him," Quentin laughed wildly.

"Well, I hope you're happy now, clerk," Gorman growled. "You finally got to come along and find out what straight duty in a rifle company's like. You still putting in for it?"

"Sure," Quentin said. "Wouldn't miss it."

Al Zwermann, of them all, was the only one who did not say anything, but nobody noticed. They were all too busy trying to carry off the collective fantasy that they were unmoved.

It was Quentin's turn to feel for the tags at the sixth mound, and when he brought them out and cut one off and read it he was somehow not surprised at all. The tag read:

ZWERMANN VICTOR L
12120653 T43 B

and Quentin put it in the handkerchief with the other five and straightened up and wiped his hand off and heard his voice saying toughly, "Well, let's get him out."

"Let me see that tag, will you, Quentin?" Zwermann said.

"What tag?" he heard his voice say. "This one?"

"I've seen all the others. Let me see that one."

"I don't even know which one it was, now, Al."

"Quentin, let me see that tag!"

Shelb, Martuscelli and Gorman were still standing at the head, knees and buttocks with their shovels. They had all known Vic back at Schofield, and Vic's battalion of the 35th had come over on the same transport with them. Quentin noticed there was an odd, distant look on all their faces except Zwermann's and it made him think of those slugs in the garden with their eyes on the ends of two horns and when they got scared or worried they pulled in the horns.

"Well," Martuscelli said with a voice that had been pulled in along with the horns, "we might as well get him out of there."

"Don't touch him," Zwermann said, still holding the tag.

"But, Al," Quentin said, "we got to get him out of there, Al. We can't leave him there," he said reasonably. "That's against orders."

"I said don't touch him, damn you!" Zwermann yelled. He picked up one of the shovels and started for Martuscelli and Gorman and Shelb, who were still holding theirs and standing all together like three hens in the rain. "You're not going to put any shovels on *him*, damn you!"

They let go of their shovels and stepped back guiltily, still all together like three hens in the rain. Zwermann stopped and brandished the shovel at them and then flung it over the edge of the saddle into the jungle.

"Nobody's going to touch *him* with shovels!" he yelled.

THE four of them backed off slowly, back up the saddle toward the hill where the GRC lieutenant and Sergeant Merdith were watching. The men working at the other mounds near them began to back off placatingly in the same way, still holding their shovels, collecting the men at the further mounds as they moved, until the whole line that had descended into the saddle was slowly backing up out of the saddle.

"Nobody's going to touch *him!* I'll shoot the first man that touches *him!* Nobody's going to see *him!*"

The line went on backing placatingly out of the saddle, and Zwermann stood holding them off as if at gun point and cursing, his bald head shining in the afternoon sun.

"My Lord," the GRC lieutenant said dismally, when they were hidden behind the number one truck. "I wouldn't've had this happen for anything. What do you suppose he's going to do?"

They stood, milling a little like nervous sheep, listening to Zwermann moving around down on the saddle. Then they heard him staggering up the slope to the number two truck, where he dropped something heavily onto the iron floor and then clambered in. Then there was silence. It was Sergeant Merdith who finally peered over the hood.

Zwermann was sitting on the bench of the truck, glaring out at them. He had gotten his brother out of the hole by himself and wrapped him up in the shelter-half and carried him up and put him instinctively, without thinking, in the same truck he himself had ridden out in.

"Let's just leave him alone," the GRC lieutenant said. "He'll be all right now."

Sheepishly they straggled back down onto the saddle and went back to work. When they had the rest of the corpses wrapped and stacked in the two empty trucks, as many men as could squeezed into the first truck. Only an unlucky handful rode home in the second truck. Zwermann sat on the bench, holding a shovel, and glared at them forbiddingly all the way down.

At the cemetery on the Point there was a moment of unpleasant suspense when the handful of GRC men, who had taken over with the swift efficiency of long practice, prepared to unload the number two truck. But Zwermann only glared at them with a kind of inarticulate fury and seemed to feel

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he had relieved himself of some obscure obligation and did not protest. He climbed down and started off to walk the mile and a half back to the bivouac.

"Somebody better go with him," the GRC lieutenant said apprehensively. "He's liable to wander off in the jungle or something. I'm still responsible for you men till I deliver you back to your outfit."

"We'll go," Quentin said, "the four of us. We're sort of his buddies."

"Then you're responsible for him, Corporal," the GRC lieutenant said after them. "You and these other men."

When they caught up to him, Zwermann glared at them with the ferocious suspicion of a man who has learned not to trust strangers. But he did not protest their walking behind him.

That night, instead of waiting till they got marching orders, Quentin Thatcher put in to the Company Commander personally to go back to straight duty with the 2nd Platoon immediately. His request was immediately rejected, emphatically and with finality.

FIVE days later the Regiment moved out, and Quentin marched with the Company Headquarters at the head of the company column beside the First, who carried a Listerine bottle full of whisky and took frequent gargles for his sore throat without offering Quentin any for his. The 2nd Platoon was somewhere in the rear.

Their battalion hiked seven miles the first day and bivouacked that night in the jungle, dead beat. The next day they crossed an Engineers' bridge and started up a steep hill that rose abruptly up out of the jungle from the riverbank. The noise of the firing did not sound any closer than it had back down on the beach.

Then they came up over the crest of the hill and found themselves in combat. The noise that had sounded faint in the jungle beat about their ears and fell upon them with both drumming fists. It seemed a little unfair for no one to have warned them.

The hilltop was alive with men, but none of them noticed the new arrivals except to curse them for being in the way. The men cursed one another ferociously and ran back and forth, with boxes of ammo and C rations. Over on the next hill the men in Quentin's battalion could see the little black figures of the 3rd Battalion toiling doggedly up the slope toward other little black figures at the top.

Their first reaction was to tiptoe back down the hill and get the hell out of the way before they disturbed somebody or were run over; or at least to go back down and come up properly this time, in squad column with scouts out. They stood around awkwardly, trying to see, waiting for someone to tell them what they were supposed to do, feeling like poor relations at the family reunion.

Quentin found himself standing beside Fred Beeson, the supply sergeant, who had insisted on coming to see the fun.

"I thought they'd have a better system of supply than this in combat," Beeson said excitedly. "Didn't you?"

"Yeah," Quentin said, wondering what had become of the First. He looked around to see if he could see Shelb. His eyes found the First, over on the right. The big man was kneeling over some cases of grenades and hacking at them with his bayonet as if he were using a machete, deftly splitting box after box open around the middle.

"Hey, hey! let's go!" the First, who still had his Listerine bottle, whooped, drunkenly happy. "Let's go, let's go. Here's grenades. Who wants grenades?" he hollered, pulling the black containers out of the racked boxes and forward-passing them like footballs at arms raised out of the crowd.

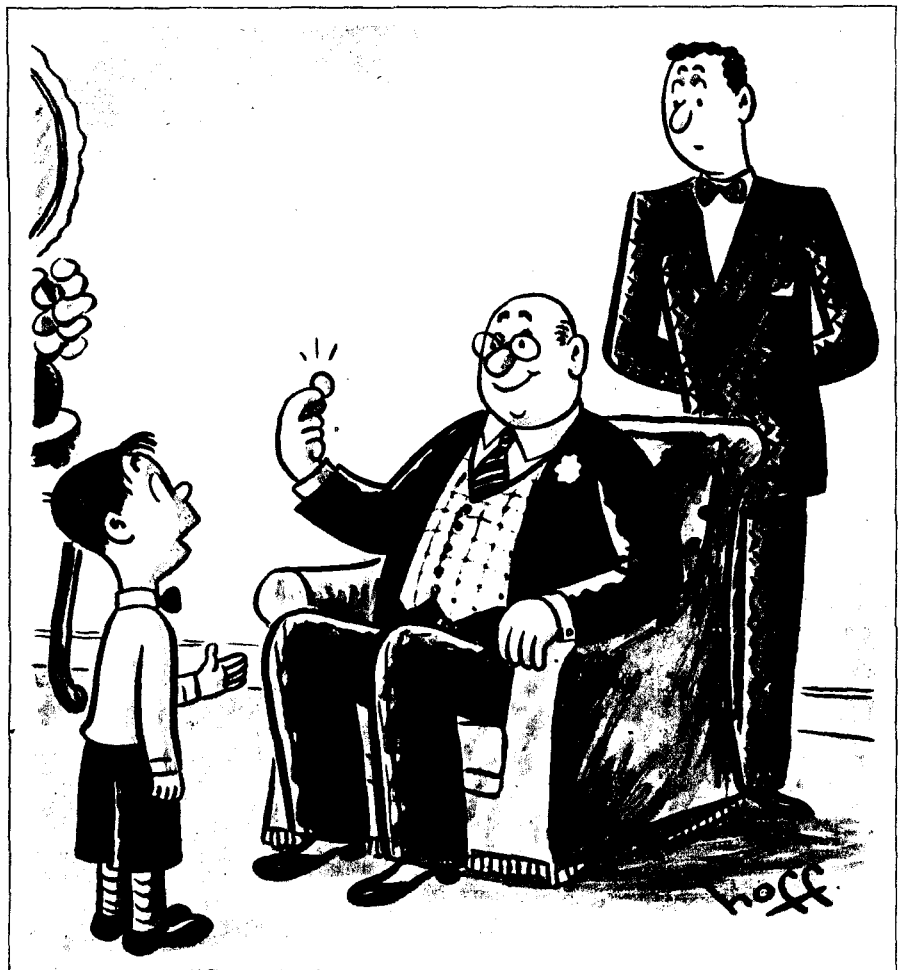
"Let's go, you men!" he roared at them. "What the hell you guys waiting for?"

"Yeah," somebody said indecisively, "what we waiting for?"

They started fixing bayonets, as if each man had thought of it first, individually by himself, and then they were walking down the hill with the Company Commander in the lead, as if that were the most nearly normal thing to do, under the circumstances.

"Get your eggs here!" the First howled at them happily as they passed. "Nice fresh yard eggs!"

Quentin found himself in motion between



"Gee, that's a nice quarter you gave me, Uncle Harry. But I've heard of kids swallowing quarters. Wouldn't it be safer to give me a half dollar?"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

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COLLIER'S

"It's a pleasure to meet you. I have a friend who's read all your books"

KATE OSANN

the mess sergeant and two of the cooks. They had also come along to see the fun. Wondering again where Shelb was, he looked around and discovered he was surrounded by fun-seeking members of the cook force.

"This is better'n slingin' hash any day," one of them grinned at him excitedly.

"Yeah," Quentin said. *We're in combat,* he thought; and then repeated it: *we're in combat.* Was this all there was to it?

Ahead of them the hill sloped down, long and gradual and quite bare, to a brushy creek at the bottom. Ahead was the steep hill where the black figures of the 3rd Battalion were still toiling doggedly, but closer to the top now.

AS QUENTIN watched them, he saw one marionette at the top throw something down at another marionette below him. The second marionette turned without hesitation and jumped out from the side of the hill as a man jumps out from a ladder. He fell maybe seven yards before he hit again and began to roll. From where he had jumped something burst black like a cannon cracker. The second marionette stopped rolling and got up and began to toil doggedly back up toward the top again. The first marionette had disappeared over the crest.

Then Quentin's company was at the bottom, fighting through the brush and starting up the slope, and Quentin could not see the men at the top any more.

Mortar shells were beginning to drop down here and there around Quentin's company, and that was when Quentin noticed that the explosions did not make any noise. Men around him were beginning to shuck out of their combat packs and leave them where they fell.

Quentin shucked out of his own pack, wishing momentarily that he knew where Shelb was. He looked around.

He could not see Shelb, but way off to the left he saw Gorman a second, climbing doggedly. Then somebody came between. Gorman had no pack. Gorman's face looked peculiar, as if somebody had poulticed it with plastic wood. The heel.

The silent mortar shell explosions were getting thicker, and the 3rd Battalion was puffing hard and digging holes along the military crest, in the shelter of the real crest of the hill. As the uneven line passed through between the holes on toward the real crest, the diggers glared up at them furiously without stopping digging. Then Quentin's company was over the crest and going down the second hill toward the jungle that came halfway up, only this time there was nobody in front of them and everything changed weirdly and seemed to shift its gears. Quentin felt as if a light bulb had been turned off in his mind. He was all alone in the silence of the dark locked closet.

He was also getting very tired.

Two strangers who were walking beside him on his left suddenly quit and lay down to rest. Quentin closed over automatically, wishing he had guts enough to quit and lay down to rest. That Gorman. Quentin's legs ached, and a dull rage began to grow in him at this obvious laziness that would only leave more dirty work for him and Shelb to do.

A mortar shell burst silently in front of him and he saw three more strange men he did not know lie down to rest. Quentin felt like kicking them, but he closed over further left and went around. Smoke burned his eyes. One of the strangers yelled something at him. The other two strangers were asleep already. Quentin went on. There sure were a lot of strangers with the company today.

It was when he closed over that he saw Shelb for the first time since at breakfast. Shelb was walking with Joe Martuscelli and Al Zwermann and Gorman, off to Quentin's left. Quentin had difficulty telling them apart; they all four seemed to be wearing the same poulticed face. As he opened his mouth to yell at them through the silence, a mortar shell geysered silently in front of them and three of them jerked, and lay down to rest. Only Shelb went on walking.

Quentin was outraged. *Who do they think they are? They're no better than I am. Or Shetb is. Is everybody going to quit but me and Shelb?*

Joe Martuscelli sat back up and looked at Quentin dully. Shakily, he got to his feet with his rifle, holding his left arm close in to his side, and started on.

Sure, Quentin thought furiously, *that damn' Martuscelli, he always was a goldbrick. Looks like me and Shelb will have to do it all.*

Then Shelby, who had moved perhaps ten yards, dropped his rifle and put his hands to his face and fell down.

Why, damn him! Quentin thought outragedly. *I thought at least he would stick with me. What do they want me to do? win this war all by myself?*

Shelb did not move and Martuscelli stumbled past him and went on. Shelb lay as he had fallen, face down and shoulders limp, his lax hands still up by his face.

Well, I'm damned, Quentin thought disgustedly, *if he hasn't fainted dead away.* Embarrassment for his brother made him suddenly hate him for failing in the clutch. *Gone yellow. Can't take it. Ought to go and kick him up.*

"Hey!" the man on his right said. "There's one. I see one."

"Where?" Quentin said.

"There," the man said. "Right there. See him?"

"No," Quentin said. The man was a big man and right beside him but his voice came from a long way off.

"Well, I see him," the big man said. He raised his rifle and fired the whole clip into the jungle. "Must of missed him," he said. "Come on."

"Okay," Quentin said. Then he stopped. Fifteen yards away on the edge of the jungle was a dark blob of wood on the side of a tree. Somehow his eyes had fastened themselves upon it and recognized it for a helmet. He was astounded.

"What is it?" the man beside him said.

"Shh," Quentin said craftily. He dropped down to a kneeling position. No shooting from the offhand this time; he was taking no chances. The big man beside him stopped, trying to see what it was, and Quentin chuckled to himself.

As he took up the slack and started the squeeze, the helmet moved. Slowly and carefully it raised itself and a face appeared over his sights. Quentin was astonished. He touched her off and in firing was even more astonished to see the same plastic-wood poultice on this face, too.

Ha, he's afraid, he thought savagely; and all the hate and fear of the past two hours compressed itself into his forefinger vindictively.

The recoil slammed his shoulder and he kept both eyes open like he had been taught and saw the face open redly like a thrown tomato. A piece of bridgework popped out of the mouth.

"I got him!" Quentin yelled. "I got him!"

"Good work," the big man said. "Congratulations."

"Come on!" Quentin said. He jumped up to run to the tree. A mortar shell, a ninety, burst close by and slammed him right back down. He lay there stunned by the concussion, reminded that there were other Japanese. He had forgotten the war.

"Come on," the big man beside him said. "Get up. You ain't hurt. Get up!" A big hand grabbed Quentin by the shoulder and hoisted him back up.

HIS chin was bleeding from a cut where it had hit a rock but it did not seem important. He wiped it off and started to walk on toward the jungle. The big man stayed close beside him. All around them groups of men were entering the jungle.

The dead Japanese lay sprawled out on his back. The bullet had gone in just below his nose and smashed the teeth. Thick glue-like blood had filled the mouth and run out at both corners to hang in strings down to the ground.

"He looks awful dead," Quentin said, looking at the other man. Slowly, he recognized him; it was the First. But his face looked different.

"Your face looks different," Quentin said.

"So does yours," the First said.

"It does?" Quentin said. He felt of his face. "I need a shave," he said. He picked up the piece of bridgework that had popped out of the Jap's mouth and stuck it between his helmet and the liner strap and struck a pose for the First.

"The immortal infantryman," the First said. "How about his wallet?"

"I forgot!"

Quentin fished it out of the grimy shirt pocket. There was a picture. It showed a Japanese woman holding a baby and smiling toothily. There was Japanese writing in up-and-down lines on the back. There was no money.

"Tough luck," the First grinned.

"Mine by right of conquest," Quentin said. "I guess you won't be so damn' wise about clerks now, will you?"

"Nope," the First said. "I guess not."

"You and Gorman."

"Want a little drink?" the First said.

"Sure," Quentin said. The rifle fire was getting heavier down below in the jungle. He wiped his mouth. "Hear that? Come on." He turned down toward the firing, then turned back. "Did you see that damn Shelb poop out back there on the hill?"

"No," the First said. "I didn't see him."

"He was right beside us."

"I didn't see him," the First said, impassively. "I saw a lot a guys get hit though."

"You don't have to kid me," Quentin said. "I know you saw him. Wait'll I get my hands on him! I'll beat his damned head in!" He moved away between the trees down the hill toward the firing, looking for more Japs to kill.

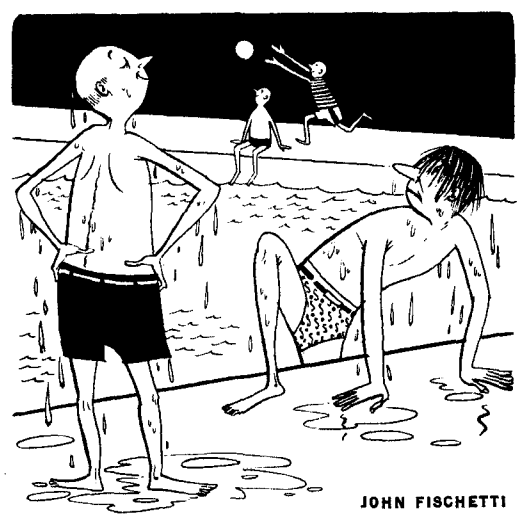
"He'll never make a soldier. Come on, First, let's go," he said eagerly to the man moving slowly behind him. "Come on, damn it, let's go."

"I'm coming," the First said, watching up in the trees. "Go ahead. I'm right beside you. Go ahead, you're doing fine."

"He ought to be shot," Quentin said.

"Watch the trees," the First said. "You're doing fine."

THE END



JOHN FISCHETTI

Baldness

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—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

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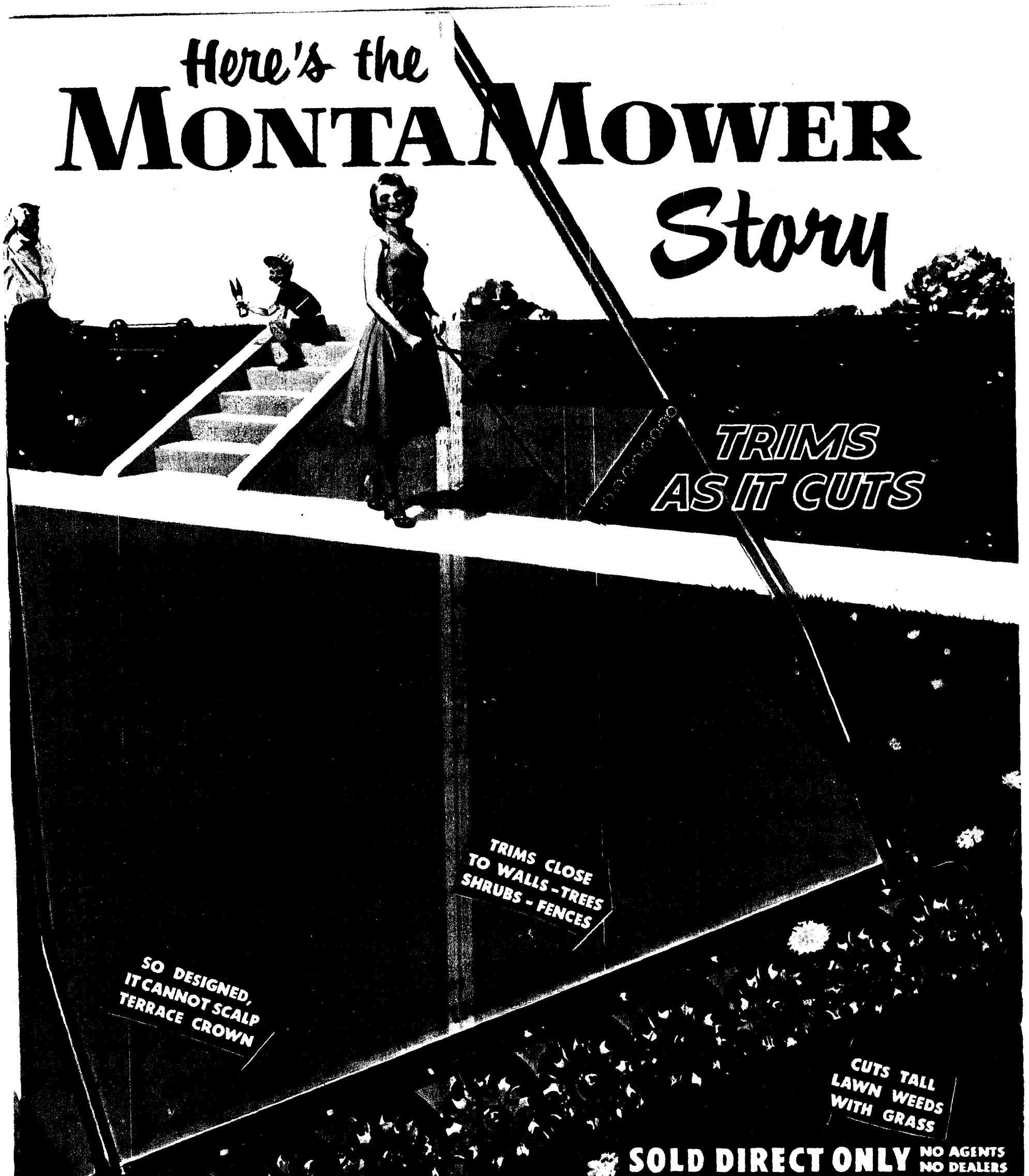
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Music in the Magnus Manner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Instead, he rented a small basement under a factory building in Dickerson Street, Newark, and bought equipment. Money was so scarce he had to clean out the basement himself. Now in business but dead broke, he put an ad in a musical instrument trade magazine announcing that production would start soon on an all-plastic harmonica. There was a dearth of harmonicas in the country and orders with money began to roll in, along with telephone calls demanding if it was true that he could turn out a plastic harmonica. The checks totaled $250,000.

He returned all the checks except those from two big musical jobbers totaling $35,000. He arranged to give them preferential shipments, and down in the basement, in September, 1945, Magnus and two helpers started turning out bright, plastic harmonicas. A new American industry had been born.

Plant Expansion Required

After six months of full-speed production the enterprise moved upstairs to the ground floor of the factory building. In nine months Magnus had taken over the entire three-story building. In 18 months he had rented the wing of a factory building across the street and had set up a tool and die shop and an experimental department. After two years he had rented an additional factory on Nesbit Street, and in 1949 he bought the present air-conditioned factory building where three shifts of workers turn out musical instruments by the millions. Now the corporation employs 400 persons and has warehouses in Chicago and San Francisco.

Despite its rapid growth the young industry had its setbacks. At one point, when the company was still on Dickerson Street, small boys began selling harmonicas on the streets of Newark at a nickel apiece. Every youngster in the neighborhood seemed to have a harmonica and the competition was spreading. Investigation disclosed that the harmonicas were made by Magnus.

One boy confessed to school authorities and his admission led to the discovery of the country's first illicit harmonica ring. In the rear of the factory they found a broken window. A large number of harmonicas destined for Iran were missing. The school superintendent got other members of the ring to confess, then asked Magnus if he wanted to press charges. Magnus grinned in telling about it.

Instead of pressing charges Magnus sent 207 harmonicas to the school, and had a tutor go to the school for 10 weeks to teach the boys to play them. Not a harmonica has been stolen from the Magnus Corporation since.

The success of this effort at combating crime brought to Magnus the realization that in manufacturing musical instruments for the youth of the land he had assumed a greater responsibility than most manufacturers. Gradually he developed a program of distributing harmonicas and other instruments to underprivileged children, organizations for the blind, disabled veterans and hospitals. Each year the corporation gives away from 50,000 to 75,000 musical instruments. They receive requests from many institutions and they fill as many as they can.

Magnus is a vociferous protagonist of the American way of life. And well he might be, for he is the modern epitome of the Horatio Alger character. As a matter of fact, he was one of the winners of this year's Horatio Alger Awards, presented to eight men who have achieved success in the rags-to-riches tradition.

As a lad of fifteen in Copenhagen, where his parents had moved from Norway, he was smitten with the desire to come to America and join the U.S. Marine Corps. His brother John had done that, and Finn decided that was the life for him, too. Prior to that time his main interest was athletics. He was a soccer player and established a junior pole vault record in Copenhagen that stood for 11 years. He was earning $4 a week as a sports reporter, but the chief advantage of the position was that it enabled him to get into sports events free.

When his dream of coming to the United States got too strong to resist, he set out to make himself some money. He wrote to a Swedish firm that manufactured a type of camel's-hair pull-over sweater in favor among young Danish athletes. He would import half a dozen sweaters, sell them at double the cost price and then send for more. The sweater import business began to flourish, but he dropped it as soon as he had enough money for the trip to America.

Arriving in this country, he went directly to Washington to ask his brother about joining the Marine Corps. There he learned that his brother had been shipped to Haiti. Bewildered as to what to do next, he remembered that on the ship he had met a Danish carpenter who gave him his address and said, "If you ever come to Brooklyn look me up." Not knowing anybody else in the United States, he thought he had better take advantage of the offer.

He had $12 left when he boarded a train in Washington for New York. He got off the train carrying two large suitcases which contained, in addition to clothing, a number of cups and athletic trophies he had won. Like many another immigrant he got lost in the subway, but finally a Norwegian subway guard set him on the right route to Brooklyn. Magnus got off the subway and found the address but there they told him the carpenter had gone away. Lugging his two suitcases, Magnus walked the streets until he came to a rooming house. He rented a room for the night and, leaving his suitcases, started hunting for a place to eat. After more wandering around he located a restaurant and got himself a meal.

Feeling better, he started back to the rooming house. He turned several corners but the streets all looked alike to him. Completely lost he wandered for hours but he never did find his way back. He would still like to get hold of those suitcases.

He walked the streets all night and all the next day. The second night he found a flophouse where they let him sleep for 75 cents. The third day and night he wandered the streets and slept in a park because he felt he had better save what little money he had for food. On the fourth day his wanderings took him down to the Brooklyn docks, where he got a job unloading a sugar ship at 50 cents an hour.

This was the first of many jobs. For a while he was an elevator operator and porter in a small hotel. He washed dishes. He was a stock-room boy. After the repeal of prohibition he was a beer salesman for a time and finally, in 1935, he wound up in Newark with the Button Corporation of America.

In his spare time Magnus had invented an improved table tennis paddle—one that permitted greater ease in handling it. He went to the Button Corporation of America to get some rubber sheeting to use on his paddle. Instead of selling him the rubber sheeting, they persuaded him to take a job there. He started on the night shift operating a button machine at 35 cents an hour.

The machines which turned out the buttons fascinated Magnus. He studied them and when his machine broke down he made the repairs. Soon he was taking care of three machines. After a few months the young blond operator began making suggestions to his superiors for changing the machines and speeding them up. Five months after he started he was made a foreman. In another 18 months he was plant inspector and in another two and a half years he became plant superintendent. At the end of six years he took over as general manager.

"One day the president called me in and said we were faced with a serious situation," Magnus said. "He told me there was a terrific price war going on among button manufacturers and that if we couldn't improve production the business would fail."

Magnus called a meeting of the master mechanics, inspectors and foremen. He told them he thought he could increase the speed by substituting steel cams which would shorten the strokes of the machines. The changes were made. A bonus system was instituted among the operators. The three shifts operated in competition and buttons began to fly out like grains of wheat from a thresher. In 11 months the plant production rose from 8,000 gross a day to 24,000 gross a day with the same equipment. Magnus had made the grade and all indications were that he would remain a successful button maker. But then came that day when he felt the urge to play the harmonica.

The Magnus theme song is simplification. He feels the tendency is to make things more and more complicated instead of striving to simplify them. His prize exhibit is a pair of harmonicas taken apart and mounted in a frame. At the top of this display is a Magnus harmonica broken down into its five component parts which is assembled in four operations.

Beneath that is a conventional wood-and-metal harmonica broken down in the same manner. Its component parts and operations necessary for fabrication total 230. There lies the secret, Magnus explains, of why this particular harmonica of his sells for 30 cents and the conventional import sells for around $2.50. And he does not claim the Magnus is a harmonica for professional musicians.

With his various types of harmonicas selling like crazy, Magnus began applying his principle to other instruments. These include concertinas and three sizes of accordions. There is also a "Keymonica," which is a sort of hybrid harmonica and accordion, with a dash of clarinet. You blow it but it also has keys for playing the tune. Then he devised a small electric organ. Like its relatives, it is made of plastic except for the motor and wiring. It has two and a half chromatic octaves and you just plug it into the light socket and play.

Magnus studied the musical instruments of the world to learn which ones he could simplify and make in plastic. In the course of his research he hit upon the bagpipe. In his version of the instrument the bag, the drones and the chanter are all made of plastic, and inside the chanter is a set of his plastic reeds.

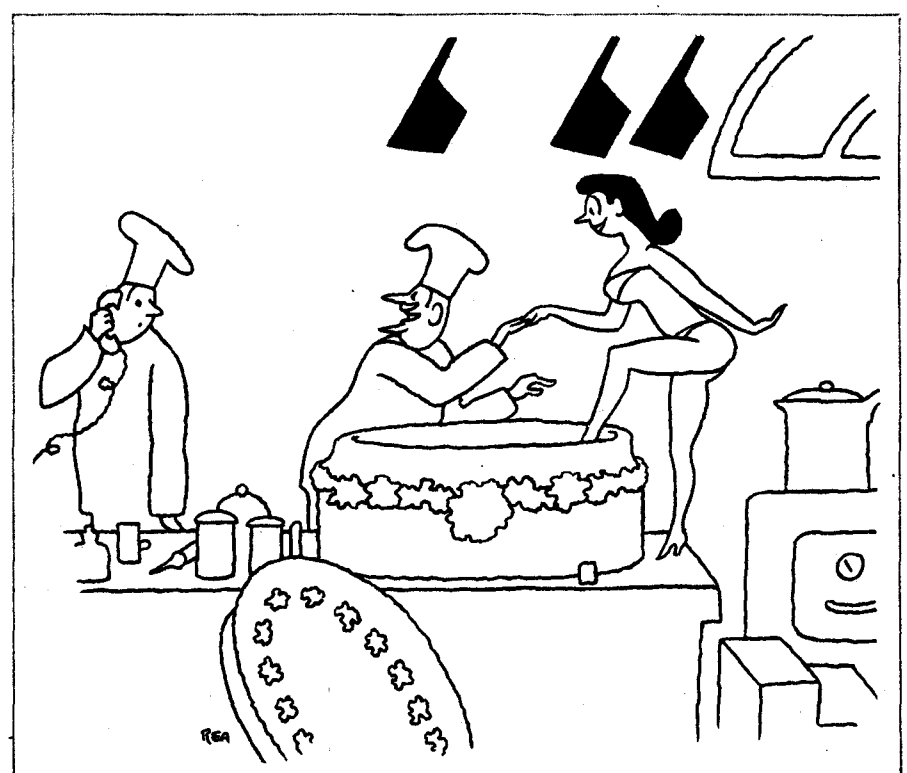
Big Demand for Bagpipes

He put it on the market at $5.95 retail. Orders poured in and the machines in the Magnus plant began rolling them out in thousands. The first big department store to get a shipment put one ad in a newspaper. Within a few days they had sold all their bagpipes and were begging for more. Magnus had foreseen this and announced with another of his grins that he was already building more machines to step up production.

In his private life Magnus practices the simplicity for which his machines and products are noted. He lives in a medium-sized house in Essex Fells, New Jersey, with his wife, who was once his secretary at the button factory, and their nine-year-old son, Kenneth. In the yard and next to the garage is a small brick building which houses a complete experimental laboratory where the new Magnus inventions first take shape.

The inventor's chief diversion is fishing. He has a beach bungalow on the New Jersey coast and a 40-foot cabin cruiser equipped for big-game fishing. While trolling off the coast he sometimes gets an idea for a new musical gadget. When he does, he hurries home, ducks into his laboratory and goes to work.

Now comes the curious part of the Magnus story. The urge to see if he could still play the harmonica led him to found a new American industry. But when he finally got around to trying to play one, he discovered that he wasn't so good. He insists that he plays the harmonica "20 or 30 times a year." He says he can play a dozen tunes, but his associates seldom hear him attempt anything but You Are My Sunshine and Home on the Range. Those who have heard him play agree he's awful. He can't play the harmonica worth a hoot but, boy, can he make 'em! THE END



"They should have changed their minds a little sooner. It's too late now for a redheaded cake"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

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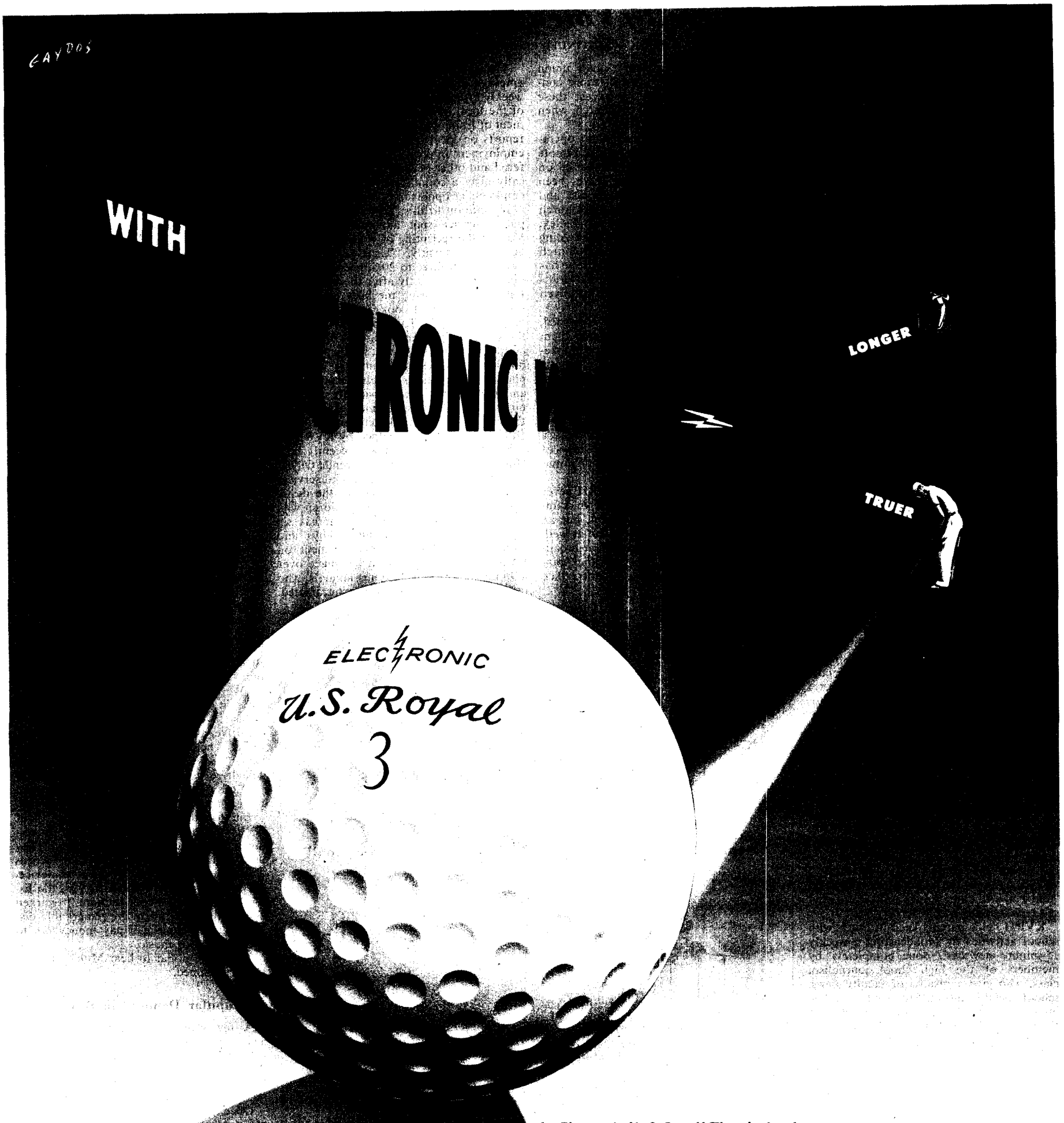

the Electronic U. S. Royal! There's the sharp,
ll going out, up, and dropping down, far and true.
With
tt, the Electronic U. S. Royal, with its uniformly
high compression, improved Silicone "Magic" Center, and flashing white Cadwell-Geer
Cover is the world's finest golf ball. Try the Electronic U. S. Royal or the U. S. True Blue.
You will find either to be a perfect partner on every round.

U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS

at your pro shop

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

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Friendly Voice in the Rockies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

7:00 A.M. to 10: P.M., and Salida sighed and went to bed.

After the change in hours, work slacked off enough so they could begin development of their public service ideas, thus shrinking recorded programs in favor of locally originated material.

"To adapt our operations to the community," Vir likes to say, "we had to throw the rulebook out the window." This flexibility was demonstrated last Christmas when some businessmen and their wives came out to KVRH to sing carols. While they were broadcasting, with Vir watching them happily through a studio window, a member of the staff asked Vir: "How long are these people on?"

"Gosh," he answered, "I don't know; I forgot to ask them."

But from both a technical and audience viewpoint, by far the most fascinating aspect of KVRH's operation now is their lavish and skillful use of "remote" broadcasts. The Jameses use up to three mobile units at a time for on-the-spot jobs, which broadcast to the station for rebroadcast. These are 26-megacycle, 30-watt FM short-wave transmitters, installed in automobiles and operating off the car batteries. They are the mechanical key to the intimate role KVRH plays in Salida community life. With them KVRH can and does cover almost every important community event—rodeos, Memorial Day exercises, Four-H Club exhibits, the annual Flying Jamboree at the local airport, civic ceremonies and the like.

Aids School Enterprises

The Salida public schools are one of the notable beneficiaries of KVRH's policy. The station broadcasts musical programs from the school, gives free advertising to all events. Once, when a junior-high-school dance committee couldn't get an orchestra for a party, the P.T.A. scattered radios around the gym, and Vir broadcast continuous dance music for the students.

All high-school basketball and football games, both at home and visiting, are broadcast play by play. "Before KVRH began broadcasting our games," says Dr. Lawrence A. Barrett, school superintendent, "we often took in less money than we needed to pay our officials. Now, we frequently have to turn people away." It is not unusual to have excited citizens dash to a basketball game during the last quarter; "I was listening on the radio," they will pant, "and I had to come down and see for myself how it comes out."

KVRH helps parents keep in touch with school activities by broadcasting a weekly 15-minute newscast, done completely by members of the high-school journalism class, who give a résumé of faculty news, school events and athletic contests. The broadcast is handled by three students at a time. The job is rotated, so that every member of the class gets a chance to take part.

In 1949, KVRH made educational history when it broadcast, unrehearsed, classes from each grade in the school system, from kindergarten through high school. Children are notoriously self-conscious when their parents visit school, but Salida's youngsters were unabashed before a microphone; teachers sometimes got mike fright, but the children never did. Thus, parents were given an unusual opportunity to eavesdrop on their offsprings' education.

The broadcasts were made with a mobile unit, which fed them by short wave to the station. Four mikes were used; one for an announcer, one for the teacher, and two which were carried up and down the aisles by students. Written up in several educational journals, the idea has since been repeated elsewhere.

KVRH works as closely with local churches. A daily 15-minute religious program called Thought for the Day is scheduled by the Ministers' Alliance, so that the various denominations in Salida are rotated. The Jameses strongly favor union services—those held by two or more congregations together—and broadcast these free. Services of an individual church, when aired, generally are paid for.

Clo, who has a third-class radio operator's license, personally handles the remote amplifying and mixing equipment used on these assignments. Services have been broadcast for the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, also for the Church of God. The Reverend Thomas W. Bailey, pastor of the latter, found that broadcasting of his services more than doubled church attendance. Out of gratitude for this, he has come down to the studio, donned overalls and done carpentering, laid tile, has even washed the studio windows.

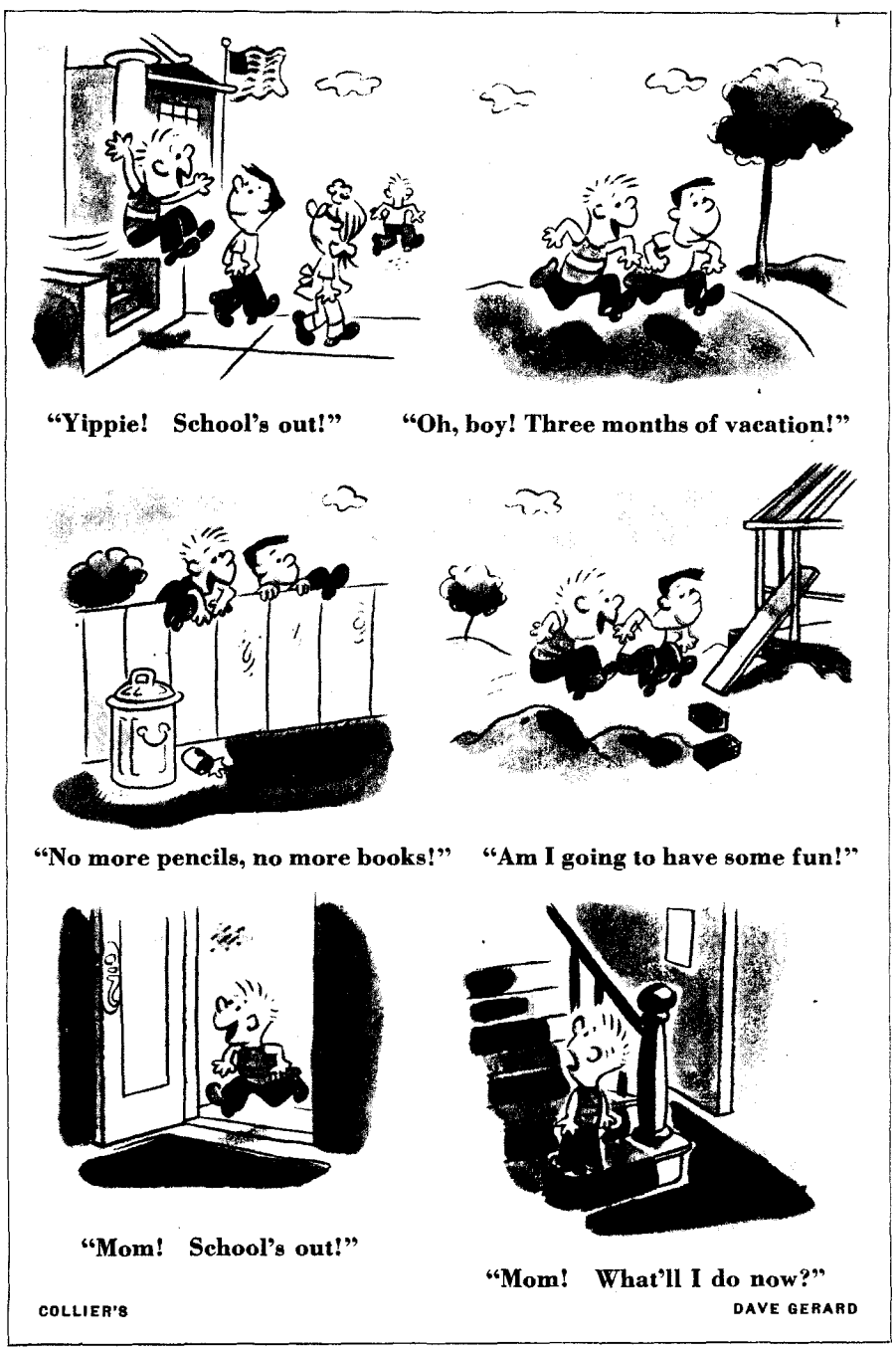
Volunteer firemen, before KVRH opened, relied on telephone calls to summon them to a blaze, and since nearly all the smoke-eaters had party lines, this was frequently a time-consuming—if not a building-consuming—process. Now KVRH broadcasts the location of a fire, flashing alarms to the firemen at home, at work or in their cars. The department itself broadcasts a weekly program giving townspeople news of its activities and presenting educational material on fire prevention.

In any kind of emergency, KVRH never hesitates to interrupt a program to summon not only the fire department, but an ambulance or the police department as well. Sometimes, they may talk over their broadcasting facilities directly to one of their mobile units, forwarding orders for the police or fire department.

The station plays an important role in the employment picture in Salida. It gives a weekly broadcast period to John Vos, head of the local office of the Colorado Department of Employment Security. Vos presents reports on local office activities, lists local employment opportunities with salaries offered and other pertinent data, and periodically gives a complete listing of state-wide employment opportunities.

In addition to this, KVRH presents as a public service spot announcements from Vos for the recruiting of workers who may be needed urgently. "Usually," Vos says, "we get from three to 20 applicants coming into our office shortly after the broadcast." Last summer, during the busy tourist season, two restaurant cooks went on an epic binge one night. They were in no shape for work the next morning. A frantic restaurateur called Vos at 6:30 A.M., rousing him out of his deserved slumbers; Vos telephoned Vir James, asked him to put out an announcement and went back to sleep. At nine, two new and sober men were behind the counter. Puppies, kittens and problem children are similarly helped by KVRH.

Mrs. Ruth Salmonson was recently both Humane Officer and Acting Juvenile Officer in Salida and still carries on special services in these fields. This makes her the designated friend of dogs, cats and children who are in trouble. "Mrs. Salmonson has six lovely kittens for some lucky boys and girls . . ." is a familiar announcement on KVRH. They have helped her place over a hundred unwanted young animals who otherwise would have been exterminated.


"Yippie! School's out!"
"Oh, boy! Three months of vacation!"
"No more pencils, no more books!"
"Am I going to have some fun!"
"Mom! School's out!"
"Mom! What'll I do now?"
COLLIER'S
DAVE GERARD

Mrs. Salmonson found most of her delinquency problems in Salida came from children born to minority groups. She decided that some kind of community acceptance might go far to solve her problems. Speculatively, she eyed the city's softball league. In more ways than one, she decided, that might be the answer.

So Mrs. Salmonson first organized her own softball league of five teams—two "midget" teams (ages eight to ten), one girls' team and two teen-age teams. Things started out in an unpromising way. The youngsters showed hostility and prejudice toward one another. But Mrs. Salmonson kept on trying—and invited Vir James out to watch a game.

Vir immediately sensed the community value of what she was trying to do. He decided to broadcast the games in order to give them prestige and arouse community interest. He brought his mobile equipment to game after game, broadcast them play by play. The children felt important; the town became interested. Soon, hostility evaporated. Before the summer was over, her teams were invited into the city league.

"We have not had a single boy in court," Mrs. Salmonson says, "since the beginning of this program."

She is also proud of the half-hour program she is now developing with the Jameses—a round-table discussion by Salida children in which they will talk over delinquency problems.

KVRH assists community fund drives, is as flexible and inventive in this as in their other work. In 1948, only a few months after the station had opened, Dr. Barrett, the school superintendent, mentioned to Vir the March of Dimes drive which had just been concluded (in failure). "Too bad," the superintendent said, "they didn't use the radio for that."

"We didn't even know it was going on," Vir said thoughtfully.

That evening he called the chairman of the drive, asked if KVRH couldn't do something to help. "No, the thing flopped," he said, "and we're ashamed to mention it. The drive was closed."

"Let's open it up again," Vir urged. And after some discussion, that's what they did.

For five days, almost every moment of KVRH's broadcasting was devoted to raising funds for the March of Dimes. They used request programs—both with records and home talent—as their central device. To have a request number played, the listener had to mail a contribution. It worked fine; and KVRH made the remarkable discovery that people will pay money *not* to hear a piece of music.

"I'll pay a dollar to hear Mule Train," a listener phoned.

Popular Demand in Reverse

A few moments later the phone rang again, and an agonized voice—obviously suffering from too many performances of the exceptionally popular number—demanded: "I'll pay a buck *not* to have to listen to Mule Train!"

Once more, the original voice called: "Hey, what happened to Mule Train? I'll pay *two* bucks to have it put back on!"

On the fifth day, contributions reached the quota goal of $1,000. Vir happily announced the end of the drive. However, some kind of momentum had been set up. For listeners kept right on mailing in money until the fund topped $1,500!

Of course, an enterprise like KVRH is run only at great personal sacrifice on the part of the Jameses. "The trouble is," Clo wrote a friend, "that Vir is trying to hold down six men's jobs, while I try to outdo three." They work like mad from 7:00 A.M. to midnight. Clo handles church remotes, tape records, school programs, spins an occasional platter, writes commercials, sends out bills, answers about half the studio mail and, after the station closes at ten, schedules

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COLLIER'S **"There's a sale here on television sets but I don't suppose that would interest you!"** GUSTAV LUNDBERG

the next day's broadcasting. Sometime during the day's routine, she keeps house and brings up her two girls. Vir and Clo work together closely as a team. They love it and wouldn't want to do anything else; but the venture has been slow to pay off.

Largely, this has been due to Salida's unusual attitude toward radio advertising.

For the first year or so of KVRH's operation, Salidians regarded sponsoring a program as a public service rather than as a practical thing to do. In the cities and on the networks, a program is developed, then sold to a sponsor on the basis of its public acceptance. This didn't work in Salida. When asked to sponsor a popular program, the Salida businessman answered: "Why should I sponsor *that*—we hear it right along anyway." To sell time, Vir had to say: "There's a program I have in mind I think the whole town would enjoy, but I've got to get a sponsor before I can put it on." Then, he usually got a "yes."

"However," the businessman was likely to add, "don't mention my name."

Headaches of a Station Manager

This upset Vir, who naturally was accustomed to think of radio as an advertising medium. If he argued that an advertisement over the air could effectively sell both merchandise and services, he was often told: "Well, I've got all the business I can handle, and I don't want to have to hire more help." Or, the answer might be, "Why tell folks what they already know about us?" When pushed to the wall by this kind of talk, Vir informed his customer that the Federal Communications Commission absolutely requires that a sponsor be named. "In that case," at least one sponsor answered, "maybe you'd better use my wife's name."

Finally, Vir was able to combine his efforts with those of a refrigerator manufacturer's representative and persuade a local distributor to advertise refrigerators and other appliances on the air. He sold 200 of them. This incident, as well as others, has helped bring about a change.

In addition, Vir has made two definite contributions to the field of radio advertising. The first of these might be called "mass sponsoring." Broadcasts of out-of-town high-school games are too expensive for one or even a few local businesses to carry. So Vir gets a great number to sponsor these games at low fees. Last year, high-school athletic events had 52 sponsors who paid three dollars a game. Vir's record is 91 sponsors for a single event. This kind of thing would cause the average station manager to faint. However, KVRH uses only a name and a slogan for the plugs, works a few of them in during every time out and even during huddles, and does this so deftly that they use no more air time for advertising than does the usual singly sponsored game.

Which leads to Vir's second contribution. He is an ardent advocate of the half-minute "spot" announcement; believing that radio advertising should be as brief as possible, he has campaigned to hold all commercial announcements to a 30-second length. He has the Salida businessman sold on the efficacy of the short spot, and the public, too. People actually write in and phone to say, "We love your commercials."

In the fall of 1950, KVRH joined the Liberty Broadcasting Network. While this affiliation in no way changed the station's policies, it did help solve some time-consuming programming problems. So Vir and Clo were able to devote more hours to a project begun the year before, when they had started experimental broadcasting from Leadville, 59 miles from Salida. It's a famous old mining town, located at an altitude of 10,000 feet and ringed by mountains. They had decided that a station in this population area of 15,000 would fill an economic need. They also decided that they could play the same community-conscious role that they had in Salida. All they needed was the money.

Providentially, station KIVP in Durango, southern Colorado, decided to replace its 250-watt transmitter with a new one of superior power. Vir was asked to perform a consulting job for them. He agreed to this, provided they would sell their old transmitter to him rather than to several other bidders, and if they would throw in certain equipment in addition to the fee. His terms were accepted, and when the job was completed, Vir had his transmitter, and some money.

To complete the financing, and to give Leadville businessmen a direct interest in success of the station, Vir personally sold interest-bearing bonds. He sold them not only to almost every merchant in town, but also to the Fraternal Order of Eagles and Loyal Order of Moose, to the Leadville Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers' Local 393, and nearby Climax Molybdenum Workers, Local 24410, AFL.

With the help of the Reverend Bailey, Vir transported his hard-earned transmitting equipment from Durango to Leadville, where he installed it in a frame house he bought for a studio. Situated at the edge of town on a bluff overlooking the city, surrounded by mountain peaks, KLVC has just gone into operation.

With two stations operating, the Jameses are trying to do a double job of community service, and are twice as busy as they were before. This is obviously impossible—but there it is. THE END

I COULDN'T GET EVEN A PASSING GRADE FROM THE CO-EDS, SIS! MY STRAIGHT A'S WERE NO HELP WITH THEM!
BEN, I'M NO BRAIN-BOX. BUT I THINK YOU FLUNKED ROMANCE BECAUSE OF BAD BREATH! CHECK WITH OUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU?
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE'S DID WHAT SIS SAID IT WOULD SO NOW MY DATING "MARKS" ARE GOOD!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's while not mentioned by name, was the *one and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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Why Stalin Must Be Tried for Murder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

leaders in Stockholm, Paris and Munich, and sifted the reports they had received from their homelands. In Rome, we discussed the fate of Lithuania's Catholics with Stanislas Lozoraitis, Jr., a Free Lithuanian envoy to the Vatican. We checked our findings with American officials of the International Refugee Organization in Geneva, who have helped resettle thousands of Baltic displaced persons since the end of the war.

From all these sources came overwhelming evidence that Soviet Russia has continually practiced genocide on the Baltic peoples long before and ever since Mr. Vishinsky's vote in the UN.

The Same Occupation Pattern

With minor variations, the pattern of Russian occupation is the same in the three countries—which have been illegally rechristened the Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian Soviet Socialist Republics.

1. Native Communist nonentities are used merely as front men in the puppet regimes, with all key posts held by Russians. When, as it often happens, local quislings are unavailable, Russians change their names to maintain the fiction of a "national" government. Cabinet meetings are conducted in the Russian language.

2. The church has been all but eliminated as a spiritual force. In Catholic Lithuania, all bishops have been deported or executed, and the city of Vilnius has only one priest for a population of 120,000. In Protestant Latvia and Estonia, church property has been confiscated and religious instructions forbidden.

3. Russification is being pressed in schools, where children must devote at least six hours a week to the study of Russian. Doctors and lawyers who do not learn Russian are denied the right to practice. Official records are printed in two languages, but it is common for officials, when addressed in a Baltic tongue, to reply: *"Neponimayu etovo sobachevo yazyka."* ("I do not understand this canine language.")

4. The last mass deportation to Russia occurred in 1949, but individuals—with or without their families—disappear almost every day. Young men are also periodically sent east for "technical training," from which they seldom return. Farmers who balk at collectivization are arrested and their property turned over to the local kolkhoz administered by Russian immigrants.

Settlement of Russians in Baltic cities has reached the point where Tallinn, Estonia, is about 50 per cent Russian, Riga, Latvia, about 60 per cent and Kaunas, Lithuania, about 35 per cent. These cities are now regarded as safely Russian, with all key posts in the hands of the newcomers. Usually they occupy administrative posts and run the newspapers. The native population is gradually being frozen out of all but manual occupations.

When the Russian colonizers first came in, many natives resisted, and physical assaults were frequent. But the only result was a speed-up of deportations, and now the natives treat the Russians with cold indifference. What remains of an organized underground is lying low.

There were three distinct types of genocide defined in the convention approved by the UN—physical, biological and cultural. On the basis of the bare facts outlined above—for which Collier's can produce eyewitnesses—Mr. Vishinsky, his masters and their henchmen are conclusively guilty on all three counts.

Before hearing the witnesses, let's look back at the events which put the Baltic peoples at the mercy of the Kremlin.

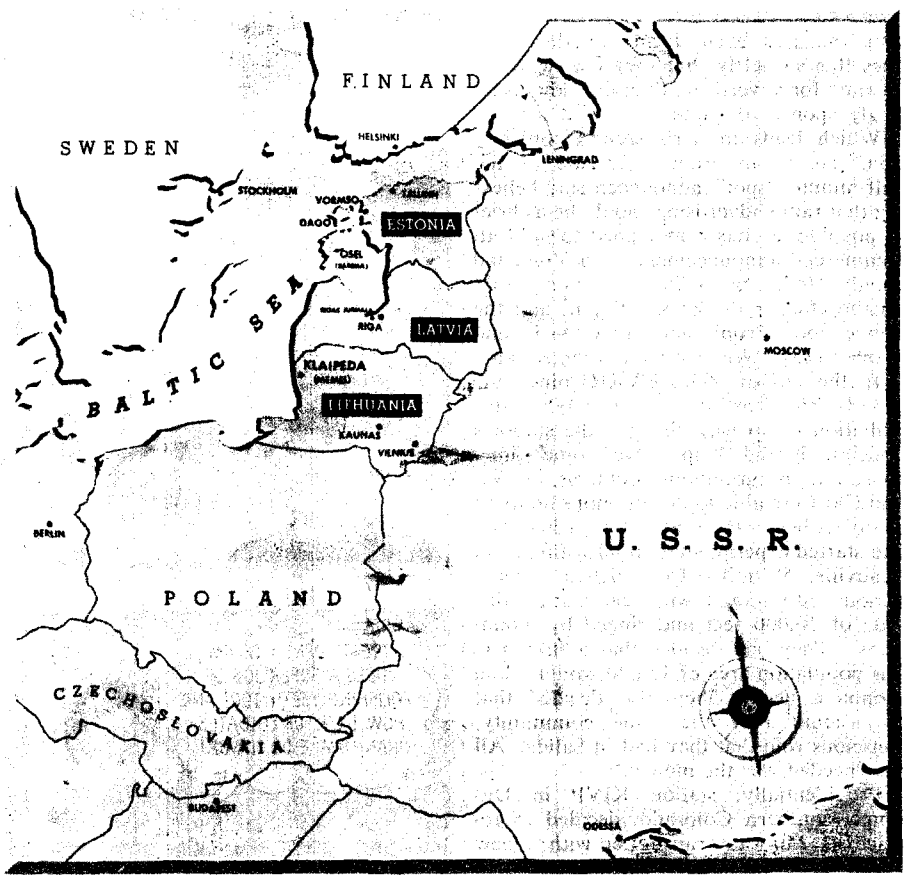
Twelve years ago, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia were peaceful, prosperous little countries which had been minding their own business ever since their independence was formally recognized by Soviet Russia at the end of World War I. Each was proud of its language and cultural heritage and asked only to be left out of big-power politics.

But this was too much to hope for in view of their geographical location. At a meeting in Moscow on September 27, 1939, the Nazi and Soviet Foreign Ministers agreed that after they'd carved up Poland together, the Russians could regard the Baltic States as being within their "zone of influence."

Events then moved swiftly according to the sickeningly familiar timetable of totalitarian conquest. Within a month, Russia bludgeoned the Baltic States into granting military bases to Soviet troops on their territory, all the while promising not to interfere in their internal affairs.

"Foolish prattle of the Sovietization of the Baltic States," said Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov on October 31st, "is useful only to our common enemies and to all kinds of anti-Soviet *provocateurs.*"

Meanwhile, Russia spent the winter beating neighboring Finland into submission; then, having obtained more bases, it proceeded to the second phase of consolidating its Baltic flank.



AL TARTER

Baltic states, about size of Missouri, are now a jail within larger jail of Soviet. On coast Reds are building naval bases

This took place from June 15 to 17, 1940, when Zhdanov, Vishinsky and Dekanozov, posing as "diplomatic couriers," flew into the Baltic capitals and in a well-rehearsed operation arranged for local stooges to take over key ministries and "invite" Russian troops to move in. Overnight, some 6,000,000 bewildered Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians discovered they were prisoners in their own homes.

With the Russian troops came teams of NKVD (now MVD) agents, armed with lists of all persons who might organize resistance to the new order. On the night of July 11-12, they pounced on 2,000 party leaders, editors, clergymen and government officials in Lithuania alone.

Just to make everything look legal, Soviet style, rigged elections then produced "people's parliaments" which humbly requested their countries' admission to the Soviet Union. Russia lost no time in complying with these requests. The stage was now set for full-scale terror.

"The removal of anti-Soviet elements from the Baltic republics is a political task of great significance," said Deputy Commissar Serov of the NKVD in a secret memorandum numbered 2192 and dated January 21, 1941.

This great task was interrupted six months later, when the Nazis chased their former buddies back to Leningrad. But by then Commissar Serov's agents had already made a fair start.

In Latvia, according to International Red Cross records, there were 1,355 executions and 32,895 deportations—15,000 in the night of June 13-14—during that first Soviet occupation. Among them were 7,497 women, 4,196 children, 1,086 army officers, 105 doctors, 38 clergymen and 490 university professors. Many first passed through the NKVD interrogation center in Riga, where the floors were grooved to drain off blood and the walls padded to absorb stray bullets.

In Estonia, Communist party bosses K. Sare and N. Karotamm—both Russian citizens—helped Serov's agents get rid of 60,000 people in two and a half months. More than 160 clergymen, including Evangelical Bishop H. B. Rahamagi, were deported to the arctic and trans-Caspian regions.

In Lithuania, 34,260 persons were arrested during the week of June 14-21, 1941, and deported to Siberia, Kazakstan and the Altai Mountains. They consisted of 10 categories of "hostile elements," including anyone who had tried to maintain relations with the outside world.

A week later, as German armies crossed the Lithuanian frontier, NKVD agents shot or deported 11,700 political prisoners in Vilnius and Kaunas and shot 500 inmates of the Pravieniskiai concentration camp; they tortured and then murdered 70 professors, judges and priests in the Rainiai woods in northern Lithuania; and they kidnaped 2,000 more political and intellectual leaders and shot them near Minsk a month later.

The Germans stayed in the Baltic States just three years, long enough to butcher 150,000 Jews; then the Russians returned, and darkness closed in for good.

What has happened since can best be told by the people who were there—the witnesses who may one day help convict Russia's leaders of genocide. They are the lucky few who have succeeded in making their way out of a prison from which escape has become all but impossible.

Rigid security, more impenetrable than anywhere else in the Soviet Union, serves a calculated objective. It is designed to spread defeatism among the Balts and expedite acceptance of the only other alternative—the Soviet way of life at the cost of their own national character.

With forced labor battalions recruited from local populations, the Russians have converted the coastal areas into a bristling chain of naval bases and submarine pens. Across the Baltic Sea from those bases lies Sweden and freedom, but as the laborers toil 14 hours a day they can see the hopelessness of trying to flee.

"The fortifications are forbidden zones," Alfred Ubitis, a leathery-faced, fifty-year-old Latvian told us. "Fast patrol boats, gunboats and hydroplanes are cruising around all the time. They go out 12 and even 15 miles."

Three-Mile Limit Ignored

As they have with other international covenants, the Russians ignore the three-mile limit and claim jurisdiction up to 12 miles in the Baltic. How did Ubitis get away then? A freighter with a predominantly Latvian crew was being scrubbed down by Ubitis' labor detail. His countrymen whispered for him to lag behind. They hid him among sacks of dried fish. The next morning, he leaped into a Swedish harbor and swam to safety.

Such escapes are rare, indeed. Take the case of 11 Lithuanians for whom the overland route through East Germany appeared comparatively less risky. They negotiated the first frontier checkposts with the loss of only two men. The alarm was sounded and they became hunted men. A sole survivor finally staggered into West Berlin, having run the gantlet of eight widely strung checkposts.

We wondered, though, why there weren't more escapes from the fishing fleets that put to sea with Baltic crews. The answer came in the harrowing adventure of the trawler Merituul. A crew of eight young men and a nineteen-year-old girl, who was the boat's cook, decided to sneak off from the fleet at the first opportunity.

As is the Soviet practice, gunboats encircled the trawlers, patrol boats poked suspiciously among them and planes maintained a constant overhead vigil. With a sail spread and the little engine going full blast, the Merituul headed for a thick bank of fog. All night, the crew played hide-and-seek with their machine-gun-firing pursuers, praying that they were going in the right direction. The fog held and next morning they were safe in Sweden.

Quite recently the Russians launched a program to frustrate chance flights like the Merituul's. From central Asia, the Leningrad area and the Black Sea, "fishing specialists" have been imported into the Baltic States and installed in the little fishing islands and coastal villages, where Balts have lived for centuries under innumerable conquerors. The Balts were deported to camps in Uzbek and Siberia.

Today, the islands of Dagö, Osel (Sarema), Vorms and Rago, for example, have been completely depopulated of Estonians. Rigas Jurmala, a traditional Latvian seaside resort, and the neighboring fishing communities are inhabited only by Soviet-imported colonists. Ancient Lithuanian villages near Klaipeda (Memel) suffered the same forced change of character.

The transplantation of fisherfolk was the

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last extension of Russia's plan to annihilate the identities of the Balts and to replace them with a human wall of "safe" citizens with unquestionable loyalty to Moscow. Now every conceivable facet of Baltic life has been crippled by the Soviet Union's deliberate application of genocide.

Zhdanov was a true prophet of the philosophy of ruthless extermination. Last May Day—10 years after his advice—the Soviet-controlled Baltic radios revealed quite clearly what has happened in the three states.

"Marching past the reviewing stand," an Estonian commentator exulted, "are farmers, students, soldiers and workers. We can see not just Estonians but solid ranks of Russians, Byelorussians, Uzbeks, Kazaks and Turkmen. All working together, side by side, for our great motherland, the Soviet Union."

So the dirge went, too, on the Latvian and Lithuanian radios, with only an addition, or a change, here and there, for people of some other Soviet republic now resident in the Baltic States. The tiny countries are being made safe for the Soviet Union.

Let's hear some of the eyewitnesses.

First-Hand Report

Mrs. Maria Bukauskas (that's not her real name because relatives still live in Lithuania) is in her thirties but looks like a grandmother. She has two children, Edvard, sixteen, and Rosemarie, seven. Her husband, an agronomist, was packed off into forced labor in Germany before the Russians came in the second time.

"The MVD said he probably was an anti-Communist partisan," she recalled, "therefore I had to bear responsibility. I was deported, but I was luckier than most. My mother took the children away as soon as I was arrested. Whole families were sent away, although they separated the fathers from the rest."

That was during the second great wave of deportations in the winter of 1945-'46. In Mrs. Bukauskas' train were 63 freight cars, 60 people to a car. They were given nothing to eat during the tortuously slow four-day trip.

"The doors of the cars were barred and every time we stopped, guards would check them to see that they were secure," she said. "When we arrived, we found ourselves at Medvezhegorsk, in what used to be part of Finnish Karelia. The guards released the bars and we were taken down. People who died on the way were just thrown into the snow."

The prisoners were put to work reclaiming the canal linking the Arctic Sea with the Baltic. Ill-clad, mostly bootless, the slave laborers died like flies from exposure. In their spare time, after 12 to 14 hours' work on the canal, they had to build their own flimsy barracks.

"The first few weeks we got only two thin slices of bread and a kind of soup that was made of herring heads," Mrs. Bukauskas recalled. "Then we got a new kind of watery soup made from groats. We never even saw a potato in the 14 months I was there."

The death rate in the camp was staggering. In Mrs. Bukauskas' detail of 200 men and women, about two thirds of the original group died in the first six months. Replacements, however, kept pouring in from the Baltic States. Many committed suicide out of sheer desperation.

The MVD guards made spot interrogations of all deportees. After working in the biting cold all day, a prisoner would be roused from sleep and questioned by young officers. The questioning often lasted all night. Finally, Mrs. Bukauskas determined to escape or be shot to death in the attempt.

The method she used to flee the camp cannot be revealed unless she talks from a witness stand. Mrs. Bukauskas managed to travel to Leningrad in a locked and empty freight car used for transporting prisoners. Then she hid herself in a compartment of a coal tender going to Moscow. In the Moscow station, she became friendly with a demobilized Red Army officer, who was going to Lithuania for a job in "civil administration."

The ex-officer helped her obtain train tickets and she avoided checking by moving from car to car just ahead of the authorities. When she arrived in her home town, she went directly to her mother's, and found the children and their grandmother. Her house was occupied by a Russian family from Tashkent.

A local Lithuanian underground committee decided that Mrs. Bukauskas and her children should be smuggled out. For almost two years the family was hidden by neighbors while they learned Polish—because their escape route would be via Poland.

Today, they are in Sweden, but the scars of their plight are still borne by the children. Edvard speaks with a stammer and limps badly because of frozen feet. The little girl weeps incessantly and has nightmares. Mrs. Bukauskas' mother? She vanished.

Young Walter Grins, a slim, seventeen-year-old farmer's son, remembers the deportation in 1949 of peasants in the Bauska district of central Latvia.

"On March 21st and 22d, we noticed many trucks and troops coming along the roads," he told us. "They went immediately to the villages and everyone was frightened. We recalled that many trucks and soldiers had come when people were taken away before.

"Next day, soldiers with guns came to every farm. They brought out our neighbors. Then they came to our house. My parents and my older brother were there. I hid behind the stove. An officer told my people that we were enemies of the state. He said we refused to join a collective farm. There were many like us, he said, and we could be replaced by worthy Soviet citizens.

"My people were given 15 minutes to get some bread, a water pail and coats. Then they were taken out. I never saw them again, although I went down to the railroad station at night and called out their names for hours."

How did young Grins get away? He attached himself to a Red Army unit that he heard was going to Germany, ran errands for the company commander and stuck close, hoping that they wouldn't leave him behind. He got a castoff uniform and left with the unit. Nobody asked him for papers. Once in Germany, he made his way to the Western zone.

An Estonian lawyer, whose name cannot be used, had a terrifying experience.

"They lined them up outside our house in Tallinn, in the suburbs." His voice was unsteady in recalling the incident. "The Russians said I was a bandit. I watched from the brushwood a few yards away.

"They told my father and mother and my two sisters that they had lost their opportunity to prove their loyalty to the Soviet Union because they had not betrayed me. Then, without another word, two officers shouted a command. The soldiers fired point-blank into my family. The officers went around after the firing and shot each member of my family in the head to make sure they were dead."

That was on June 14, 1947, six years after the Russians inaugurated their first phase of the genocide plan for the Baltic States. The lawyer, a white-haired man of thirty-three, got away to Sweden in a small boat with two others.

One of his fellow escapees, a schoolteacher, told us about the curriculum the Russians instituted almost as soon as they returned in 1944. Russia was then ostensibly a loyal ally of the U.S. But listen to this:

"We were all called together, all the instructors in our secondary school," the teacher said. "We were told that Western culture was a corrupting influence. The political commissar said that the children must be taught to hate the American and English imperialists.

"We were then ordered to make certain that the students understood that absolute loyalty was demanded by the Soviet Union. Political commissars would come to question the children to see if this was being done.

"The students had to study Russian a minimum of one hour a day, two if they wished to go to a university. When one teacher suggested that so much emphasis on teaching the Russian language might cause the students to forget their own, our political director laughed.

" 'They'll never need Estonian again,' he said. 'Russian is the most important!' "

The Sovietization of Baltic life has been carried out most savagely against the religious leaders and institutions of the three countries. Catholic Lithuania, for example, had 1,646 clergymen in 1940; today there are 101. Nearly 2,800,000 Catholics were registered at the churches 11 years ago; today, none. If you want to attend church in Kaunas, it costs the equivalent of $1.75 and churches must pay an average of $10,000 a year in taxes or lose their property.

"We were all badly treated and starved in the slave camps," said Alexander Garetis, a Lithuanian carpenter. "But priests and ministers and Jewish spiritual leaders from the Baltic countries got the harshest treatment. They were beaten regularly by the guards and given the most difficult labor. They usually didn't survive very long."

Garetis was sent off to slave labor in the first great deportation the morning of June 13-14, 1941, a week before Germany invaded Russia. He went to a camp in the Vorkuta region, between the White Sea and the Urals. When Garetis and other slave laborers were rushed to the front to construct fortifications for the Red Army, they were overrun by Hitler's legions. Garetis then served in German labor gangs until liberated by the Americans.

For three years after the second Soviet occupation, the Balts resisted fiercely the changes the Russians were imposing on their countries. Arms that had been used against the Germans were turned on the Red Army and the Communists. Large-scale battles, involving Russian tank divisions, raged in the countryside. In Lithuania, where active resistance lasted longest because of thick forests in which partisans could hide, the MVD burned large tracts of woodland to end the resistance.

Ruthless retaliation on the civilian population finally forced the underground groups to stop fighting.

"For every Russian or Communist we shot, they began by deporting 20 of our people," explained Jonas Haieno, an Estonian engineer who fought in the resistance and later escaped by boat.

"Later they increased the number to 100 for every man they lost. When they threatened to deport 1,000 for each of theirs, we quit. To go on fighting would have been senseless."

August Rei, a former President of Estonia and chairman of the Estonian National Council, agreed with Haieno, as did all the Latvian and Lithuanian refugee officials with whom we spoke.

"The most important thing in all the Baltic countries is for the people to survive," Rei said. "We must have elements capable of action the moment they are needed. Some of our people hope for a war of liberation, though war might destroy our nations completely. Is there nothing the free world can do?"

There is. The free world can certainly recognize the appeals of the Balts, which until today have been conveniently ignored. Time and again they have asked for an investigation into these genocidal mass deportations. The aid of the U.S. has been especially solicited to give the cases international attention.

As Baltic leaders-in-exile stated in a detailed memorandum to the UN on November 24, 1947: "The United Nations will fail to fulfill its purpose and the deep meaning of its *raison d'être* if it remains indifferent to the malicious and systematically genocidal policy of one of its founders."

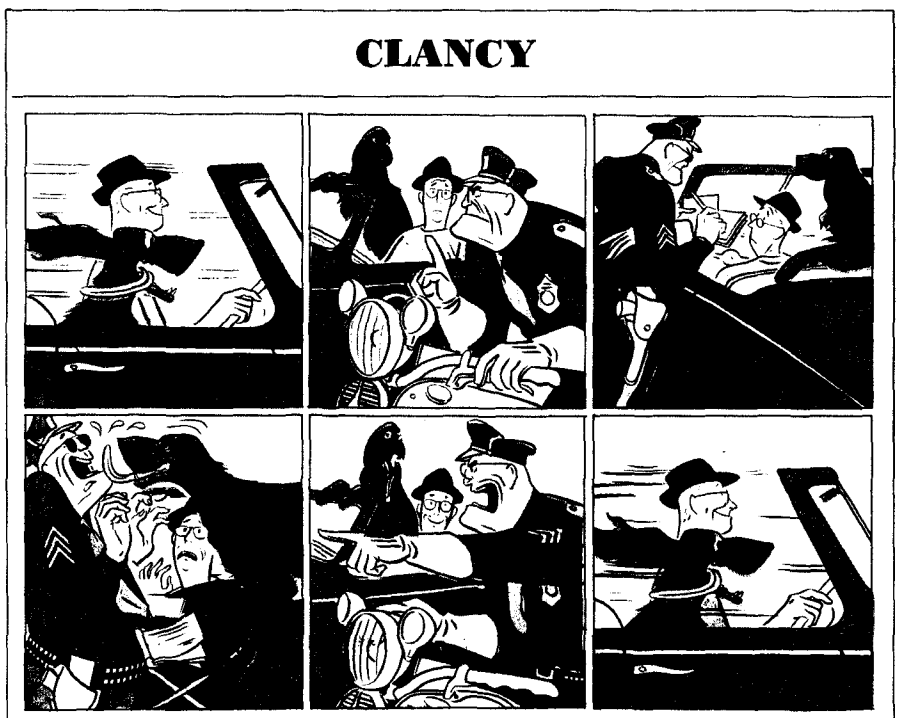
Russian Leaders Responsible

That was four years ago—before the Russians agreed to the principles of the genocide convention. Today, they stand morally bound to respect the developing international law which will hold government leaders personally responsible for what goes on in their countries.

At present, Russia's leaders cannot be brought to trial, for although the Kremlin has openly subscribed to the principles of the Genocide Convention, it has not yet ratified the agreement. Nevertheless, there is nothing to stop the UN's General Assembly from going on record in a vote of censure against Russia's cynical violation of its moral obligation.

Further, a special committee of the General Assembly will meet in Geneva August 1st to set up a court which will have international criminal jurisdiction. Once this court is functioning, there will be nothing to prevent the UN from indicting Soviet leaders for what they have done in the Baltic States.

This report has cited only a few of the thousands of eyewitnesses from the Baltic States. All are ready and available to face up to their collective responsibilities and put Stalin on trial for murder. THE END



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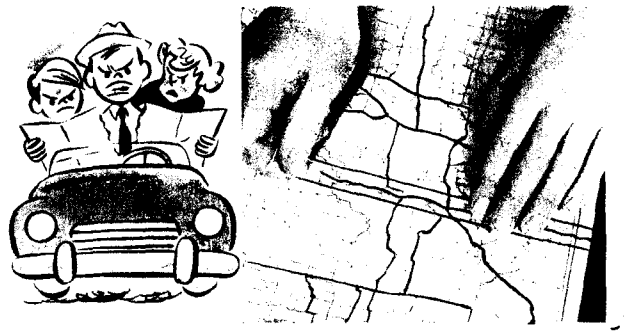

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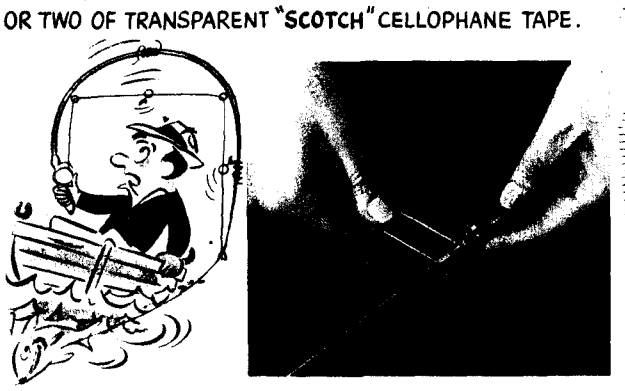

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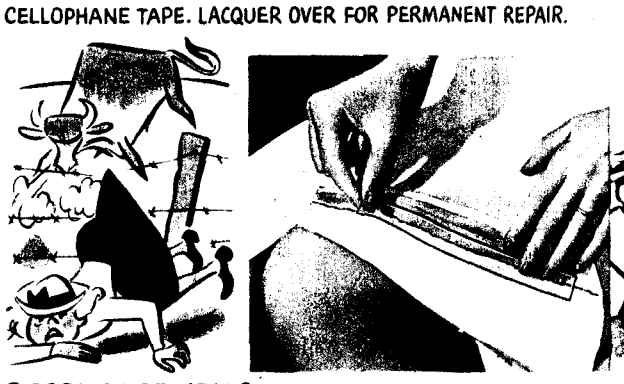

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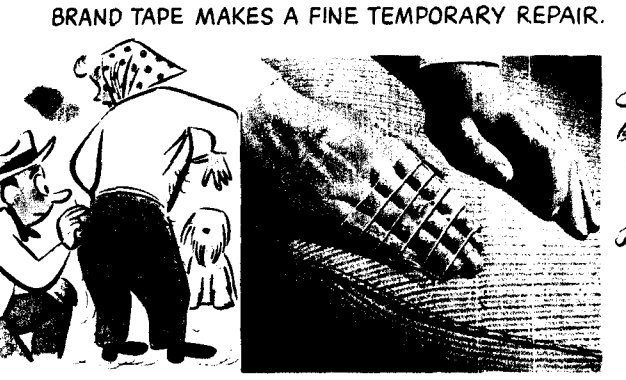

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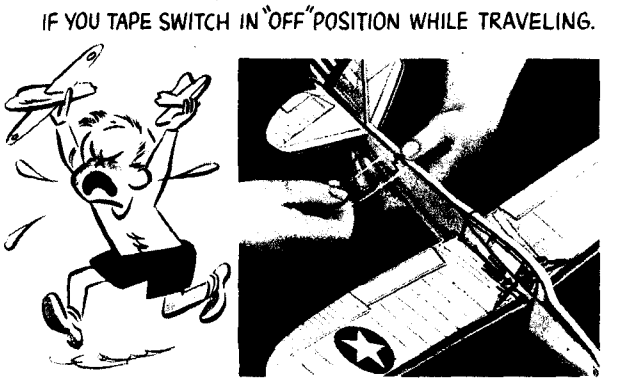

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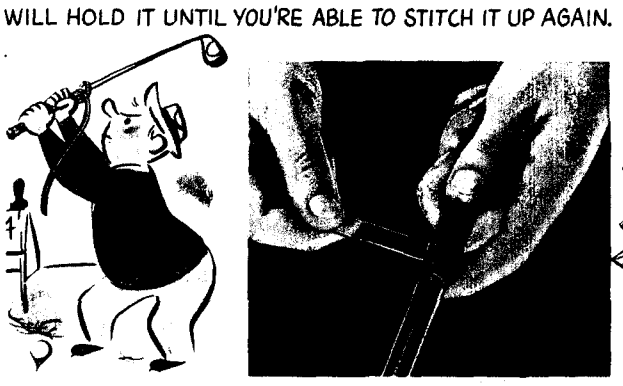

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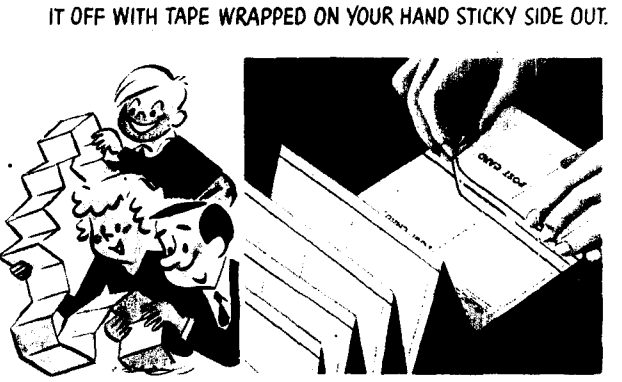

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

a remedy, but unfortunately it will be read by very few, if any, who can do anything about it.

Something can be done about it and other cases just like the La Prensa. The free press of the world can organize into an association to prevent the Peróns, wherever found, from stifling the press just because it suits their political purposes to do so. With the financial, moral and political resources which the press of the world now possesses, organized to use all the power at its command, it can see that such suppressions do not happen.

J. K. GREER, Hawkinsville, Ga.

Air-Conditioned Apiaries

EDITOR: I was much interested in the article Bees—From A to Zzzzzzz, by Anthony Standen, in your May 12th issue. He covered the life and work of bees thoroughly. There was one point I did not see mentioned in the story—about bees air-conditioning their hives on hot days.

My uncle, the late Albertus Bailey, for many years kept about 200 hives of bees on his farm in Cardiff, New York. I spent many summers there as a boy. On hot days my uncle would raise the tops of the hives an inch or two and prop the cover up with a block of wood. I watched him do this many times. Then my uncle called my attention to a dozen or more bees, perched on the landing board of the hives, close to the entrance slot. These bees kept their wings in rapid motion but kept their legs on the board. My uncle said they were fanning cool air into the hot hives.

HOWARD R. GARIS, Amherst, Mass.

The Last Spike

EDITOR: We have noted with a good deal of appreciation the interesting and colorful cover illustration for May 12th, depicting the "Driving of the Last Spike" May 10, 1869.

We have also noted the item on page 6 about the completion of the first transcontinental railroad by the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads. We regret, however, that no mention was made of the fact that the Central Pacific was the parent company of today's Southern Pacific railroad system.

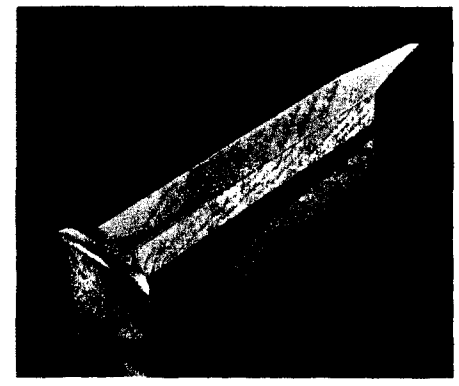
K. C. INGRAM, Southern Pacific Co., San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Philip Ronfor did a fine job in re-creating the scene at Promontory when the first transcontinental railroad was completed.

However, your explanatory notes failed to mention that Governor Leland Stanford swung the maul and missed the spike, although a later governor of California, Earl Warren, is credited with making the statement that "no California governor ever missed anything."

HUGH F. O'NEIL, Ogden, Utah

. . . Your many readers may be interested to know that the original Last Spike,



given by Governor Stanford to the university bearing his name, can be seen in the History Room of Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco. For many years after the ceremony it reposed in the vaults of the bank, but at the request of the university's board of trustees has been displayed on such occasions as the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island 1939-'40, and California's Centennial Caravan 1949-'50. It is now permanently displayed in a specially designed safe, to which it is brought under guard each morning from the bank's vault.

IRENE SIMPSON, San Francisco, Cal.

Leave It to Lovett

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to carry out the defense gearing was no accident. General Marshall specifically asked President Truman to get Bob Lovett for the $22,500-a-year number two spot in Defense, just as he once summoned Lovett from private business to the State Department to serve as Undersecretary. He calls his deputy "a perfect example of a round peg in a round hole," and the choice was acclaimed in upper-bracket Washington with rare accord. The late Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, a revered elder statesman, was so pleased that he wrote Marshall from a hospital bed: "Thank Heaven you have Bob Lovett. His courage and capacity can be your everlasting reliance."

For Lovett, his third call to government service came at a thoroughly disconcerting juncture. With both children settled away from the family hearth—son Robert, twenty-four, as an electrical engineer, and daughter Evelyn, thirty-one, as a housewife—Lovett and his blond, statuesque wife Adele had just sold the huge family estate at Locust Grove, Long Island. On three acres which they retained, they intended building a smaller house.

At the time, Bob was happily back in harness at the family banking firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman, and was no longer plagued with the digestive troubles which beset him through the forties. He was taking life relatively easy, and his health had never been better. Ground was broken for the new Lovett home on a Monday last fall. The next morning, as Lovett was eating breakfast, the telephone rang. It was President Truman on the line. "He asked me if I was awake," Lovett remembers. "I told him yes. Of course, I'd have said the same thing if I'd been sound asleep. The President said he needed me again in Washington; that General Marshall wanted me to serve as Deputy Secretary of Defense."

Both the Lovetts are wealthy, and life on Long Island was altogether attractive. But, as Lovett told friends after his first job in Washington under the late Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, there were three persons to whom he could never say no: Stimson, General Marshall and Mrs. Lovett. Two days after the President's call, he was back in the capital. In the quarters assigned him—Pentagon suite 3E-924—he found and kept the desk of an old friend: the late James E. Forrestal, first Secretary of Defense under the Unification law.

Today, the man running defense operations is a young-looking fifty-five-year-old, stands five feet 10¼ inches tall, is bald on the top of a narrow, well-shaped head, and weighs 170. After two tours of high-office Washington duty, he remains painfully shy, with an aversion to limelight amounting almost to a phobia. His conservative, well-tailored appearance immediately brings to mind the word neat, but this is contradicted somewhat by his habit of working with his vest unbuttoned, and a recent tendency to peer over his horn-rimmed spectacles like an absent-minded professor.

Bob Lovett looks the banker he is, but underneath the proper, dead-pan Lovett exterior bridles a quiet and ironic sense of humor which functions every waking minute. It is routine for the Deputy Secretary to pop out of his private office and address waiting callers: "Mr. Lovett is out, but he'll be back, and will see you in few minutes. He is very sorry about the delay." After a recent week-long siege of telephone calls from all over, each preceded by a secretary's entrance to announce, "London is calling, sir," or, "Paris is on the wire," Lovett cut short a secretary as she stepped through his office door. "I know," he said solemnly. "Bali H'ai is on the wire."

"Never saw anything like it. . . . Passed Public School . . . Vacation started . . ."

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

The Deputy Secretary is a handy man with words (including the more salty ones). He hates any tendency toward hysteria, and is equally opposed to indolence; during World War II he coined the phrases "dupe's disease" for American unpre-

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paredness, and "defense delirium" for the frenzy which followed Pearl Harbor. Callers who spout hot air evoke a favorite Lovett saying: "That guy just shows the short distance between a geneticist and a jerk."

Lovett is better than many professionals at mimicry. After long conferences he likes to re-enact the behavior of pompous participants, with exaggerated gestures. He had a deep affection and respect for the late Secretary Stimson, but after a meeting would "do" the old gentleman, to the huge delight of office intimates. At the State Department, when a stripe-trousered diplomat bore down ponderously on a pet project, Bob would look weary and remark: "To hell with the cheese. Let me out of this trap."

Like his carefully reined whimsey, a wide range of interests is an integral part of the Lovett character. He likes airplanes, good automobiles, hot dance bands, murder mysteries, pulp Westerns, the theater, and movies good, bad and awful. "I haven't walked out on more than a dozen pictures in my life," he says. "Of course, I've seen some stinkers."

Lovett's Theory on Exercise

Lovett detests exercise. His friend Roland Harriman remarked recently: "I don't suppose Bob has taken any exercise in 15 years." On this subject, Lovett has a theory. "You see," he explains, "I rode the subway for years, and developed immunity to certain germs—subway germs. Take those safe germs out on a drafty golf course, and expose myself to new ones? It would be foolhardy. Besides, I get some exercise. I walk from my desk to my car. At the hotel, I walk from the car to the elevator. That's enough."

Soon after he became forty years old, Lovett developed a sudden yen to learn piano and, typically, started to practice on a song he had just heard: This Can't Be Love. He worked faithfully, and even tried to carry on aboard ship during a trip to Europe. The experiment ended ingloriously.

"I went to the ship broadcasting room to practice, the second day out," he relates. "The room was divided by a heavy curtain. Just as I started plunking out This Can't Be Love on my side of the curtain, crashing chords from a piano on the other side shook the walls. I peeped through an opening, and there was Artur Rubinstein, one of the world's greatest pianists, getting set for his morning workout.

"I quit."

Eighteen months ago the Defense Deputy took up oil painting as a recreation. "I'd wanted to try it for years," he said. "I started working in an upstairs room. Louis Bouché helped me. I must have finished more than a dozen paintings—interiors, landscapes—everything except portraits. Now I don't have any time for painting."

The easy informality and humor of the Lovett manner pervade his work in the Defense Department, but constitute no interruption. He is driven to the Pentagon at 8:30 A.M. for the first morning conference with Secretary Marshall, a meeting usually followed by the daily war briefing. For the rest of the day he is in and out of the office like a jack-in-the-box, and frequently trots down the hall to Marshall's office. He seldom uses the interoffice desk-box telephone system, which he terms the hog caller, preferring to give instructions personally. When he has a chore for his young executive officer, Marine Colonel Carey Randall, Lovett usually walks into the colonel's office to outline the work.

The Deputy Secretary plows smoothly and amiably through a punishing 10-hour work schedule on weekdays, before setting out for the Shoreham Hotel, where he and Mrs. Lovett maintain a five-room apartment. Saturday mornings usually find him at his desk, and he often spends a few hours at the office on Sundays. "It's quiet, and I get a lot of work done," he explains.

The secret of the Defense Deputy's ability to keep this schedule is the fact that work is his recreation. It completely absorbs him. Outside of the office, he relaxes with his murder mysteries and Westerns. He and Mrs. Lovett attend few big parties, and Lovett rarely has any time for music or movies these days. In their hotel apartment, the Lovetts entertain with small, intimate gatherings, attended more often by theatrical and literary friends than by Washington officialdom. James Thurber, Dorothy Parker, the Joel Sayres and Archibald MacLeish are among the Lovetts' close friends.

The characteristic Lovett concentration on work pays off in results and smooth operation at the office. Marshall says that his deputy moved into his Pentagon job so smoothly that he was running the Defense Department an hour after he sat down behind his desk. "We never issued an instruction," says the general. "Lovett took over in about an hour—bang!—just like that. The thing is, he has administrative ability, and he has utter integrity and selflessness."

As for the Deputy Secretary: "It hardly seemed that I'd been away at all," he says.

Lovett faced two major tasks in his new assignment:

1. He had to blueprint the defense build-up and so distribute contracts that, by July, 1952, the United States would have a powerful fighting force, capable of speedy expansion to a full war potential.

2. He had to hold costs to a figure which could be justified before Congress.

The first of these jobs was accomplished by spreading the contracts—through what Lovett refers to as his multiple source system—so that production facilities far outreached immediate build-up needs. The second requirement compelled merciless use of the economy ax. To meet it, the Deputy Secretary became what his comptroller, Assistant Secretary Wilfred McNeil, called "an answer to a miser's prayer." Impractical and expensive ideas of the military brass hats were unceremoniously scuttled. The Defense budget, as sent to Congress, was a far cry from original spending plans of the military services.

"Everybody passed the buck to me," said Lovett. "If a chief in the service received a proposal advanced by his staff, he said to himself, 'Why should I take the rap? Let Lovett do it.' Of course, that's my job.

"They wanted $25,000,000 for a base to care for 400 officers, 2,300 men and 30 planes. That's ridiculous. Just like the request for $84,000,000 to build an indoctrination center." A billion-plus arms item for the Navy was cut to $350,000,000. A $250,000 project for a church to seat 300 worshipers was rejected. So was a service suggestion to buy 14,000,000 gas masks.

Humor Dispels Tension

A typical Lovett objective was achieved in the budget-slicing procedure: nobody got mad. The two outstanding Lovett qualities—unruffled calm and a sense of humor—were blended to provide an atmosphere of ease in the long, dreary conferences. During one hot, lengthy meeting over mountains of figures, workmen on the floor above set up a terrific racket with electric drills. Nerves were taut, tempers on edge. "I wish they'd stop that," Lovett said. "It reminds me that I was supposed to go to my dentist three weeks ago." Conferees chuckled. The tension was broken, and work proceeded.

Whenever he could, Lovett avoided big, time-consuming meetings. A half-dozen high-ranking officers who proposed an extensive chart-and-blackboard briefing on one budget item got this note in Lovett's scrawl: "No presentation, please. Just the facts."

Although the Defense Deputy is highly allergic to the Washington habit of holding long conferences, he takes the worst of them in stride when necessary. The 1952 budget meetings were concluded with a conference which began at 9:00 A.M. and lasted until an hour past midnight. Lovett's only complaint—"my frame was never made for this sort of thing"—came at 6:00 P.M. when he ordered a short breathing spell.

"Of course, conferences are very neces-

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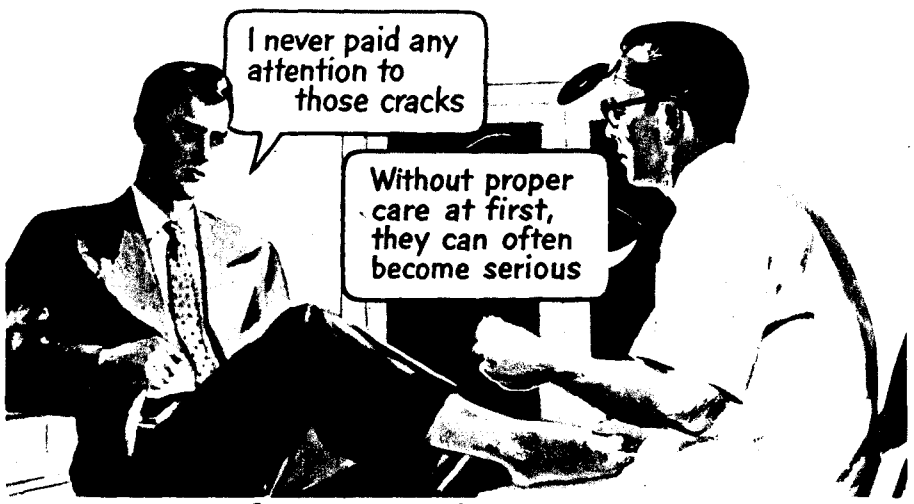

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sary," the Deputy Secretary admits readily. "They're good, if the conferees stick to facts and don't get enchanted with their own voices. But very frequently I find that weight of numbers and long, dull speeches substitute for intelligent argument. A good conference comes to decisions; a bad one takes up time and gets nowhere."

Lovett has demonstrated consistently that he can make decisions, with or without a conference. General Lucius Clay, who was military governor of Germany during the Berlin air lift, remembers a tough one. "There was a lot of pressure to move American wives and children out of Berlin during the air lift," Clay recalls, "but that would have indicated a lack of confidence to the Russians. General Marshall was away from the State Department, and it was up to Bob, who was then Undersecretary. If the women and children stayed, we looked confident. But they might get killed. Bob decided they would stay."

Demands Intelligent Cooperation

The pervasive Lovett humor makes no concession to inefficiency or indecision. Just as he was brutal in cutting nonessentials from the budget, the Defense Deputy demands hard, intelligent work from his colleagues. A subordinate who proposed alternative solutions to a problem without making a specific recommendation got his papers back with a crisp note from Lovett: "My God! Do we always have to fly blind?"

Lovett is a painstaking, tireless worker who often drives himself to nervous exhaustion; yet, as a rich man's only child, he was never really forced by economic circumstances to work at all. He has never asked for public office and never refused it. His government service has always represented considerable monetary sacrifice, and imposed a heavy load on his endurance.

"Work," says Lovett, "good work, I mean, is something you do because you enjoy it. It's interesting, fun. All this talk about working yourself to death—you can bore yourself to death, too. Why not work, and remain interested?"

One important quality in the Defense Deputy is a terrific tenacity. This attribute is credited with saving the heavy-bomber program that ultimately smashed German industry during the war. British attacks on the American concept of daylight bombing —and consequent doubts among higher-ups in Washington—threatened its abandonment. Assistant Secretary of War Lovett bearded the late Harry Hopkins and other White House doubters, and heavy-bomber production kept its high priority.

The smooth Lovett personality and ability seem to inspire confidence in practically everybody. During World War II, Mrs. Lovett fearfully awakened her husband one night to announce that an air raid was in progress over Washington, and that bomb concussion had already collapsed the dining-room ceiling. Sleepily, Bob said, "Nope." Adele Lovett went back to bed, serenely certain that if Bob said there was no air raid, there could be none.

When Henry Kaiser suggested air-lifting millions of tons of supplies across the Atlantic during World War II, Lovett's realistic approach brought the project to earth with hard figures. The job which 3,200 seamen on 44 ships were then performing, he pointed out, would demand 120,765 air crewmen and 10,022 transport planes. However, never a man to be pinned down by his own logic, he was ready to reverse his field when the occasion demanded. At one point, an ammunition shortage threatened troops *fighting Field Marshal Erwin Rommel on* the deserts of North Africa; the Air Force proceeded to ferry in 25,000 tons of the stuff.

Lovett's talent for success goes, disconcertingly, all the way back to his childhood. Not surprisingly, it made him somewhat unpopular among the youngsters who knew him. Bob was born in Huntsville, Texas, on September 14, 1895, the son of Judge Robert Scott Lovett, who was then general counsel for the Harriman family's Union Pacific Railroad. Roland Harriman, son of the fabulous E. H. Harriman of railroad fame, was one of the first Lovett victims.

"I'll never forget our first meeting," said Harriman recently. "I used to ride in my father's private car a lot, and this time we stopped in Texas so Judge Lovett could come aboard for a conference. He brought Bob with him, and a more poisonous brat I

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "You got no objection, I trust. I noticed you had a pool when I cased this job" LARRY REYNOLDS

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never saw. Father had a horizontal bar in the car, and was always after me to strengthen my muscles. I could pull my chin up to the level of the bar about twice, but that was my limit. First thing Bob did when he got in the car was to chin himself 20 or 30 times, and then skin the cat. My father looked at him, then at me. 'Why can't you do that, Roland?' he inquired."

Some time after this, Judge Lovett was elevated to the Union Pacific board of directors, and in 1909, when the elder Harriman died, the Lovetts moved to New York. A little later, the judge was made president of the railroad. Young Bob went to the Hamilton Military Institute in New York, to the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and then to Yale. He led the Hill School in scholarship and was a Phi Beta Kappa and Skull and Bones man at Yale.

His original interest in aviation and airplanes—an interest which has never cooled—was acquired at Yale. When World War I came along, young Lovett helped form the renowned Yale Unit of pilots. The unit trained in the United States and England, then went on to bombing missions and glory in the air over Germany.

Lovett emerged from the first World War a Navy lieutenant commander, decorated for his flying missions and for evolving evasion tactics to avoid the deadly German "box barrage." Back home, he spent a year at Harvard Law School, and married Adele Brown. She was the popular and beautiful youngest daughter of James Brown, senior partner in the banking firm of Brown Brothers and a Long Island neighbor of the Lovetts. Railroads were in a slump at the time, and the Lovett career was launched with a bank apprenticeship.

True to form, the Lovett talents flowered in the field of banking, and by 1926, Bob was a partner in Brown Brothers, which was later merged with the Harriman Brothers banking house, to become Brown Brothers, Harriman & Company. A series of assignments abroad, first in London and later all over the Continent, provided the young banker with rich experience, and made him an expert in foreign exchange and world economics. His active mind and wide interest ranged over the political field, as well as the financial. Years before Hitler started his rampage over Europe, Lovett wrote reports full of dire prophecy and warnings.

During this period of Lovett's career, there occurred a seemingly small incident which demonstrated clearly his alertness and breadth. He had turned away from railroad interests to banking for his livelihood, but remained interested in everything mechanical. On a trip from Hamburg to Berlin, Bob grew so fascinated with the new, streamlined Berlin Express that he secured a set of blueprints. These he took back to America and showed to his father. Averell Harriman, by then deep in the affairs of the Union Pacific, acted on the stimulus thus provided, and the Union Pacific was one of the leaders in streamlining American trains.

Two years before the outbreak of World War II, partners at the bank seemed never able to find Lovett in the afternoon. His wife discovered the secret: he was brushing up on flying at a Long Island airfield, certain that trouble was coming soon, and that it would be good to be ready.

Renewal of flight training led Lovett to a personal study of plane production and potentials. Characteristically, he put his conclusions down on paper. This report was later shown to Forrestal, who was so impressed that he set in motion the machinery which brought Lovett to Washington as Assistant Secretary of War for Air.

High Record of Accomplishment

The amazing Lovett record shows only a few instances of failure or error during a busy half century. The Defense Deputy overestimated the length of time France could withstand the Nazi onslaught, and he failed in an effort to sell his father on a proposal for the Union Pacific to establish an air-mail line. Citations for success, good judgment and ability have come so numerously into the Lovett career as to be almost routine. If Lovett had to select the most cherished of these, he would probably pick two from General Marshall.

"I doubt if there is really anybody outside of those in top positions in the State Department who vaguely realizes the great service rendered by Bob Lovett as Undersecretary of State," said a Marshall message to a 1949 banquet toastmaster. Only a few weeks ago, the general wrote again of his deputy, in a letter to a friend:

"Lovett and I have been hard at it since our return to duty. If he was an important factor in the State Department, he is an absolutely invaluable force here in the Defense Department." THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

merely shows we are less determined than Ernest Lee Emmett, who is now doing that enduring stretch in Reidsville Prison in Georgia—armed robbery. His lawyer almost got him off with 100 years, but the state thought Mr. Emmett had too much imagination to be allowed to run around loose. From Mr. Ellis Clifton, of Atlanta, we learn that when Mr. Emmett was tucked away in Reidsville in 1947, he was assigned to the print shop. There he turned out a few neat letterheads using the name of a Barnesville cotton mill. The resourceful Mr. Emmett then managed to get a few income tax forms 1040. Maybe you've seen them. On these he filed phony income tax refund claims, attaching "corroborating" statements to the letterheads, on which he forged the name of the cotton mill's paymaster. With encouraging promptness, the United States government sent to addresses given by Mr. Emmett two tax refunds—$92.80 for 1950 and $93.45 for 1951. But something went wrong. T-men caught up with him. Mr. Emmett confessed. As we were going to press, the court was about to add another 10 years to his sentence. Mr. Emmett simply shrugged.

★ ★ ★

Haven't heard anything lately of the campaign to drop the word "Dear" at the beginning of business letters. It was launched again a few months ago in Los Angeles by Miss Shasta Daisy Feldman, secretary to an important talent agent who invariably began his letters with "Hiho Sweetheart" which Miss Feldman said, "seems a little more cordial." But now and then a suggestion arrives at this disorderly desk, all of them aimed at being helpful. Mr. M. Ella Hebbameer, of Duluth, Minnesota, suggests "Friend" and repeating the word—Friend Friend, for example—if the person addressed is better than a mere mere acquaintance, and "Friend, Friend, Friend if he is a dear friend." We have two or three more suggestions, but something tells us nobody is going to be offended if we say no more about this.

★ ★ ★

And Mr. Carl Stimson, of Houston, Texas, is unable to explain why a woman will spend $24.98 for a slip and get mad if it shows. Neither are we, making us even that far. But Mr. Stimson pulls ahead by telling us that one bureaucrat in Washington told another bureaucrat (Interior Department, he thinks) that they had plans to spend $200,000,000 on the Rio Grande and that he, for one, didn't know how they were going to do it. But the second bureaucrat was a bright fellow. According to Stimson, he suggested: "Let's build a bridge across it—lengthwise."

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Take a Clear Look, Then Listen

AS A RESULT of Mr. Truman's most controversial decision in his six years as President, General Douglas MacArthur has finally emerged before his countrymen as a flesh-and-blood human being. From the start of the war with Japan until his return two months ago he had been a shadowy, frequently distorted and almost legendary figure to most of us. He was a hero, a scapegoat and a political football. He was quoted, misquoted and tirelessly analyzed and interpreted by the press.

Perhaps circumstances made all this inevitable. But the general's home-coming, his speech before Congress, and his testimony in the senatorial hearings on foreign policy should have put the whole complicated matter in a better perspective. The extraordinary thing is that they did not. A great many Americans, including influential government officials and influential writers, seem unwilling or unable to give up their preconceptions. MacArthur the man has been eclipsed by his own shadow.

What the general has said since his return makes it quite impossible for him to be all the things that he is credited with being. He has a policy, whether you agree with it or not, and he stated it clearly. As a witness before the Senate committees he was composed, lucid and readily articulate—at least that is the impression given by the bare transcript of the secret proceedings. His three days of testimony were a remarkable demonstration of physical and mental vigor in a man of seventy-one. And at the end of those three days he had told the world unmistakably where he stood.

He spoke with legitimate authority on matters of which he has intimate knowledge, such as the Korean war and the Far East. But he carefully separated his expert conclusions from his "layman's" views on conditions in other areas where his knowledge is less direct and precise. He did not present himself as omniscient or omnipotent, as some of his adulators would make him seem. Nor did he do or say anything to justify the New York Post's intemperate editorial description of him as "a desperate, demagogic Republican politician fighting a dirty political war." He gave, it seems to us, as clear-cut and logical a presentation of his side of the vastly complex argument as was possible. Yet the emotion-charged prejudices on both sides were such that the reactions to his testimony resembled nothing so much as the fable of the blind men who, after a limited manual examination of the same elephant, gave their highly divergent descriptions of the beast.

We do not, of course, quarrel with anyone's right to criticize General MacArthur honestly, or honestly to defend him—though we suspect that in the end he will be more hurt by some of his friends than by his enemies. We did not question—nor did General MacArthur—Mr. Truman's right to relieve him of his United Nations command and his administrative post in Japan. We do question his judgment.

Secretary Marshall and General Bradley had built up a detailed and elaborate case for Mr. Truman's judgment in their Senate committee testimony. But Mr. Truman's own later statements indicated that, so far as he was concerned, the main points in the Marshall-Bradley argument were afterthoughts. What first gave him the idea of dismissing General MacArthur, he said, was the general's public statement opposing the surrender of Formosa to the Chinese Reds. (The very same view for which Mr. Truman wanted to dismiss the general is now, of course, administration policy.) And as for the President's method of dismissal, his summary firing of the commander, in view of General MacArthur's distinguished record, was deplorably rude.

But the general's disagreement with the administration is past history. Obviously the all-important thing now is the underlying difference in policy. For that reason it is necessary for the public and the press to receive the general's views with the same candor that he showed in presenting them, and to make a calm and intelligent attempt to understand his reasons.

This department at least has read the general's statements calmly. It has tried to read them intelligently. And it seems to us that the disagreement boils down to this: The administration believes that the UN's exertion of any greater force in Korea than is being used at present would provoke the Soviet Union into starting a world war; General MacArthur believes that the UN's failure to utilize fully the strength it has at hand is a sign of weakness which plays into Soviet hands and encourages the Reds to further depredations. No one outside the Communist hierarchy knows which is the correct estimate.

We do not say that the general hasn't made mistakes. There may be ambiguities in his position—though fewer, we feel, than in the administration's position. And we also feel that the administration has made and encouraged charges against the general that are not only unfair but untrue.

General MacArthur has been damned as a warmonger for wanting to use some of Chiang Kai-shek's troops in the Korean war, for wanting to bomb the enemy's bases in Manchuria, and for wanting to blockade China. But now increased aid to Chiang, possible bombing of Manchurian bases and banning of war-usable exports to Red China are explicit in our government's policy. Will these actions be any more or less provocative of war because General MacArthur will have no hand in planning them or carrying them out?

This magazine believes that it is more than coincidence that moves suggested by the dismissed general have now been made. It believes that in spite of the hampering atmosphere of emotion, in spite of the powerful effort by the administration and its army of press agents to discredit him, he is having a healthy influence on American foreign policy. Douglas MacArthur has shown himself to be a remarkably honest and intelligent person, and a surprisingly simple and unaffected human being. He has something of value to say to America. It is time that his countrymen forgot MacArthur the legend, took note of MacArthur the man, and listened.

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